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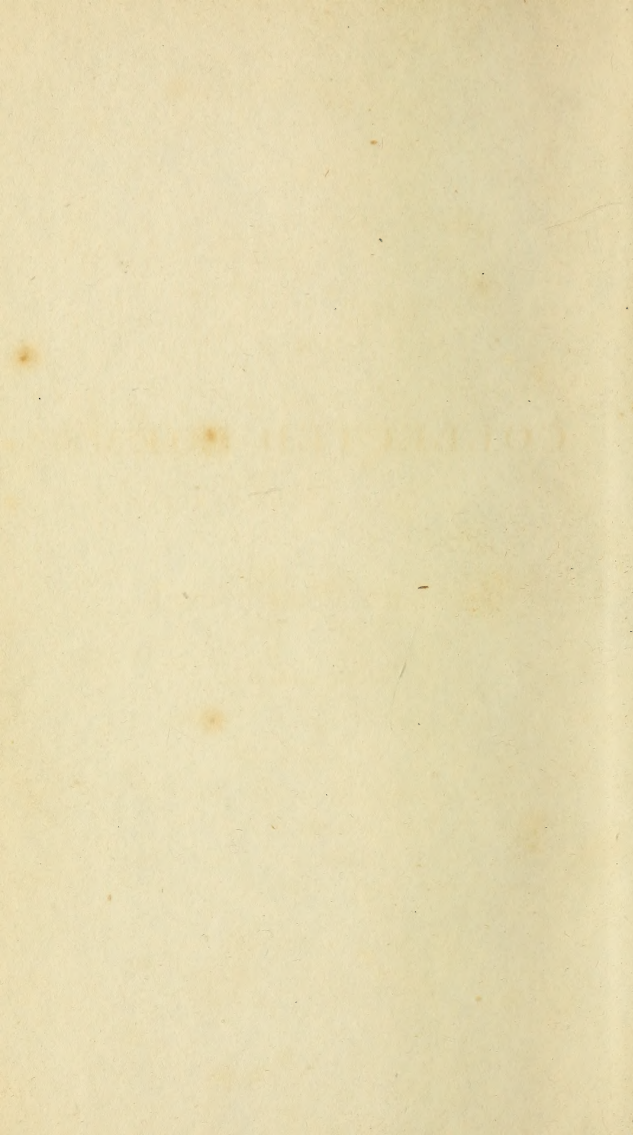
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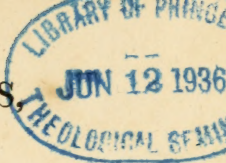
OF

THE REV. T. GRINFIELD,

In One Volume.

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EPISTLES,



AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

THOMAS GRINFIELD,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"IGNOSCENDA QUIDEM." VIRG.

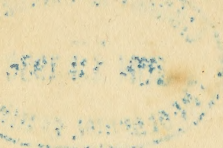
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR GALE, CURTIS, AND FENNER,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;

J. CONDER, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; BARRY; NORTON; FROST,
BRISTOL; UPHAM, BATH; UPHAM, EXETER; AND DEIGHTON AND
SONS, CAMBRIDGE:

By S. Hamilton, Weybridge, Surrey.

1815.



EPISTLE

MESSRS. BILLYNGER BROS.

THOMAS BILLYNGER

100 N. 3rd St. Philadelphia, Pa.

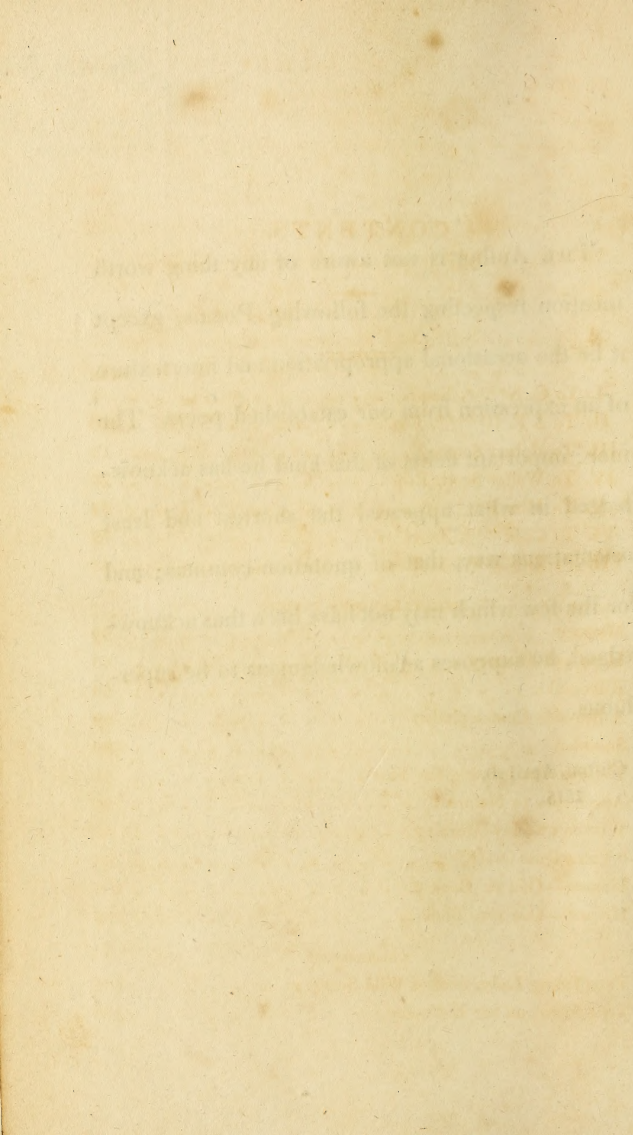
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1880

MADE IN U.S.A.

THE Author is not aware of any thing worth mention respecting the following Poems, except it be the occasional appropriation and intertexture of an expression from our established poets. The more important debts of this kind he has acknowledged in what appeared the shortest and least ostentatious way, that of quotation-commas; and for the few which may not have been thus acknowledged, he supposes acknowledgment to be superfluous.

Clifton, April 20,
1815.



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EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I.

TO C. N****, ESQ.

OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“ Penè mihi puero cognite penè puer!”

OVID.

FRIEND of my youth, that oft, in school-boy age,
Hast shar'd my walk, and turn'd the social page;
Heighten'd my gay, reliev'd my serious mood,
And join'd my song in classic solitude;
Where Kentish Cray divides the pastoral glade,
And Scadbury casts her time-ennobled shade:—
These lays be thine; nor needs the formal phrase
Implore thy candour on these artless lays;
Well canst thou sink the critic in the friend,
Nor heed neglect—but such as love can mend.

How chang'd the scene! how vision-like appears
The memory of those dear departed years!—
Light were thy toils, and oft in stealth bestow'd
On new-bought tale or meditated ode;
Lighter thy sports; the wood-walk prattle held
With sprightly girls; the feather'd cork repell'd
From each to each by echoing battledoor;
The chessmen marshal'd o'er their checquer'd floor;
The blindfold hero groping for his prey, [tray.
Whom, huddling into nooks, their titter'd jeers be-
Now, where the Muses on our Granta smile,
And lingering Camus laves thy Margaret's pile,*
Far other toils the livelong daylight share,
Far other sports the wearied mind repair.
There Fancy forms thee, in the cloister'd cell
Where lines perplex'd and pale-eyed musings dwell,
Bending with studious murmur o'er thy books,
(What stern attention furrow'd on those looks!)
Dislodging doubts of sightless error bred,
And centering all sage Newton in thy head.
There in the green arcades I see thee rove,
That ill reflect thy Scadbury's humbler grove;

* St. John's college, founded by Lady Margaret, mother of Henry VII.

With social oar adown the river glide,
That gives not back thy Cray's ignobler tide.

Oh poor exchange, when, chas'd by sobering
cares,

Young Laughter spreads his wings, and disappears !
Yet points thy secret heart, (if right I guess,)
To rural ease and home-born sprightliness.

What of thy friend? Retir'd from Camus' brink,
Vacant at length to see, and feel, and think,
Thy friend, while Nature wears her summer smile,
With broad observance rounds his parent isle,
Smit with the love of beauteous and sublime ;
Where Cumbrian fells, a craggy chaos, climb,
And, fair Ulleswater, mirror'd on thy breast,
The bordering shades and huge Helvellyn rest.

Awe-struck, anon, with torch in hand, I seek
The sunless wonders of the cavern'd Peak,
And eye, grotesquely pendent o'er my head,
Those fairy forms, of mineral moisture bred,
In clusters gleaming thro' their earth-cold gloom,
Rich as the fret-work of some Gothic dome.

But chief where Gwyneth, favourite land, extends ;
Where in his clouded majesty ascends

Arvonian Snowdon, erst with minstrelsy
Hail'd by the bards of Cambria, late by me : *—
Land of the savage steep and dark defile,
That make thy meadowy vales more sweetly smile ;
Land of the torrent flashing from its height ;
Land of the harp and music's dear delight ;
Land of the castle, ruinous and hoar,
That points us to the stormy times of yore ;
Land of a race how beautifully rude ;
Land of each wilder, each sublimer mood ;
Land of my heart !—'Tis here ev'n now I stray
Enchanted ; here, while Autumn steals the day,
The varied forms of life and nature scan,
The varied views of mountain and of man.
Way-worn each night, my curious ramblings o'er,
I seek the peasant's hospitable door ;
Where household wisdom disciplines desires,
And teaches pride how little man requires.
Oft, in the dreamy mood entranc'd as there
I list some hoary harper's plaintive air,

* See the poem on Snowdon.—The Welch call North Wales *Gwyneth*.

Those antique scenes, by Southey's touch so bright,
(As 't were by magic spell,) re-wak'd to light,
Rise on my soul, and swim before her sight.

I view thee, Madoc, feasting high, with all
Those warrior-nobles in Abafraw's hall ;
Then, while attention strains the general ear,
Painting the new-detected hemisphere :

—Sudden the harp has paus'd, the dreams retire ;
A labour-group surrounds the turf-built fire.

Oh, why was Nature, primitively plain,
Disguis'd, distorted, by Refinement's reign ?
Why hast thou, Art, revers'd her heav'n-born
rules ?

Why to throng'd capitals and prattling schools,
To courts and senates, are we dragg'd away
From these her haunts, thus innocently gay ?
Here had I liv'd her child ; the filial breast
Had kept each trace her honest hand impress'd ;
Here had I liv'd and died, inglorious, not unblest.
Now with the tide I tamely float along,
Led, (like the world,) in Art's triumphal throng.
Oh, we have barter'd manners, chaste as free,
For dull and lying forms of courtesy ;

Have barter'd pleasures, vigorous as obscure,
 For painted pomp, for luxury's languid lure,
 For boastful unsubstantial literature ;
 Beggar'd of all the' authentic heart had taught,
 Life's unbought grace, and Feeling's unprun'd
 thought ;

Till, now, coy Nature half the land has fled,
 And midst these shadowing mountains hides her
 head.

But such are schemes of visionary bliss :
 From life that might be—wake to life that is :
 Trace we the map just opening on our view ;
 Where shall we light ? what favourite path pursue ?

Thee I behold some rural bye-walk tread,
 Behold thy worth a mellow radiance shed
 Around its felt abode, rever'd, belov'd
 By all the village which that worth improv'd :
 Blest village ! blest each roof where thou art known !
 But hers, thrice blest, who calls thee all her own !
 Hers is thy wealth of wit, thy gentle vein ;
 But let not her monopolize thy strain.

I praise thee, friend, thy sound resolves admire :
 Then pity judgment thwarted by desire !—

Were I my own; would Heaven to hands of mine
The reins and mastership of life resign;
Forth from the well-known scene and cherish'd
 hearth,

To rove the realms of many-featur'd earth,
I'd issue: first the bloomy landscapes eye
Of mild and monumental Italy;
Borne, in my way, o'er sky-clad Alps august,
The Switzer's haunt, where Cambrian hills are lost,
Where blazes the magnificence of frost:
Next, where Sicilian Etna, Vulcan's throne,
Rears on a base how vast her cavern'd cone;*
Or where broad Nile, his birth sublimely hid,
Sees heavenward point the Memphian pyramid;
Or, dearer far to heaven-illumin'd souls,
Rises green Olivet, blue Jordan rolls:
Nor thou, lorn Greece, be slighted; nor the throng
Of islets, memoriz'd in living song.

If still the' insatiate eye her banquet woo'd,
Nor soft regrets my truant flight pursued,
Hence o'er the wave I'd stretch my vagrant quest
To lands that lurk'd for ages in the West;

* The base is estimated by Spallanzani at 180 miles in circumference; the cone at two miles in perpendicular.

Where Niagara thunder-like is hurl'd,
 Or awful Andes looks o'er half the world.—
 Here pause my wanderings : under many a sky
 Homeless I liv'd, but home return—to die.

Methinks I mark a gay satiric smile
 Gleam on thy cheek, and thus the' indignant style
 Disclose : “ Oh lost to worth, to wisdom blind,
 Who wastes a life to feast his eye, not mind ;
 Paint on his retina material grace,
 Not on the soul her moral glories trace !—
 Thy body roves, confin'd thy nobler charge ;
 I, while my feet are fix'd, my thoughts enlarge.
 Or aim thy fellows, not thyself, to bless ;
 Or know thy bliss,—repose, not restlessness :
 Sit still, revere what Horace taught, ‘ Who range
 The deep, their climate, not their passions change.’ ”

Yet unrequir'd the monitory voice ;
 Fate acts the friend, nor leaves me to my choice.
 'Tis not allow'd, where far-off scenes invite,
 My proper cares, my friend, myself, to slight :
 Curst war, that desolates a guilty age,
 Bids me at home the fearless hour engage.
 And tho' the wish, the light-wing'd hope will stray ;
 Tho', when the shaded map I oft survey,

Fancy, at names that crowd this gadding strain,
Will whisper, "These unsought, thou breath'st in
vain,"

And, not unenvious, track the traveller's toils;
Ne'er shall I pass these lovely sister isles;
But here, while home-born charms a world supply,
At leisure live, at leisure learn to die,
And gather virtue from necessity.

And, late, when years these young desires shall
mend,

I'll seek the green retirement of my friend;
Laugh at the freaks the' enthusiast Muse express'd,
Nor own, of all the past, a scene more blest,
More dear, than that where erst, in school-boy age,
We shar'd the walk, or turn'd the social page.

Dec. 1811.

EPISTLE II.

TO J. F. B*****, ESQ.

“ Rura tibi rigique placent in vallibus amnes;
Flumina amas.” VIRG.

OFT have I sigh'd, dear uncle, in the hour
When Fancy with Affection blends her power,
“ Oh for a magic mirror! there to trace
Each far-off friend, his attitude, his face,
As if I watch'd him in the fire-side glass!”
Yet, at that dreamy hour when day-light fails,
Fancy herself, with Memory's aid, avails
To paint the well-known forms. Before her eyes,
Each in his varied character, they rise:
Nor studious she, nor skill'd, alone, to touch
The' exterior, but the inward man as much;
And such the soul of each, the' ethereal feature
such.

One, gay and glittering, as the butterfly
 From bloom to bloom, still flits from joy to joy;
 Proud of his steeds, his car, his gorgeous dome;
 At ball or banquet frequent, rare at home.—
 Life to himself how blest! how drear to me!
 I love him yet. Another, like the bee,
 Useful as elegant in all his cares,
 Now guides and aids his happy villagers;
 Now reads what learning, wit, or heaven inspir'd;
 Admir'd himself, not fain to be admir'd.
 Such life be mine to lead, such cares to ply;
 The bee my emblem, not the butterfly,
 Domestic diligence, not gadding vanity!

These pass. A third succeeds to nicer view;
 Who but your own best intimate? ev'n you:
 Remembrance in live portraiture presents
 Your mind, your manners, and your lineaments:
 That varying eye, which looks whate'er you speak,
 That fair high forehead, and that sun-brown
 cheek;
 That voice, that soul-breath'd accent; that address
 So kind, so courteous, in its carelessness;
 That mind so calm to think, so quick to feel,
 So cool, so warm, so grave, so gay, at will;

Sometimes with Hartley, reasoning slow and sage,
 Flashing anon with high Homeric rage,
 And lightly sauntering, now, o'er Falstaff's game-
 some page.

But, chief, I see you in that wonted air,
 Bent on your favourite sport, the fisher's care ;
 Such as when erst I shar'd your pleasant side,
 New to the art whose rude essays I tried.
 How clear, how true, how full, the vision opes !—
 'Tis day-spring : wide o'er Devon's meadowy slopes
 The sun, yet hovering large and low, distils
 A yellow glitterance ; dewy freshness fills
 The soft, the speckless azure, and declares
 “ The season prime for sweetest scents and airs.”
 Now forth we fare : the pannier'd ass attends
 With short still footstep ; each in turn ascends ;
 Or, like the morning, lovely, young, and gay,
 Your Emily, (while we beside her stray,)
 Rides, and with sweet wild prattle cheats the way.
 Or brisk discussion tracks the maze of truth,
 Or some choice volume spares the search, or
 both ;
 Or the glanc'd eye with ravishment surveys
 That broader, brighter volume earth displays.

Nor, many a mile, or shepherd-boy, I ween,
Or woodman, oft, or mill, or shed, is seen,
To mar the grandeur of that still ravine.

Now ill our blind and jealous path we force
Thro' gulfs of graceful fern or prickly gorse ;
Where the retiring rocks have left a dell,
How small, how snug, how meet for hermit's cell,
His garden-plot, his evening's vision'd walk !
All progress, now, with bold advance they balk,
Save thro' the darkening current, from whose verge
Abrupt and sheer their mirror'd mounds emerge :
Nor we, whose greaves no moisture fear, delay
To dash within, and tramp our liquid way,
Angling along ; except where birch or beech,
Osier or oak, their arms obtrusive stretch,
And scare the barbed line with meddling shade ;
Else angling, as thro' noontide gloom we wade.

Sweetest of sports, and best ! that lends delight
Constant, unblam'd, calm, healthful, exquisite !—
Health by the huntsman's heartening toil is bought ;
But then 'tis boisterous, leaves no calm for thought :
Sedate the bard's or sage's lonely stroll ;
Yes, but the limbs they slight, to' indulge the
soul :

How many a pleasure exquisite we find
In its degree, but guilty in its kind,
Or gross, or brief; while others, pure of taste,
Sate not less, or languish if they last.—
This best of sports, and sweetest, lends delight
Constant, unblam'd, calm, healthful, exquisite.

No daily round so pleasing, but it palls,
Unless 'tis dash'd with change at intervals:
Not books, not mind, can yield eternal joy;
For mind, like body, may be cramm'd and cloy:
And mark how oft who most the page explore
To dullness turn, instead of wit, their lore;
Who freelier vary their less studious day,
Spirit and raciness of thought display.
Soon as the rust of ease or clouds of care
Seem gathering, you to river-banks repair,
And thus, to husband life, discreetly waste it there.
Return'd, with vigour new and sharpen'd zest
You ply home-labours, or home-pleasures taste.

But eve steals on: our sports and spirits flag:
Thrown on a rustic stool of moss-grown crag,
With hungry haste the little store we spread,
(Coarse, yet how flavorful now!) our ass con-
vey'd.

He, since young day, in neighbouring cotter's barn
 Pastures well-pleas'd, nor heeds our dread return,
 Ere harshly taught how well the finny prize
 Those wasted viands, late his load, supplies.

Homeward we wend. The moon rides bright
 and high ;

How still the air, how beauteous is the sky !
 The lands, in yellow mist, how delicate they lie !
 Where on the main he pours his broadening stream,
 We view far Ex like molten silver gleam
 'Twixt the dark hedgerow leaves that skirt our way,
 Checquering with playful shadows the soft ray.
 Each creeps in musing silence ; (noiseless night
 And yon sweet moon to pensiveness invite ;)
 Not as at morn, when sprightly converse flow'd ;
 Now is the spirit hush, and high the mood ;
 And Fancy, now, and Feeling, that all day
 Slept in their mystic cells, awake to play :
 So the shy fay, whom garish sunlight scares,
 Forth on her freaks at hour of moonshine fares.

'Tis done : once more we gain that welcome door ;
 There meet each dear familiar face once more ;
 Share the calm joys of home, the chat, the glee,
 The fondness, of a clustering family.

Share, too, with keen delight and honest pride,
The unbought feast which our own toil supplied;
Then, on a well-earn'd couch, retrace the way,
React in dreams the pastime of the day.

Nor less to me my visionary muse
The scene, the sport, so long untried, renews;
And, conjured hence on Fancy's frolic wing,
I seem to' have met you on the banks of Teign,
There loitering one sweet summer's day. But see,
The picture fades to dull reality:
No summer!—wintry nakedness and gloom;
No banks of Teign!—my disenchanting room,
Whose book-row walls the flickering flame displays,
O'er which I hang, o'er which, amidst this maze
Of twilight musings lost, I roll the' unconscious
gaze.

Feb. 1813.

EPISTLE III.

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY.

OCCASIONED BY HIS POEM OF *MADOC*.

“*Extremus primorum.*” HOR.

Lo, bright and vigorous from her sleep of years,
The goddess power of epic reappears !
For sure,—since Milton those dread scenes design’d,
Out-beggaring with sublimities of mind
Whate’er in starry nature Newton scann’d,—
Creative genius ne’er till now hath plann’d
A frame so rich, so beautiful, so grand.
Oft had I deem’d her race of giants o’er,
Her mightier glories set—to blaze no more ;
Nor aught might hope forecast, in onward time,
Beyond the fetter’d flights of long-accustom’d rhyme.
Well, wondrous master, hast thou mock’d my fear,
Oh, well arrested Fancy’s prone career.

Thy Madoc, nameless erst, thro' every age,
 Thro' every clime, shall boast his blazoning page,
 And toil with fame o'erpay, if right the friend
 presage.

High in the lists of song shall Southey stand,
 Nam'd with the goodliest of that goodlier band,
 The few few bards whom epic bays have crown'd.
 What tho' nor gods nor demons here be found,
 Nor, Milton-like, thy milder muse presume
 Up to the heaven of heavens, or down to Stygian
 gloom?

Not less for this, I deem, thy work shall shine,
 Not less shall warm; while nature's self is thine,
 While nature beams and burns in every heartfelt line.
 'Tis poesy's prime charm, 'twas Shakespeare's praise,
 To make the page a glass, where each surveys
 Himself, as him the' artificer design'd,
 Yea caught the subtlest workings of his mind.
 Weird-sisters muttering round their cauldron's brim,
 Consulting fiends, embattled seraphim,
 Aloud we vaunt; but covertly prefer
 Touches of soul, still still to these recur:
 Those have our fits of wonder; but we feast
 On these each day, and each with deepening zest.

As earthly beings, earthly scenes delight,
 More than the monster births of lawless wit ;
 And sweeter Gwyneth, with her uplands rude,
 Than aught Ladurlad or Lobaba view'd.

Oh, that in these my truant bard could rest,
 (Forgive the wish pour'd from a partial breast,)
 These, which so well he knew, so well express'd !
 But forms, unmirror'd by the' authentic eye,
 Feelings, to which the soul can ill reply
 In echoes of connatural sympathy,
 He sought, exulting o'er the' unborrow'd field ;
 And I his playful mastery have beheld
 With praise, with admiration,—not with joy,
 And joyless admiration soon must cloy.
 While nature charms us in her simplest airs,
 How cold the flashiest meteors fiction rears !
 How like the Zemblan coast, that freezes as it
 glares !

Quit, then, the song, in magic marvels rife,
 For daylight truth, for bosom-scenes of life :
 Ev'n there, where nature's self, and man, appear'd
 In aspect unfamiliar, unendear'd,
 Wander no more ; nor headlong disregard
 The beacon blaze of that coeval bard,

Second to thee, (and this his noblest boast,)
Who, patriot still and wise, from Britain most
His life-warm scenery calls, nor at the cost
Of our delight a selfish fame pursues,
Nor less our fondness than our wonder woos.

Brave scorn of imitation, wealth and love
And pride of fancy, these thy genius move
To that wild vagrancy I've dar'd reprove :
And—tho' in honest nature's old high-way
Untir'd, the poet might for ever play,
Nor dare where fiction tempts but to betray ;
Yet sure such happier fancy-freaks as thine,
Mix'd with great nature's self, shall ne'er decline.
Much, too, I joy, I glory much, to see
This long poetic bondage burst by thee ;
Ev'n when excess thou quitt'st for new excess,
Darting from rigour to licentiousness.

Our bards, degenerate from their sires too long,
And smit with soft monotony of song,
Fancy forsake, their goddess ; and descend
To reason, the cool creeping prose-man's friend.
Not such those primal patriarchs of the line :
They, with invention bold and high design,
Assert the poet's name, and show themselves divine ;

Creators, not mere mechanists ; whose art
 Being, not less than beauty, could impart,
 Could search and sway, could shape and shift the
 heart.

To those imperial minds all nature paid
 Her tribute, as to whom herself obey'd.
 Such have been : narrative old Chaucer such ;
 And Spenser, with his rich romantic touch ;
 And Milton, moulded in sublimity :
 Nor less the groupe dramatic, circling thee,
 (As thou their sun, thy planets they, were styl'd,)
 Oh Shakespeare, nature's nurseling, fancy's child.
 Where are they now ? How chang'd, how fall'n the
 scene !

Not earth from Eden more deform'd, I ween.
 Dryden arriv'd ; then Pope of Dryden learn'd ;
 And each to reasoning more than fable turn'd,
 With wit still blaz'd, with passion seldom burn'd.
 Whate'er his vigor, grace, or store, of thought,
 No long-drawn train of actions either wrought,
 From life and landscape fresh, with fervid interest
 fraught.

To these, as chiefs, succeed, in thickening clans,
 Bards like myself, well-vowell'd artisans.

Ev'n so, the while, in picture's neighboring
sphere

First did the masters of design appear :
Then Buonarroti, with Homeric hand,
The' august, impassion'd throng divinely plann'd ;
Urbino, then, with all the Mantuan's grace,
Flung from his teeming breast those forms of hea-
venly race.

Conceivers shrunk to colourists at length,
"And what was gain'd of skill was lost of strength:"
Raphael * in Titian dull-eyed wits forget,
And godlike Michael sinks in Tintoret :
High acts, high passions, own the nobler care
Of flowers and drapery, prettiness and glare.

Turning impatient from the' ignobler crew,
Thee, with what glad surprise, once more I view !
Who, born amidst these dwindling sons of rhyme,
Hast burst o'er all in epic soar sublime.

For, not to touch thy various works, (tho' each
Impreg'n'd with feeling strong and fancy rich,)

* " Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part ;
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art."

How, in thy MADOC, all concenter'd, blaze
The charms, the glories, poesy displays !
There, plain in affluence, (unlike most we see,
Who mock with glare, not hide, their poverty,)
Thy muse nor wit nor gorgeous diction tries,
Nor spirits languor with some sly surprise ;
Poor arts ! but hers the eye that nature views,
The heart that feels, the courage that pursues :
Heavenward she trusts, and heaven her might affords :
Hence, all the sweetness, all the strength, of
words,

Whate'er in imagery glows, whate'er
In form, in manners, or in character,
Whate'er with terror thrills, or tenderness, is there ;
And, chief, the soul on each fair action bent,
Or uttering high and holy sentiment.
Not that she slights the' auxiliar wealth of lore ;
Save Milton, who hath sought or us'd it more ?
Nor, (as with most,) that all is vast and strange ;
No, o'er her canvass, men, not heroes, range,
Or heroes, godlike erst, to human change ;
She loves each home-felt, each diurnal care,
Such as our Shakespeare paints, and all can share.

And, sure,—while he and nature down the tide
Of ages, gathering still new honors, glide,
That genius, coeternal, ne'er may fade,
Whom these faint lines, by artless wonder paid,
Greet, as he musing lurks in garden shade,
Where, Derwent, mirror'd on thy mimic sky,
Keswick's white cots, and mighty Skiddaw lie.

Feb. 1813.

EPISTLE IV.

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

ON HIS POEMS.

“*Libera per vacuum posuit vestigia princeps,
Non aliena suo pressit pede.*” HOR.

ENCHANTING bard! tho' all to thee unknown
By outward circumstance of eye or tone,
Long have I known thyself, thy soul, that finds
Communion with ten thousand kindred minds,
A spirit omnipresent; since we call
Thee, Scott, the nation's man, the public friend
of all.

Then scorn not that, for bosom-felt delight
Of many an hour, I cast my grateful mite
Into that rich and well-earn'd treasury
Of love and wonder, which ennobles thee.

And who, of judging head or generous heart,
But to the chorus of thy loud desert

Would add his echo? of her poet sons
 Which, like her Scott, our mother isle renowns?
 Others with haughtier praise may crown their toil;
 Thou givest a dearer glory to our soil;
 Thy Genius, wizard-like, with potent wand
 Hath call'd up phantoms over half the land;
 And, wheresoe'er thy fairy scenes were plann'd,
 We seem to tread within a magic round,
 The Spirit has been there,—'tis haunted, hallow'd
 ground;

Thick o'er the place thy brain-born beings walk,
 And from each cliff, each copse, each fountain, talk.

Why with such thrilling interest did I hail
 Sweet Teviot winding down his Branksome's dale,
 And Melrose, oh how fair in moonshine pale?
 'Twas there his headlong way thy Deloraine took,
 'Twas here untreasur'd of its mighty book,
 Thy Sorcerer's tomb. Why onward must I keep
 Tweed's boundary course to "Norham's castled
 steep?"

There feasted in such high baronial state
 Marmion, with all his warrior train, and met
 That grim mysterious palmer. But thy North
 Beckons my haste across her Clyde and Forth,

To where, with shaggy banks and mirror blue,
Lurks, behind huge o'ershadowing Benvenue,
Loch Katrine. Yet the rock, the lake, the wood,
Fade in thine Ellen, fancied as she stood,
In listening loveliness, on shallop light,
Near yon far-blazon'd islet's tufted height.
I climb Benledi's ridge abrupt and rude ;
All round 'tis hush unbreathing solitude ;—
No, peopled 'tis, 'tis spirited by thee ;
And, scar'd like James, I half expect to see
From copse and fern, at Roderick's whistle shrill,
A couchant host start up o'er all the hill.
Southward once more, I seek the scene so sweet
Where Rokeby rises, Tees and Greta meet :
Whoe'er that wild-wood glen had erst survey'd,
Had joy'd and wonder'd o'er the charms display'd ;
But oh ! how much those charms to us improve,
Who, in thy guidance, now the glen shall rove.
Yon pale grey cliff, yon dark deep cavern view :
There Bertram, Denzil, and their desperate crew
Kept spoil and revel ; Edmund there would force
Laughter and song, tho' rack'd with keen remorse :
Still on the vision'd wanderer's ears and eyes
The ruffian forms, the ruffian voices, rise,

And these the shades where, Love's and Fancy's
prey,

Thy gentle Wilfrid dream'd his life away ;
And Redmond here his manlier sports pursued,
Dear to the dark-eyed maid by Wilfrid vainly woo'd.

Thus, by a wise and noble choice of place,
Thou giv'st and borrow'st adventitious grace,
Immortal Nature blend'st with human art,
And sharest, (tho' guiltless,) thine with Heaven's
own part.

True, the cull'd scenes are fair, divinely fair,
Yet seems the man to' intrude on Godhead there ;
Pleas'd o'er the landscape the mere eye may roll,
But 'tis the bard sits smiling at the soul.

True, Nature nurs'd thee ; we to Nature owe
Those inspirations that around thee glow ;
She meant thee an illustrious proof that ne'er
Her form was studied with too fond a care ;
For oh, of all her myriad painters, who
Hath caught that form so full, and bright, and true ?
Yet to the bard she owns a debt, whose lay
Her coy inglorious wonders gave to day,
Guided and cheer'd the pilgrimage of Taste,
And pointed homeward ere from home we haste.

Nor only now, while round the blooming tree
Sings the fresh gale of Popularity ;
Age after age, and when that laurel's low,
The gale, undying, o'er its place shall blow.
Pilgrims unborn, with speaking eye, shall throng
Each haunt endear'd and sanctified by song ;
Then, home returning, with enthusiast thrill
Boast as of Dunsinane or Birnam-hill.
Chief, where thy own inspiring cottage stood,
Some youth, perchance, of rarer, loftier mood,
(Deeming, to thee since vocal, Yarrow's glen
A second and more sacred Hawthornden*,)
On summer-eve his lonely way shall take ;
Or, musing by thy lov'd St. Mary's lake,
Shall meet thy spirit there, and bid the slumberer
wake ;

Nor bid in vain, but, caught with kindred fire,
Summon the realm a new-born Scott to' admire.

Some, that with living figures grace a tale,
(Yet whose like thine?) in still description fail ;
Some in their lifeless portraitures excel,
(Yet whose may match thy own?) that paint not
persons well :

* The well-known retirement of the poet Drummond.

There are, for either task empower'd, who range
In far-off climes, or fancy freaks too strange :
Bright scenery with brisk actors to combine,
Heighten'd with home-born sweetness all,—is thine.

Nor, Learning, less thy native strength attends
With added arms ; and, while Observance lends
His quick uncheated eyesight, History pours
On thy free spoil her vast and varied stores.
Thou speak'st, and lo, at thy creative word,
Rises that old romantic world restor'd :
I seem to' have mingled with its vanish'd age,
And think of those that animate thy stage
As whom erewhile I held familiar ; then
Turn, startled from the dream, to real forms again.

Rich as thou art of light or serious lore,
Who less hath copied, who imagin'd more ?
How can'st thou nurse that bardlike mood so long ?
How find such fire and fuel for the song,
Ne'er dead, ne'er dull, impetuous all and strong ?
While, kindling with thy own contagious rage,
We live and feel and glow along thy page ;
Thy page, the stream adown whose tuneful tide
Our souls to all their depths of thought and passion
glide.

Yet some,—or too dim-sighted to descry
 The master-mind that breath'd such poesy,
 Or starv'd and beggar'd in those pedant schools
 That still preach antient models, antient rules,
 And damn all mere originals for fools,—
 Or proud to mar the many-voic'd acclaim
 That links with rapture and amaze thy name,
 Cant of thy barbarous, thy unclassic style,
 (Whose awful precedent must sure defile
 With Gothic jargon our once nobler taste,
 Pure phrase and sage authority displac'd;)

Nor mark how bold, rich, picturesque the stream
 Of language, that bears on thy answering theme;
 No lowland brook, still even and serene;
 But, wildly wandering o'er the wilder scene,
 A mountain-torrent; now, with furious force,
 All foam and thunder, down its rocky course
 Crashing precipitant; now, smooth and still,
 Loitering by meadowy vale and copse-clad hill,
 Each bordering image on its mimic sky
 Fresh-featured, as the live reality.

Oh, broadening, deepening, flow that stream of
 song,

And long the land enrich, emblazon long!

Secret, awhile, and underground it stole ;
Then leapt to light, and warbling first 'gan roll
Where Teviot and where Yarrow, nameless erst,
Its parent genius in his youth had nurs'd :
Long time amidst that favorite neighborhood
Lingering, it stray'd by Tweed's and Twisel's flood ;
Whence, (proud Dunedin, and the towery steep
Of Stirling, past,) it pierc'd the Trosach's deep,
And wild Glenfinlas ; then, with southward sweep,
Fair England sought, and Tees' delicious dale.
Where shall I next its hallowing waters hail ?
Heaven give them large to flow, and late to fail !
Roll on, immortal stream ! Let England fair
Still with rude Caledon thy blessing share,
Nor ev'n Iernian vales, nor Cambrian cliffs, despair :
Roll on ; till, swelling, spreading, thou, like Nile,
Fling beauty, joy, and fame, o'er all the song-blest
isle !

EPISTLE V.

TO MISS P*****.

“Is all the converse that we two have shar'd,
When we have chid the hasty-footed Time
For parting us,—Oh, and is all forgot?” SHAKESP.

Oh, canst thou, lovely friend, forget
Those days of bliss when first we met?
When, mix'd with frolic girls, we stray'd
Where Scadbury casts her solemn shade,
And shar'd sweet converse side by side,
At balmy hour of eventide?
Canst thou forget? and how we sought
That wild and wood-embosom'd grot,
And how our names we sculptur'd there,
Or join'd to sing some choral air,
Or talk'd of friends, or told a tale,
Or listen'd to the nightingale?

—The ramble finish'd, we retrace
Our footsteps to the well-known place,
To where the garden's fragrant bound
Curtains the pastoral house around,
Oft lingering in those alleys green
Till stealthy twilight veil the scene.
Canst thou those sacred hours forget,
Or cease, remembering, to regret?

Oh days, the happiest, much I fear,
That I must ever witness here!
Frequent o'er ye will memory brood,
And still, (tho' many a year intrude,
Tho' many an object intervene,)
Turn fondly to the backward scene.

Since then, to distance have I stray'd,
And Nature's various form survey'd;
Where Devon's cultur'd vales extend,
Where Cambria's dark-brow'd steeps ascend:
And Erin to my wondering gaze
Ev'n now her tufted glens displays;*
Where, as I pause in wild delight,
Lo, tumbled from yon giddy height,

* These glens are frequent in the romantic county of Wicklow.

O'er fractur'd crags, with foamy gleam
Thunders along the lowland stream.

Enchanting haunts!—and yet nor these,
So form'd to astonish and to please;
Nor lakes that near Killarney smile,
Inlaid with many an emerald isle;
Nor landscape, of unnumber'd hues
That mock the colouring of the muse,
Seen from the lordly Wrekin's brow
Stretch'd in long perspective below;
Nor aught beside of prospect fair,
May with that simple scene compare,
Where, midst his margent osiers gray,
Scarce murmuring steals the rural Cray.
Sweet unambitious stream! thy name,
Ne'er blazon'd by obstreperous Fame,
Yet hath not wanted honor due
From stripling bards that near thee grew:
And, if inglorious pass'd our age,
Not less we turn'd the classic page,
Not less the willing muse we woo'd
In still and shady solitude.

I say not, now, that favorite spot,
The fir-topt hill, the stream, the grot,

I say not Scadbury's solemn shade,
Would strike the stranger as he stray'd ;
I say but this ; to me they wear
An aspect, more than others, fair :
O'er others the pleas'd eye may roll ;
These shoot their influence to the soul,
Endear'd, congenial ; win my heart,
And boast a nameless charm nor Art
Nor mightier Nature knows to' impart :
'Tis Habit consecrates the place,
And gives it adscititious grace,
Clothes it in beauties not its own,
To casual wanderers all unknown.

And say, hath ne'er thy gentle breast
A kindred sentiment confess'd ?
Thou, like thy friend, hast wander'd wide,
And Nature view'd in all her pride,
And mix'd with groups of social mirth :
Yet say,—that loveliest nook of earth,
Its garden-walks, its neighboring wood,
Its blithe and artless sisterhood,
Ne'er do they rise on memory's eye ?
Ne'er do they steal a wistful sigh ?

Thee, too, sweet maid, I have not yet,
(Tho' many a fair one since I've met,
That lightly touch'd the vacant mind,
But scarce her semblance left behind,)
Thee, too, I have not yet forgot ;
Oft strays to thee the silent thought ;
Thine image intertwines, in sooth,
With the dear scene that nurs'd my youth.
How faithful does remembrance trace
Each little feature of that face !
If quaint remark or story droll
Season our converse as we stroll,
How well I mind the sprightly smile
That sparkled in those eyes the while !
And yet at times their alter'd look
A sadly-sweet expression took,
Such as I ween they now betray,
While, bending o'er this heart-wove lay,
Thou think'st of scenes " belov'd in vain,"
Perchance of him—who pours the strain.

July, 1809.

EPISTLE VI.

TO C. N****, ESQ.

FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“Vitæ jura novanda meæ.” OVID.

ONCE more, dear schoolboy friend, the lyre I take,
For thee once more its slumbering silence break.
—Ah me! as time, still press'd by sobering cares,
Creeps chilling on, nor youth's sweet ardor spares;
That lyre in some dark nook I seem to'have hung,
The spoil of dust and cobwebs, all unstrung,
All unremember'd: not as when, each day,
We loiterers in those quiet fields of Cray
Fram'd with light hand and heart some transitory
lay.

—Yet once more, now, for thee my lyre I take,
For thee, dear schoolboy friend, the slumberer once
more wake.

Since last I hail'd thee, (laurel'd, then, thy brow,
 Fresh from collegiate toils and triumphs thou,)
 Ere well yon sun his yearly round hath ranged,
 How is my life, as 'twere by magic, changed!
 —The' enthusiast muse *then* all with Travel teem'd;
 Of half the globe then freakish Fancy dream'd;
 Rome, Etna, Salem, Nile, thro' hope's perspective
 gleam'd.

And soon as May came gladding heaven and earth,
 I from my book-wall covert issued forth
 To' explore new wilds and wonders of our North.
 'Twas Caledonia now her pilgrim caught,
 With eyes, with feet, that rest nor took nor sought;
 Nature adoring still, as there her throne,
 As there a mighty temple all her own.
 —Oh, could I fling Loch Katrine on thy view,
 “Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,”
 Where at the foot she lurks of towering Benvenue!
 Towering in all his wealth and pomp of wood,
 Feather'd with twice ten thousand birches, strew'd
 With cliffs, and crags, and knolls, close-clustering
 round:

But hush! a master bard hath trod that ground.
 —Oh, could I point where, (eye, ear, soul astound,)

Thy cataract, Fyres, 'twixt envious jaws of rock,
 Down to his gulph of undistinguish'd smoke
 Boils, wheels, foams, tumbles, thunders!—or could
 lead

My Neale, entranc'd, to Nevis' huge hoar head;
 Where what a scene, how ample, how august,
 Of mountains, thick, dark, rough, confus'dly tost,
 As billows, warr'd on by the winds of night!
 In vain: we walk not there by faith but sight.
 Tho' Wilson with such landscapes hung thy wall,
 Not Wilson's self such landscapes might recal,
 And life-drawn memory far outpictures all;
 Yet how to thee doth life-drawn memory yield,
 Divinest Nature, livingly beheld!

Oh, when o'er Katrine's dark-blue depth I sail'd,
 Or, Fyres, thy clouds and tempest, thrilling hail'd,
 Or, thron'd on Nevis, glanc'd the' o'ercrowded eye
 From far Benlomond up to vapory Skye;
 How little did I then, the' approaching page,
 Writ for myself in Fate's high book, presage!
 How little deem'd, another changeful year
 Would fix my heart, would shape my life's career!
 Would see me consecrate to Heaven by hand
 Of mitred father; see me trembling stand

In awful joy at Hymen's mystic shrine ;
 Messiah's minister, and Cara mine.

Messiah's minister : Oh matchless name,
 Matchless with aught, on earth, of wealth, joy,
 fame !

How far unworthy we such angel style to claim !
 We,—while our fellows, each, some business ply,
 Earth-born, and centering all below the sky ;
 Needful perchance amidst a sin-worn state,
 But ill with heavenward hopes commensurate ;
 And this absorbs them ; starv'd Religion shares
 Poor piecemeal remnants of their hours and cares:—
 We give the flower and vigor of the soul
 To themes that, while Heaven's unsumm'd ages roll,
 Shall fill her field of vision : we, if wise,
 Sit spher'd in high invisibilities,
 Where mystery all, and miracle, obscure
 As night-clouds, yet as forms of noontide sure ;
 The' ineffable Triunity, the race
 Of angels and elect, death, judgment, endlessness
 Whate'er hath terror or delight, whate'er
 Curious or useful, tender, grand, or fair :
 Him, chief, his system's sun, his body's breath,
 “ Author and finisher of all our faith ;”

Whose love, so brightly character'd in blood,
Lifts us from death to life, from foes to sons of
God;

Emmanuel. Here the nook of holy ground,
Mark'd from the realm of change and death around,
For all beside is fated theirs: but this,
This hath the food of soul, the fount of bliss;
In every chance of time, in every mode
Of being, this the' all-comprehending good:
Life, without this, a tale that nothing means;
Man a mere walking shadow; yea, the scenes,
That round us on our gazing wonder burst,
Such a blind idiot rhapsody as erst
Those leaves which Sibyl on the gale dispers'd.*—
Thus, for the works of Heaven, its word I range,
From nature rise to spirit; blest exchange!
Nor, now, with insect eye and creeping toil,
Travel this unit orb, this atom isle;
For lo, the temple's veil is rent; I pierce
The' immortal, immaterial universe.

But human minds, (the theme however high,)
Still seek refreshment in variety;

* The sentiments of this paragraph are in part borrowed from the justly celebrated Robert Hall.

And still from pastoral functions I repair,
 (You with like zest, ev'n here, the tim'd transition
 share,)

To "Cara mine," and conjugal delight :
 For, more than all that charm'd my pilgrim sight
 In landscape, love allures me ; love, that stole
 With such a cunning 'witchery o'er my soul,
 What time he caught me first, and mind with
 mind

In that mysterious sympathy entwin'd,
 Pleasant in life, nor ev'n by death disjoin'd.
 Not that, (and feelingly, kind Heaven, I speak,)
 Those upstart thrillings match the joys they seek
 Of well-tried love ; not that such buds, tho' fair,
 May with the bright consummate flower compare.
 Life's Eden ! where the cherish'd heart puts forth
 Its happiest blooms of beauty, sweetness, worth,
 Luxuriant, purg'd of each excrescence vile ;
 Not, as on singleness' un garden'd soil,
 Stinted and nipt, or spent in worse excess.
 No academic fellowship like this,
 That poor unnatural bribe for love's domestic bliss
 To heartless herding, vicious oft : but thou,
 (Tho' by transcendent merit fellow'd now,)

Their dull cold prison hatest, and wilt resign
Their fellowship for sweeter, such as mine,
Mine with the fair soft friend, within whose mind
An echo all my thoughts and feelings find,
Within whose eyes a mirror. Still to her,
Escap'd sublime abstractions, I recur,
With such a joy as when from Nevis' brow
I sought the vale and village snug below ;
Prattle and laugh the light-wing'd hour away,
Follow her well-touch'd keys with warbled lay,
Or share the sunshine walk, the fire-side book,
Mingling, with all, endearing word and look,
And smile and soul-breath'd kiss ; nor, oft, exclude
Sweet poesy, so long, so fondly woo'd.

Thus, then, with "wars and rumour'd wars"
abroad,

We, in life's quietest and steadiest road,
Live to ourselves, our friends, our fellows,—God.
Such life to thee, friend ! better canst thou prove
Than such, the love of Heaven, the heaven of love ?
But where thy sacerdotal stole ? but where
Is she, "the young, the innocent, the fair,"
Cull'd from her kind, thy heart and home to share ?

Up ; seek her ! lose thy precious prime no more,
 Cheated of bliss within thy right and power,
 A crowded world's lone traveller, thy side
 With ministering angel unsupplied !
 Choose one lov'd nook, where the full center'd
 soul

May rest, and reign, and revel at her goal ;
 Else undefin'd, afloat, vague, spiritless,
 " With none to bless thee, none for thee to
 bless."

And seize thy stole ! the' immense, immortal mind
 How canst thou spend on cares for earth and time
 design'd,

By death snapt short ? But antedate the sky,
 Make life thy schoolman for eternity,
 Train thee in angel exercises here ;
 So thou mayst enter that bright theatre
 Not uninitiate, not unskill'd, in all
 Whose limitless progression heaven we call.
 And since,—“ whate'er the sons of science boast,
 So little knows the man who knows the most,”
 Thou for a high degree, high honor, aim,
 (As erewhile in the field of learned fame,)

There, in that ravishing world, where all we
sought
Seems infant folly, "all thy Newton taught
Lies bare and obvious to the heedless thought."

Jan. 1814.

EPISTLE VII.

TO T. F. B*****, ESQ.

OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

“ Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari.”

CATULLUS.

ONCE more, dear Barham, winter's come,
With all his rain and cold and gloom ;
Once more in cloister'd cell you 'are pent,
On doubts and diagrams intent.
For me, instead of life and ease
Lost upon such pursuits as these,
O'er history's magic page I bend,
And, now, with eager thought attend,
In that magnificent emprise,
Colon, the dauntless, good, and wise ;
Now Darien's craggy summit climb,
And share the' astonishment sublime

Balboa felt, discovering thence
The new Pacific spread immense ;
Then southward, with Magellan brave,
Search where it meets the' Atlantic wave :
Anon, with treacherous Cortes, fly
Where his glad ruffians first espy,
Lake-circled, and in sunny glow,
The domes and spires of Mexico :
With fell Pizarro, last, pursue
The mine-born splendors of Peru ;
Or rush, with Orellana, down
The river-sea of Maranon.*
Thus while I watch the curtain furl'd
That hid from ages half a world ;
So thick, so strange the' events, they seem
Some wild romance, or wilder dream.
Thrice-glorious tale, in my regard !
As hence to MADOC's mighty bard
Those bright imaginations sprung,
Bright above all by Briton sung,
Since Milton's harp in Eden rung.

* Robertson's America.

Oft, too, the fireside book thrown by,
And, fastening an abstracted eye
Full on the ceiling's blank expanse,
With memory's quick and curious glance
My summer wanderings I retrace,
Where aught of grandeur falls, or grace,
From Plymouth up to Inverness.
And while, in colouring warm and true,
The shadowy map glides past my view,
Wishes involuntary start ;—
Oh, could I, by some wizard art,
Waft me with wings of wind away,
And range the bright, blue, breezy day
Where Teign, betwixt his tufted fells,
Or Lyn, thro' deeper, duskier dells,
Pursues his coy, fantastic course,
Dappled with crags, with cataracts hoarse :
Or where, amidst a chaos wild
Of huge loose blocks like billows pil'd
Thick on Arvonian Glyder's brow,
I stood awe-tranc'd, and far below
Saw lone Llanberris' grey ravine,
Saw strange Nantfrangon's grislier scene ;

Vision, on which could slumber wake,
He might for old Avernus take
Dark Idwal's murder-breathing lake,*
While Trevaen's mass, grotesque and grim,
Hell's giant centinel might seem!—
Or, darting north, how fain I'd hail
Ulleswater, and sweet Patterdale;
Or, onward, seek the mightier view
Benlmond yields, or Benvenue;
Or drink amazement at Glenco;
Or where, new-swol'n with mountain snow,
Fyres, in his winter glory, flashes,
Frets, foams, precipitously dashes,
And, thundering, with a smoke-cloud crashes!

Thus oft I sit in dreamy vein,
And rove my rambles o'er again:
But most, in meditation sweet,
I love to mind, and long to meet,
Those few, few friends, by many a year,
And many an old remembrance, dear.

* Llyn Idwal; so named, it is said, as being the scene where prince Idwal, son of Owen Gwyneth, was murdered by his guardian: a scene, as Pennant remarks, fit to inspire murderous thoughts.

What are the charms of glen or glade,
Of lake or mountain or cascade,
Of woods in all their beauty seen,
Or cliffs in all their awful mien ;
What, to the joys of nobler kind,
Which friends in that communion find
Of heart with heart, and mind with mind ?
Doom'd thro' the world to toil alone,
No bosom to reflect his own,
Man would feel life a load, a curse,
Would groan amidst the universe ;
All nature could not charm his pain,
Earth were a paradise in vain ;
So unendear'd, so unenjoy'd,
Each scene were " without form and void."

And trust me, friend, the reason's this
In life there's oft so little bliss :
Wealth, honor, taste, yea virtue, granted,
Friendship's " the one thing needful" scanted.
Oh, 'tis not without piteous cause
Our sires have left us those sage saws
Pointing a friend the diamond-stone,
As worthiest, hardest to be won,

Of aught in whose fond search we toil
On hope's rich mine, or life's poor soil.
Acquaintances, I know, in hosts,
(Light outside things, mere mocks and ghosts
Of friendship,) meet us where we please,
Found, or foregone, with equal ease :
But vainly, 'mongst them all, I sigh
For one with your heart-soothing eye
Bright with each varied sympathy :
A kindred soul, in childhood lov'd,
And, since, by sweet experience prov'd ;
Whose worth no change of years or cares,
Scenes or companionships, impairs ;
How few, (and oh, how blest those few !)
As this cold world they journey thro',
Light on one soul so fond, so true !
—College and school are times and places
For gathering first-born intimacies ;
And such, whene'er they hold, I'd call
The best, the brotherliest, of all.
But where is many an early friend,
With whom hope beckon'd me to spend
Long pleasant years, how unforeknown !
Where are those morning visions flown ?

My favorites of the schoolboy day,
Like forward blooms, have dropt away :
And then for college ; there tho' night
Has brought us that divine delight
When thought and feeling are in blow,
And spirits in their springtide flow,
—Concert of souls, than pipe or string
Or mellowest voice more ravishing !—
Those friends, they all seem vanish'd ; one
From earth—ah, timelessly—withdrawn ;
The rest, as good, and o'er the isle
Scatter'd by many a severing mile.
'Tis ever thus ; and half as well
I'd hope in some feign'd spot to dwell,
Round which magnificently cluster'd
The scenes my wistful memory muster'd,
As look to' enjoy, concenter'd here
For life, or thickly parcell'd near,
The little groupe my heart holds dear.

Nor is't of such congenial sweets,
Only, that heartless absence cheats ;
It breeds, when each the other meets,
A strangeness, oft, a chilly dryness,
A curst, unconquerable shyness.

We panted for the rapturous day,
We forecast worlds to feel and say :
'Tis come ; the brief, bright vision flies
In silence and formalities.

Yet, from the circling upstart race
Why not these lost old friends replace?—
And ask'st thou? Ah, thou hast not known
How, when our youthlier years are gone,
The' affections come not forth so well,
The heart grows less approachable.
Friendship is like a garden bower
That, or in dark or shining hour,
Shelters or soothes ; but then, you'll guess
The trees should, in their tenderness,
Be overarch'd or interwove ;
And such you'll find the law of love.

Of love? Oh, hail, vouchsafed by heaven
To set the loss of friendship even,
To give us all the world in one,
To form our life's domestic sun!—
Here, on one breast at least, reposes
The wayworn spirit ; here discloses
Its joys, hopes, fears, and sorrows ; yes,
All its own laboring consciousness.

A friend, for ever at your side,
 To life, thought, passion, all, allied,
 By youth, alike, or age, made dear,
 By happiness or grief,—is here.
 To Love then hail! and hail to thee,
 My next enchantress, Poesy!
 (Next in regard, but first in time :)
 With many a dim-remember'd rhyme
 My tenderest boyhood thou hast nurs'd,
 Thou with my ripening youth convers'd :
 And still, in lone and lovely walk,
 With thee I oft hold silent talk,
 Nigh where on lordly Severn's shores
 Old Avon his brown tribute pours.
 —Comes April morn, with glimmering green
 And kindling blue to' enchant the scene?
 If then, in warmer, sprightlier flood
 Than others', plays my minstrel blood ;—
 Or comes November night, like this?
 If, while, in chase of shadowy bliss,
 Most fly to party, ball, or play,
 I with my self-dependent lay
 Can thus my friend, myself, amuse,
 Nor, haply, nobler guerdon lose ;

Not lonely, tho' with thee alone;—
Sweet Poesy, 'tis all thine own.

Farewell, dear cousin! Long it seems
Since, prattling of our favorite themes,
We sate or stroll'd: and much I fear,
When choice or chance shall fix thee, year
On year will dawn and disappear,
Ere, parted once, our hands rejoin:
Come then,— what checks the glad design?
Come, pitch thy dwelling near to mine.

Nov. 1814.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MEMORY.

“recordanti plura, magisque, placent.”

OVID.

How beautiful the scenes that rise,
Sweet Keswick, on thy wanderer's view !
Yet lovelier still their image lies
Upon thy Derwent's mirror blue :

Yes, lovelier in thy lake appears
The bordering shade, the varied vale ;
And there a magic tint endears
Ev'n the grim peaks of Borrowdale.

Remembrance, (there in emblem shown,)
Thus to the mind's reverted eye
With coloring, fairer than its own,
Presents each past reality.

Who but on boyhood's treasur'd scene
Hath cast, in age, a wistful gaze?
Yet many a mingling pang, I ween,
Would mar his merriest holidays :

But memory, like the queen of night,
Half gilds, half shades, each form, which view'd
In morning's broad unflattering light,—
How chang'd it seems, how harsh and rude !

Sweet were the days—too sweet to last !
That saw me, warm in youthful prime,
Pursue my pilgrimage of taste
Thro' tracts of beauteous and sublime.

Sweet were the days ! but sweeter, now,
Their memory, mellow'd in the mind,
Rekindling rapture's purest glow,
And leaving kindred pains behind.

When fall the yellow nights of June,
Lone wandering, to myself I've said,
“ At such an hour, with such a moon,
I sought Helvellyn's wonderous head :

There what a sight the new-born day
Disclos'd!"—In that inspiring thought
The feverish toil, the clambering way,
The gasp and ache were all forgot.

Still would the present scene my soul
With huddling charms o'erwhelm, confuse :
Now, sweetly dim, its visions roll,
And, slumbering erst, awake the muse.

Ev'n books,—that sily sink whate'er
Repells, whate'er allures exalt,—
Bright as their genuine tints appear,
Appear more exquisite in thought.

And oft, in summer's evening walk,
And oft, at winter's social hearth,
How sweet of far-off friends to talk,
And fondly paint their varied worth !

Nor chide your bard, nor heartless deem
Or churlish, ye that share his breast,
If lovelier than yourselves ye seem,
By memory's partial pencil dress'd :

She takes you in some happier mood,
Such as, methinks, ye still shall wear
When, mortal frailties all subdued,
Ye mix with natures heavenly fair.

Hail, memory! sweet enchantress, hail!
Still may thy soft reflected rays,
Oh still, as heretofore, prevail
To bless and beautify my days!

And dear the hope,—that oft, perchance,
The disembodied spirit sends
From yon bright spheres a backward glance
On earthly scenes and human friends.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

(TO A GERMAN AIR.)



HOPE, adieu!

Faithless charmer, fly my view!
I, for substance quitting semblance,
Shadowy hope for sure remembrance,
Siren, thee no longer woo:
Hope, adieu!

Memory, hail!

'Tis with thee I mean to dwell.
Dupe of hope, no more I languish;
Smiling hope but lures to anguish:
Thy firm pleasures never fail:
Memory, hail!

KILLICRANKIE.*

“*Exigui numero, sed bello vivida virtus.*”

VIRG.

THIS is the place ; here pause we. How those woods
 Down to the vale, where Garrie brawls along,
 Seem hurrying from their height ! and how the eye
 Plunges amidst their gulphs on gulphs of green,
 Delighted ! Beauty, here, and grandeur, thron'd
 As in their shrine, our pilgrim's homage ask.
 Yet what is beauty, what is grandeur, here ?—
 Who, in Thermopylæ's bleak pass, would mark
 Aught of material circumstance, the crags
 Of Æta, or the dash of senseless waves ?
 And who, in Killicrankie's proud defile,

* A picturesque defile in the northern highlands of Perthshire, signalized as the scene in which Grahame, Viscount Dundee, with a small body of Highlanders, defeated the forces of King William under General Mackay, 1689.

Slights not the charm of hanging shades, and turns
His mind's eye backward, thro' the mist of years,
To that brave day, when, hot with hope to' avenge
Their James unthroned, and check the' Usurper's
pride,

On death determined, or on deathless fame,
But destined this to' inherit, that to deal,
Here, with his little hero band, Dundee
Fell conquering? Yes, I see them: dark the sky,
To suit the scene so dark; where, gaunt and grim,
Famish'd and furious, from their northern holds,
Like wolves, like lions, rush those mountaineers,
Burning for battle. Sudden they descry,
(Not in tame prudence waiting his advance,)
The foe; and with a shout of horrid joy
Startle the mountain echoes. Tumult, straight,
Turns to fair soldier-like array, and calm
Considerate rage; and well behoves them now;
For now, a sevenfold multitude, the foe
Fronts them. And hark, the volley'd thunder! see
The glen in smoke and sulphur all involv'd!—
The gale has clear'd it now; the hosts emerge:
Those glorious rebels with their dread claymores

Grapple in fiercer onset, and amain
The rich death-harvest reap. Where now the pomp
Of lowland chargers, that so well sustain'd
The roar and lightning of their musquetry,
But brook not, now, the broadsword clash, not, now,
The ghastlier glare of blood? Oh, what a sea
Of battle boils and billows, pent betwixt
These mountain jaws! how like a spring-tide swell
Yon Highlanders roll in as on a host
Of swimmers, faint, and yielding to the death!
August, endearing proof, that valour, thus
On patriot principle and national zeal
'Stablish'd, may quell the multitudinous might
Of loath'd invasion,—quell with few! Lo, there
His handful of high-hearted volunteers
Dumbarton hurls; the' artillery's captur'd: here,
Spurring upon the thickest, hottest fight,
Græme with his hundred,—Græme, himself head,
soul,
Life-blood of that small body,—rouths Mackay
With all his brigades, all his chivalry,
Hir'd from the South. There what an eye, o'erbuilt
With what a brow! like the red flash that breaks

The long dark thunder-cloud : what high disdain,
What desperate anger ! who shall bear its glance ?
Well may it blast and wither all the strength
And spirit of that poor time-serving host,
English, or awed by England. While we gaze,
That eye is quench'd in death : he falls, he falls,
Glorying ; for, all around, the field is won,
And Victory hovers o'er him with her crown
Of laurel : such the work of good claymores !
Twelve hundred foemen pile the sacrifice
Crown'd by Dundee ; his friends, the most part, stand,
Yet fain, (if heaven permitted,) to resign
Triumph so dear-bought : shouts are sunk in groans ;
The rich red cup of vengeance, flavorful else,
'Tis pall'd, 'tis bitter'd to their lips ; for who,
Who, like the Græme, to glory leads their wrath ?
But time soon mellows that regret away,
Soon leaves, unmix'd, the joy. His deed, his death,
Hath hallow'd, hath eterniz'd, yonder scene,
So quiet now ; hath fill'd it, to the eye
Of lingering fancy, with far other sight
Than of that meadowy glen by tufted steeps
O'erbrow'd ; hath fill'd it, to her ear, with sounds

Far other than the voice of sheep, and birds,
And Garrie in his everlasting flow ;—
Garrie, now pure, but how discolor'd erst
With gore and trampling !—Spirit-stirring scene
Adieu : thou claim'st the feelings of an hour
From every pilgrim ; I have paid thee mine.

A SEA-SIDE CONTEMPLATION.

“ One only object fill'd ear, eye, and thought.”

MADOC.

ONCE more with ravishment thy face I hail,
Ocean, beloved ocean! From afar,
From inland fields and smoke-envelop'd town,
Oft have I given remembrances to thee
And longings, as forerunners of myself;
And now, at last, I see and hear and feel
Thy glad, thy glorious presence. Ever thus,
Upon this sun-brown steep, beside this crag
Half weather-bleach'd, half ivied, let me lie,
And gaze the noon away. O'er all the heaven
There's not one little speck of cloud to mar
Its azure vacancy: the single sun
Amidst his bright intensity of day
Sits godlike. This above; while underneath,
Challenging Heaven's own beauty, spreads the sea;

One dark-blue contrast; save where silvery streaks
Glitter and vanish with each foam-tipt wave,
And, scarce from these distinguishable, skims
The gull, his wings with sunny burnish lin'd;
Or where, o'er all that space on which the sun
Flames vertical, the billows heave and flash,
Twinkling as with innumerable stars,
A flood of restless light. But mark how bold
Yon promontory thrusts into the' abyss
Its huge dark foot, where, thwarted in his haste,
The' indignant surge his hoar and ridgy back
Upcurls, and crashes in a smoke of spray:
And mark how beautiful the gliding sail
Gleams gradual from behind that jutting point,
Then, as instinct with spirit, wings her way
Athwart the waters. Hence the joyous eye
Follows a long, receding, fading line
Of coast; whose beachy whiteness well sets off
Ocean's deep hue, there deepening. Still beyond,
Where sight half doubts its own intelligence,
A far-off isle, sky-tinted, hangs in heaven,
Like a cloud hovering on the' horizon's verge.
—Hour after hour, all unperceiv'd, steals by,
While o'er a scene like this, with poring gaze,

I indolently linger ; and sometimes,
With half-clos'd eyelids and half-conscious mind,
Lie listening to that loud yet lulling sound
By ever-breaking billows ever peal'd ;
Like wind among the wood-tops, fainter now,
Swelling anon, like muffled thunder.—Who,
Who, in such nameless measureless content *
Shut up, such undefinable delight,
Can turn from Nature's living self to those
That best her charms have featur'd ; tho' the glass
Be Shakspeare's own, or Southey's ? On the turf,
Slighted as cold and cheerless, lies the strain
Which else hath oft ta'en prisoner all the soul.
Or, if the vacant mind to aught beside
Wake from its dreamy trance, 'twill be to clothe
Its fantasies and feelings, vague till then
And incoherent, with what shape and hue
And combination Poesy approves ;
Then happiest, when she holds communion free
With Heaven, Earth, Ocean ; and, at random thrown
On the live greensward, o'er the azure sky
Looks up, looks downward o'er the purple sea ;

* " Shut up in measureless content."—MACBETH.

While, round her, 'tis one universal smile
Of sunshine.—Oh, how different, then, the mood,
—That bardlike mood, that rush and glow of thought
And passion and expression, with its fire
Of eye, and thrill of blood, and springtide swell
Of spirits; that diviner mood, akin
To Inspiration;—Oh how different 'tis
From sluggish heartless languor, such as oft
Who but hath groan'd with, pent in twilight cell
And book-row walls, or mid' suburban walks
Loitering, and, (tho' with difficult effort,) fain
To rouse his muse deep-slumbering, and push on
Some lagging labor?—But not then, my bards,
Write ye, nor there! haste hitherward, when here,
With tenderest azure grac'd, and sprightliest airs,
The sweet September dawns. So, smelling fresh
Of Nature, shall your lays win every heart
By Nature won; and, many a summer's eve,
Or in the woods or on the echoing shore,
We'll bear you forth, companions of our way;
And, many a winter's morning, by the fire,
We'll make your page a mirror to reflect
The deepest dearest motions of our breasts.

But see, the tide, fast-ebbing, bids explore

These cliffs, below, wave-eaten into chasms
And caverns, not without due clambering ; first,
As thro' a troubled stream of huge rough stones,
Confus'dly pil'd, behoves me wade ; and oft,
Half desperate of success, I half resign
The toilsome task, and vision out as oft,
(With all the glowing imagery of fear,)
That hideous fate, should the big billowy mass,
Which hides each crag and crowds each creekynook,
O'er my surpris'd retreat come hurrying back
In all its merciless rage, and plunge me down
With whirlwind sweep, down to the mid sea-depths.
Of such thoughts full, I enter now the cave :
Narrow its portal, but within there yawns
A vast and high-roof'd hall, of murkiest gloom
At first, but gradual glimmering as my sight
Grows to its dusk familiar and conform.
How sweet, here seated on the living stone,
To mark, thro' yon dim vista, where the sun,
Amidst a heaven of gold slow-sinking, sheds
O'er the green waves a tremulous long line
Of golden glitterance ! Now his broadening orb
Just hovers on the ocean-verge, 'tis now
Half-seen, a mere speck now,—and now 'tis gone.

Yet, while to other climes his fiery car
Precipitates, backward o'er the west awhile
He throws his yellow mantle.—Could I take
The ruddy wings of Morning, and pursue
His roundings, what a joy it were to watch
Sea upon sea still opening, as we sped,
Land upon land, till the whole globe of dry
Or liquid had roll'd back beneath our glance!
But, more than all the face of Earth could show,
Or all the face of Ocean, fain I'd view,
(By mortal tongue ne'er told, by mortal ear,
Since first yon billows buffeted their beach,
Heard never,) the coy wonders of the deep,
The submarine retirements, in broad day
Divulg'd, and obvious to the' astounded gaze:
That huge receptacle, by some strange ebb
Drain'd of its waters, headlong toward the pole
Or by magnetic influence drawn, or driven
By tempest violence. Oh that, in an ark*
Of crystal, like old Merlin, I could reach
The sea-roots, and, in emerald light, survey
The' august invisibilities beneath!

* See the exquisitely beautiful song of *Caradoc*, in *Madoc*.—
Part I. sect. 11.

There what an unimaginable world,
What scenes of more than earthly grandeur there,
Would from their old original darkness start,
As if once more the' omnific voice were heard,
“ Let there be light ! ”—Ev'n now methinks I pierce
Those realms : around me rocks and mountains rise,
In outline more fantastic than the clouds
Of evening ; nor less various in their hues ;
And of such unapproached bulk, that Alps
Or Andes, mix'd with these, were shrunk, were
dwarf'd.

For every isle that on the desert brine
Shews its green front, yea each huge continent,
What is it but the' emerging ridge or peak
Of mountains, whose immeasurable sides
Lurk in the waves they girdle round, whose feet
Are stablish'd in the central core of earth ?
Where, all below the plunge of diving whale,
Below the search of fathoming plummet, plains
And valleys, ampler far than these terrene,
Spread coextensive with the' o'erspreading main.
Part, openest champaign, where above, perchance,
Rolls the Pacific or the' Atlantic ; part,
By many a strange and fearful precipice

O'erbeetled, narrowest, deepest, darkest glens,
As where those clustering Cyclades inlay
The' Ægean, or Azonian Pico towers,
Or Otaheite midst her islet groupe
Sits, like a Nereid with her nymphs begirt,
Smiling.—Nor deem these sea-lands unadorn'd;
But thick with forests here, and groves, and bowers,
Of coral, some smooth-rinded and of clear
Unvarnish'd red, some pale and grey, and rough
With fretwork delicately fair beyond
What the light Gothic chisel best hath wrought:
While meads of seaweed, numberless in kinds
And colours, there, delicious pasturage
Spread for the grazing dwellers of the deep.
Add banks of sponge, soft as the tenderest moss:
Myriads of shells, for flowers, with rainbow tints
Or fleck'd or stain'd, and o'er the wrinkly sands
Now scatter'd, now in many a curious grot
Embedded thick.—Castles, beside, and towers,
And streets, and squares, with sparkling diamonds
rich
And pearly dimness, rich with silver ore
And golden; beggaring all the pomp and wealth
Of Rome or Cairo or old Babylon:

Arches, that might bestride Missouri's wrath,
Where, conqueror-like, his broad brown waters roll
On Mississippi, forcing the pure flood,
(Tho' king of earthly rivers,) many a league
To wear his sullyng hue: then pyramids,
Dwindling to insignificance of bulk
And age the piles of Memphis: colonnades,
Vaults, obelisks, and cathedral cupolas,
Mocking whate'er Religion, in her frauds,
Gay with the spoils of superstitious Fear,
Hath built, or Eastern pride; worthiest of gaze
And wonder and loud fame; capacious too
Of millions; in unconscious loneliness
Lost, and death-silence, and perpetual night.

Cavern'd in kindred solitude and gloom
And stillness, (save the deaden'd din of waves,)
I sit, by sweet unconsciousness deceiv'd
Of place or time; then, from the' entrancement
wak'd,

With groping step my damp and dismal cell
Quit, and with strange unwonted joy peep forth
Upon the blessed air. There what a sight
Of beauty! for the moon, now loveliest, streams
Her soft and quivering shine o'er yonder waves

Quietly heaving. A lone fisher's boat,
(His own rude figure leaning for the net,)
Moves dark athwart the glory. At my feet
The thick-returning breakers fall like snow
Huddled in drifts. The shadow of that cloud
Lies like a purple island on the sea ;
And yellow, in the moonshine's holy calm,
That craggy headland sleeps. How shall I quit
The' enchanting scene ? how, after hours like these,
Endure, with long last look, to breathe adieu,
What time the sweet blue line of Ocean fades
Behind some envious hill, and home I haste
To inland fields and smoke-envelop'd town ;
To hear, for this one unobtrusive sound,
The harsh distracting noises that proclaim
Commerce amidst his multitudinous wheels ?
—Yet worthier, if less pleasurable, there,
My life may flow. Were here my lot to dwell,
Here I might wear away morn, noon, and eve,
In gazing, feeling, dreaming, or, at best,
In the dear indolence of Poesy ;
Deserter of the post in busier haunts,
Mark'd me by Heaven's high will ; and unprepared
For that dread reckoning which, in the' after-world,

Shall read our fates, as here we heed or slight
The rights of God and man by faith and love.

Then, Ocean, I must leave thee soon ; 'tis good ;
Yet soon, (I'll hope,) to resalute : for oh,
In temperate unprov'd fruition, thus,
May Autumn ever find me, on thy cliffs
Lying, or sauntering o'er the sands below !
So shall I meet, with vigor fresh-inspir'd,
Home-duties ; to these unfamiliar eyes
So shall thy charms in livelier glow return ;
A joy of Reason, so, shall midst the pangs
Of Fancy mix, when, (as erelong,) I sigh,
" Ocean, beloved Ocean,—fare thee well !"

SNOWDON.

..... “Cambrorum è montibus unum
Accipiam vice Pindi.”—HOLDSWORTH’S MUSCIPULA.

..... “If I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.”—COOPER’S HILL.

'Twas night ; the moon, full-orb'd, rode bright and
high ;

Still was the air, and beautiful the sky ;

When, mighty Snowdon, up thy toilsome side

I wound my way behind a peasant guide.

Breathes not a sound the deep repose to mar,

Save when the sheep-dog faintly yells a-far ;

Or, scarce distinguish'd by its foamy gleam,

When brawls athwart our track the tumbling stream.

How sweet the scene, how solemn !—Pencil'd clear

Upon the pure defining atmosphere,

Awefully huge, the mountains heave around,

Each sable mass with silver moonshine crown'd,

With silver moonshine Cwethly's lovely llyn
 Sleeping, (as 'twere,) two giant guards between,
 While here thy rounded steeps, green Eilio, tower,
 And there frowns dark the craggier Mynnyd-Mawr:
 Yet, as we rise and leave the vale behind,
 Ev'n these their gradual diminution find;
 As, where we pass, Cynghorion* seems to say,
 "Behold the king of mountains! here's the way."

The day-star, now, lone lingerer, fades; and mark
 How pale our moving shadows, late so dark:
 Speed we! lest all our hopes and toils be vain;
 Lest the sun peep ere yon proud point we gain:
 Light thickens fast; the whitening dawn appears,
 Just where her crown imperial Wythva rears; †
 Thin day-spring clouds, now pink, now golden, spread
 A momentary wreath around her head.

Not Mithra's white-robed seers, with stronger zeal,
 The god of day and Persia wake to hail,
 Than up the steep rough path we fiercely press'd,
 With aching limbs and palpitating breast;
 Scarce, in the vehemence of heat and haste,
 Loitering the live aëreal fount to taste;

* Moel y Cynghorion, or Hill of Counsel.

† Yr Wyddfa, or the Conspicuous; the Welch name of the topmost peak.

Scarce with a backward glance the lessening dell,
But eyeing with full gaze that envied pinnacle.

'Tis finish'd: what a scene before us lies!

Is it a vision? may I trust these eyes?

The heaven is pure; but over all below,

(Save to the seaward, whence we sought the brow,)

Hangs one wide-undulating sea of clouds,

And the whole inland prospect whitely shrouds:

The broad brown ridges here and there emerge,

Like whales quiescent on the noontide surge.

High on the peak, amidst the' enormous waste
Of billowy vapor scarce beneath me cast,
I seem a shipwreck'd youth, who looks around,
From some lone cape, o'er ocean's hoar pro-
found;*

And, while the toil-drops from my brows I clear,

In rapid change what fierce extremes I bear,

* Beattie, in one of his finest stanzas, had so exactly represented this astonishing scene, that his diction was not easily altered or improved:

“What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,

Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,

And view the' enormous waste of vapor, tost

In billows, lengthening to the' horizon round,

Now scoop'd in gulphs, with mountains now emboss'd!”

Minstrel, Book 1.

A feverish glow, a bleak and boisterous air !
With dread delight I pause, and fix'd amaze ;
When, kindling into one unclouded blaze,
The orient burns, and, glorious to behold,
The sun springs upward, bath'd in living gold.

At his approach those exhalations, nurs'd
By darkness, forth in huddling crowds dispers'd,
All in a moment swept along the sky,
And caught the mount in bright obscurity.
Lost is the sun, the heaven, the circling scene ;
Yet oft a vista, the torn clouds between,
Half shows, half shades, rock, lake, and deep ravine.
(For tho' 'twas one blank indistinction here,
Down in the glens the day was calm and clear :)
Inspir'd in silver haze, we seem a space
The heaven-dropt genii who these confines trace.

Sudden the mists are fled ; they seek the west ;
The wild and wondrous vision shines confess'd.
Just as the curtain, swift updrawn, displays
Theatral splendours to the' expectant gaze.
Magnificent confusion ! Mountains rise
O'er mountains, quaint of form and vast of size ;
Some filleted with cloud, and blended with the
skies.

Nor less diversity their lakes betray ;
 These black in shade, those glittering in the day.

But ha, where stand I? see what strange abyss
 Yawns fast beside this dizzy precipice!*

And see, in depth of this o'ershadowing crater,
 Amidst the awful stillness of great nature,
 Those two † coy llyns, dark-purple, and of shape
 Jagg'd into many a fairy creek and cape.

There on my left, (a dire descent below!)

Thy sweet romantic valley well I know,

Llanberris! view'd in miniature from high,

As thro' the telescope's inverted eye :

There too thy rustic church, with yews beside ;

And that grey tower, ‡ whose melancholy pride

Looks on thy sister-lakes ; while many a mile

Beyond where these in their lone beauty smile,

Spreads as a map old Mona's Druid isle.

* This deep, dark hollow, opening on the eastern side of Snowdon, lodges two small *llyns*, (as the Welch call their lakes,) and, as Miss Smith observes, "answers in some respects to our idea of a volcanic crater." A similar and still sublimer chasm, near the summit of Cader Idris, has been painted by the celebrated Wilson.

† Ffynnon lîs and llyn Llydan.—See Pennant.

‡ Castell Dolbadern.

Now turn we where the western billow streams,
 Dazzling, and streak'd with morn's ascending beams;
 Now where the ridge of Idris, dimly blue,
 Far in the' horizon shuts the northward view.

All-beauteous offspring of the' all-beauteous mind,
 Majestically rude, and carelessly refin'd,
 Oh, Nature,* how thyself thou blazon'st here,
 How makest the littleness of Art appear!—
 Here,† where the bard attuned thy praise of yore,
 Here, where thy priest, the Druid, search'd thy
 lore,

Where stern Caractacus proclaim'd thy rights,
 Where good Llewellyn wooed thy wild delights,
 Where the rapt soul has beam'd thro' many an eye,
 And many a breast has throbb'd with ecstasy;
 Here on this heavenward pile, as in thy shrine,
 Amidst this master-scene of Power Divine,
 I scorn the glare of intermeddling art,
 Thee, thee I hail the goddess of my heart.

* "Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st!"

Cymbeline.

† "Snowdon was held as sacred by the antient Britons, as Parnassus by the Greeks or Ida by the Cretans. It is still said that whosoever slept on Snowdon would wake inspired."

Pennant's North Wales; Snowdonia.

For some thou know'st, who here, whole summer
days,

With thee would wander, and on thee would gaze,
Thy charms detect, thy unknown features seek,
And bear a moss or stone from every peak.

Such was the maid,—but she thy martyr died,—
Who, in thy converse, wish'd no joy beside,
Tho' graced by art, and once to fortune dear ;
The lovely, lost Eliza : she stood here ! *

And is there, Nature, in sublunar clime
An ampler heaven, a landscape more sublime ?
Yet ask not : here tho' wide the scene, and wild,
How would it fade where Alps on Alps are pil'd ! †
Or where, a whole day's clambering journey high,
Peruvian Chimborazo props the sky !—
He at the line, enrobed in living snow,
Scarce marks the mustering clouds mid-way below,

* Elizabeth Smith. The relation, given in one of her letters, of her visit to this mountain, is highly natural, animating, and interesting.

† Snowdon rises, in perpendicular elevation, about 3,600 feet above the neighbouring sea. Mont-Blanc and Mont-Rosa, the rival sovereigns of the Alps, rise, each, between 15 and 16,000 feet ; and Chimborazo, the king of the Andes, has been estimated by Humboldt at 21,440 feet, or six times the height of Snowdon.

And, throned in noiseless solitude, derides
The lowland thunder murmuring round his sides.

Enough for me, in home-born scenes like these,
To riot on thy guiltless luxuries ;
To pierce these glens ; and, chief, to scale these
 heights,

Where hours of labour one short glance requites,
Where swells the spirit, fancy walks abroad,
And strong devotion feels the present God.

But life demands us, and low-thoughted care ;
Yet hither, oft, shall memory repair,
Paint each small circumstance as fresh and true
As in yon lakes their mirror'd banks I view,
With ardent gaze her portraiture survey,
Rewake the transport, and react the day ;
And, were but mine Aladdin's genius, he*
Should waft me, Nature, back — to Snowdon and to
 thee.

* Alluding to that fine romance of the ' Wonderful Lamp' in the ' Arabian Nights.'

STANZAS

ON REVISITING BETHGELERT,
IN CAERNARVONSHIRE.

“ Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet.” HOR.

ONCE more, Bethgelert, yet once more,
Thou sweet sequester'd village, hail !
Once more, enchanted, I explore
The windings of thy fairy vale.

Thy rustic church, thy rustic bridge,
Thy mill, thy cots, thy peasant train,
Cirled by many a shadowing ridge ;—
I joy to see them all again.

How often, in excursive thought,
(Since here I stroll'd a summer's day,)

These wild retirements have I sought,
And wish'd me wings to waft away !

Here, have I said, how blest to dwell,
When Nature wears her sunshine smile ;
To pause o'er Gwynan's lovely dell,
Or Aberglasslyn's dark defile !

Or Hebog's crest, or Eilio's climb,
Or muse by Nantle's glasslike blue ;
Or grope my mountain path sublime
Festiniog's gentler charms to view !

Nor far that vale, so sweetly rude,
Named of thy tower, lone Dolwythelan ;
With trees and crags and knolls bestrew'd,
And hid by Shiabod rudely swelling.

Nor far Llanberris, hermit glen,
Where Snowdon rears his awful head,
Holding a thousand leagues in ken,
By hovering clouds oft visited :

Llanberris ! what a meet abode
For him that, lost to life and care,

Would talk with Nature and with God,
See them in clouds, in thunders hear!

Hail, powerful scenes, that swell the mind,
Where Nature reigns in savage state,
Untrimm'd, unalter'd, unconfined,
Fresh from the God, and freely great!

THE SEASONS,
PAINTING THE YEAR.

“How Nature paints her colours!” MILT.

LANGUID beneath the glow of June,
I laid me by a bowery stream ;
Sleep visited my senses soon,
But Fancy, inward, wak'd to dream.

Turn'd to a picture I beheld
The scene on which my lids had closed,
The grove, the garden, and the field,
With herd and hamlet interposed.

But oh, that picture wore an air
Like Winters, when he surliest lours ;
The field was white, the grove was bare,
The garden rifled of its flowers.

I sigh'd, heart-heavy with regret,
For all that charm'd me waking erst ;
When, as I gazed, an object met
My wonder, and my grief dispersed.

Sprightly and beautiful and young,
A virgin toward the picture came,
And with a first faint tint begun
To touch its blank uncolor'd frame.

How lightly fell that shading hue !
—Thou would'st have almost said, I ween,
That, over all, some sorceress threw
A vapor or thin veil of green :

And where 'twas drear and dark and dead,
Such grace on every part she pour'd,
Such light and life and joyance shed,
—By heaven, 'twas paradise restored.

She seem'd to melt from sight anon :
So stealingly her steps withdrew,
I might not say the maid was gone
Till in her place I mark'd a new ;

Who dawn'd as gradual, with a mien
More flush and ripe than she that 's flown ;
That was a girl at sweet fifteen,
A woman this, in charms full-blown.

Her pencil with a deepening green
Retouch'd and thicken'd lawns and bowers,
And added to the garden scene
A thousand fairy-featured flowers ;

And gave, with Lorraine's art divine,
The westering sun to cast a gleam
Of richest, mellowest, sweetest shine
O'er the gilt wood and burnish'd stream.

Entranced, upon the piece I gazed,
Nor knew my colourist was lost,
Ere, turning, I perceived, amazed,
Some stranger had usurp'd her post.

A pensive and half-faded form,
A drooping beauty, this appear'd ;
Ruddied the fruit with blushes warm,
Yellow'd the leaf, imbrown'd the beard.

Where, late, the sunset glory spread,
Now a dim haze of twilight hung ;
Sere fallow foliage now was shed
Where roses, late, and woodbine sprung.

But here an old man rush'd within ;
His cheek was pale, austere his eye ;
Boisterous athwart the mimic scene
He dash'd his hand with whirlwind cry.

I shrunk ; while grimly in his pride
He smiled, as o'er a conquest won ;
All bloom, all colour, was destroy'd,
The dull dusk outline 'scap'd alone.

“ Where is that lovely picture ? where
Those lovely limners ? ” I exclaim'd
In all the heart-ache of despair ;
“ Who mars a work so finely framed ?

“ Oh what is life or pleasure now ? ”
—A matron, as I paused, came nigh ;
The grace of Venus on her brow
Mingled with Juno's majesty.

And "Cheer thee, child," she sweetly said;
"My daughters, whom you love and mourn,
Are on their annual visit sped
To gentler climes,—but soon return.

"That ruffian, Winter, comes to spoil
Their art, by sufferance not unwise;
They freshen, thus, for after toil,
And heighten beauty with surprise.

"Their name, Spring, Summer, Autumn; mine
Is Nature; well thou know'st us, youth;
The Year's the picture we design;
Wake, rise, and change thy dream for truth."

APOSTROPHE TO NATURE.



OH Nature, in beauty, in grandeur excelling !
Whose numberless charms are eternally new !
With thee could I fix an unchangeable dwelling,
Thy pleasures, thy wonders, unwearied pursue.
Forth by thee was I sent, here awhile to adore thee ;
Thy pilgrim I wander, and fondly gaze o'er thee ;
Till, beckon'd by thee from the scenes of thy glory,
I sink on thy breast with a long, last adieu.

WRITTEN ON MAY-MORNING.



SWEET May, at whose presence dark winter recedes,
Who clothest with beauty the desolate year ;
Well known by the gales that, perfumed from the
meads,

Attend on thy progress, and whisper thee near !
Oh, lovely as ever I see thee arise,
While wood-notes resound in each blossoming tree ;
I see thee, how lovely ; but feel not thy joys ;
For the May-time of childhood revisits not me.

Time was that I welcomed this festival morn
With garlands I gather'd the hedge-rows among ;
And still, for a moment, my raptures return
At sight of yon schoolboys, a holiday throng :
Yet, over the leas as they frolic it wild,
With clusters of cowslips, and primroses gay ;
What do they but tell me—" I too was a child,
And once was in springtide as mirthful as they ?"

“VATES QUID ORAT?” HOR.



AH, quid æternùm juvat incubare
 Literis, intrà celebrata Musis
 Clastra cunctantem, refugosque votis
 Prendere honores

Irritis? Quantò satius, remissis
 Tristibus curis, procul impotentùm
 Civium insano strepitu, quietam
 Ducere vitam!

Est hoc in votis : tugurîque culmen
 Cespite instratum viridante ; fundus
 Non hero mendax ; placidæque lætus
 Hortulus umbræ.

Sint lares illic nitidi ; sit uxor,
 Prole quæ pulchrâ faciens parentem,
 Tres mihi donet simili puellas
 Ore decoras.

Sæpè vicinas casulas oberrem,
Soler efflantes animam, vetemque
Veste, sub dio trepidos, carere
Ruris alumnos.

His mihi in curis fugiant beato
Lustra quot Parcæ voluere : tandèm
Ne, (velim,) herbosum careat sepulchrum
Simplice saxo :

Simplici in saxo memor ossa signet
Fama, nec mendax ; “ Jacet hâc sub ulmo
Integer vitæ, metuens deorum,
Gratus amicis.”

Coll. Trin. Cant.
Apr. 1809.

HORACE,—ODE VI. BOOK 2.

“*Septimi, Gades,*” &c.



DEAREST friend, that would'st with me
Visit earth's extremity ;
Where the savage, yet unbroke,
Dares disdain a Roman yoke ;
Where, on Libya's treacherous coast,
Vex'd with sand the surge is tost :

Tibur, on the' Etrurian shore
Colonised by Greeks of yore,
Be the refuge of my age ;—
Worn with restless pilgrimage,
Sick of warfare and the seas,
There I'd sit me down in ease.

This should wayward Fate refuse,
That sweet region next I'd choose,
Where so thick the fleecy charge
Beautify Galesus' marge ;—

Let me haunt the cultured plain
Where Phalantus wont to reign.

Not a nook of earthly bliss
Wears a lovelier smile than this:
Here the honied hive outvies
All that Attica supplies,
Nor Campania's fairest field
Choicer olives boasts to yield:

Early dawns the vernal year,
Late declines; and Winter, here,
Comes unclouded and serene;
Aulon, on his sides of green
Nursing many a generous vine,
Scarce, Falernum, envies thine.

Hither meditate thy flight:
Such a seat of calm delight
Long expects my friend and me;
Here, when Fate disjoins us, he
Late shall drop the natural tear
O'er his Poet's recent bier.

HORACE,—ODE XIV. BOOK 2.

“*Eheu, fugaces,*” &c.



ALAS, my Posthumus, alas,
Our stealing moments—how they pass !

Nor piety, nor tears,
May bribe resistless Death away,
May chase the wrinkles of decay,
Or check the haste of years.

No, dearest friend !—each day, each hour,
To Pluto's unrelenting power

Should countless victims bleed,
Think not that he, whose gloomy streams
Encircle Geryon's monster limbs,
Would countless victims heed.

Those gloomy streams—the king, the swain,
All whom the stores of earth sustain,

Or soon or late shall try :
In vain we shun the field of blood ;
In vain, hoarse Adria's billowy flood,
And Autumn's feverish sky.

All, all, must see Cocytus flow,
With dark wave languishingly slow,
The joyless coast around ;
Where Sisyphus, (by stern decree,)
And Danaüs' ill-famed progeny,
To lingering toils are bound.

Then all adieu—the sweets of life,
The accustom'd villa, soothing wife,
And garden fondly stor'd ;
Where, (save the cypress' hated wreath,)
Oh say what plant shall serve, in death,
The transitory lord ?

Then shall a worthier, wiser heir
Unhoard the casks thy frugal care
To guardian cells has given ;
And, draining fast those mellow'd stores,
Shall purple all thy gorgeous floors
With nectar fit for heaven,

ADDRESSES.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

FOND OF WILD SCENERY.



SWEET girl, that all a summer's day
Delight'st to rove the mountain side ;
Pausing the landscape to survey,
How ample, how diversified !

Delight'st, like tripping fairy, there
Each crag of desperate verge to tread,
And drink at large the freshening air,
And downward peep with pleasing dread :

Oh still, sweet girl, thy joys pursue
Where Nature dwells in all her pride,
Nor care mid cultured scenes to view
The little charms by man supplied :

Nor care the crowded walk to trace,
Where Fashion flaunts in freakish dress ;
Blest, could she lend her children grace
Like thy bewitching artlessness !

Blest, could her skill on them bestow
The beauty thine by health and joy ;
Pour on their cheek that living glow,
That bright expression on their eye !

Such were the scenes as those of thine,—
Scenes that exalted bliss impart,
Fresh from the' Artificer Divine,
And unprofaned by meddling Art ;—

Such were the scenes in golden hour
The pair primeval joy'd to view ;
Such were the scenes ; but lost their power,
And now such scenes are prized by few.

Now the trim park and terrace please,
And murky street, the mingling train ;
Or, if they peep at Nature, these
With heighten'd zest they seek again.

Yet some there be, tho' thinly placed,
 Unknowing midst the crowd to err,
Who dare with undegenerate taste
 Nature's wild majesty prefer.

Of these, that 'scape the general eye,
 Sweet unambitious maid, art thou ;
Of these be she for whom I sigh,
 To whom I breathe the' impassion'd vow !

TO A SISTER,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY.



How oft, obsequious to the fair,
I've pour'd the birth-day strain!
And say, to youthful poet's ear
Could Beauty plead in vain?

But, barren now, the natal day
No custom'd fruitage yields;
And Fancy, sickening, turns away,
And points to fresher fields:

Yet, sister, for thy winning sake
Shall Love take Fancy's part,
And music, haply sweeter, make,—
The music of the heart.

Saidst thou thy birth-morn re-appears,
That thus thou claim'st a song?

Alas, the stealthy-footed years,
How swift they glide along!

Seems as but one small week had been
Since we together play'd;
Yet then thou hadst not reach'd a teen,
A little rosy maid;

Nor then, save story-telling chat
And laugh-resounding glee,
And plums and playthings and all that,
Had aught a charm for thee.

But, light as visions that disperse
At breaking of the day,
Those fairy pleasures I rehearse
Are vanish'd all away:

The scene is shifted, and, behind,
Far other views appear;
'Tis now the seed-time of the mind,
And this is all thy care.

And yet, I ween, nor aught that this,
Nor aught that life presents,

Shall win thee to forget the bliss
Of playful innocence :

And, dear Eliza, trust me well,
As Age her progress plies,
More fondly shall remembrance dwell
On childhood and its joys.

Time was that all day long we mix'd
In frolic simply sweet ;
Now many a mile intrudes betwixt,
And less and less we meet.

And when I see how friendships pass,
Acquaintances are woo'd ;
How upstart favorites oft displace
The partners of our blood ;

“ Domestic interviews,” I sigh,
“ Amidst a world of care,
Are sunbeams in a wintry sky,—*
As sweet, and ah, as rare.”

* “ A sunbeam in a winter sky.”—*Grongar Hill*.

'Tis piteous ; but, whene'er we part,
 This soothing thought be thine,—
That distance cannot change the heart,
 And thou art fix'd in mine.

TO MISS *****.



OH could I point the inward eye
To all that's virtuous, all that's blest !
Oh could I crown the prompted sigh
With all that's happiest, all that's best !—
But since, fair object of desire,
I cannot guide or grant the will ;
May Heaven thine every wish inspire,
Thine every wish may Heaven fulfil !

TO THE SAME.



IN charms, in opulence to shine,
Let many a virgin sue :
'Tis thine to boast them, but 'tis thine
To disregard them too :
Thy wealth but lends thee power to bless,
As bounteous Heaven design'd,
And beauty serves thee but to' express
The graces of thy mind.

THE STUDENT TO HIS SISTERS.

(FROM COLLEGE.)



DEAR girls, with whom so many a day
I've cheated heretofore
In prattle, song, or noisy play ;
Receive the tributary lay
Remembrance bids me pour.

Ah why has life its course pursued
Beyond the verge of youth ?
Why must I feel the frolic mood
Gradual by sobering care subdued,
Till nought but memory soothe ?

For Memory soothes my sorrowing breast ;
Ev'n now she plies the spell
That calls up scenes too fair to last,
And hangs with pictures of the past
My solitary cell.

'Tis sweet ; but 'tis a mournful joy,
 And temper'd with regret :
 “ Ye days of innocence,” I sigh,
 “ And bliss, but fled for ever ! why,
 (Oh, tell me,) fled so fleet ?” —

Nor less, with early pleasures lost,
 Our antient friends are gone :
 By thickening cares are some engross'd,
 And some at envious distance toss'd ;
 All pilfer'd, one by one.

For you, sweet virgins, fare ye well !
 I leave to Heaven the rest :
 Fond hope, in sooth, would see you dwell,
 Each in some still and beauteous dell,
 With love, as blessing, bless'd.

Tho' each must tread a separate maze
 From other, all from me ;
 Yet oft we'll meet at parlour blaze,
 And stories tell of parted days,
 Rewakening youthful glee :

And tho' no more, to glad our sight,
The parent pair be given ;
We'll antedate with dear delight
The day that bids us yet unite,
“ A family in heaven.”

TO CLARA.



TAKE, lovely girl, this artless line,
Unworthy thee, I know ;
Yet take it,—all thou hast of mine,
Or ever mayst, below !

Where'er thine orphan lot be cast,
May Heaven's parental care
Shield thee from chill Misfortune's blast,
And make thee blest as fair :

Yet let not, in the sunnier sky,
Those opening virtues fade,
Nor be that sweet simplicity
To lying smiles betray'd :

But shouldst thou wander with Distress,
Heaven make thee still its care,

And arm thy natural tenderness
With fortitude to bear.

I saw, I left thee,—piteous lot!—
And never more may see;
Yet oft, I ween, the secret thought
Shall fondly turn to thee.

And oh, life's billowy voyage pass'd,
Tho' blown to distance here,
May Heaven our little barks at last
To one blest harbor steer!

TO THE SAME.



SWEET flower, by Violence hard-hearted
Doom'd to this bitter change ;
From all thy friends, thy kindred, parted
In region cold and strange ;
Oh, who can look on thee, nor prove
How 'Pity melts the soul to Love !'

Thou might'st have beautifully flourish'd
In birthright's genial clime,
Where sun and shower and shelter nourish'd
And bless'd thine opening prime,
And a fair sisterhood, the while,
Around thy fairer self would smile.

Yet, in this melancholy station,
More sweet thy beauty shines,
As with pale placid resignation
That languish'd head declines,

And, gleaming soften'd thro' thy tears,
That lonely loveliness appears.

Oh might some kind one o'er thee hover
 To kiss those dews away,
Thy silken leaves from rude winds cover,
 And, for that wan decay,
Bid thee joy's rosy flush resume,
Yea, with sweet buds and flowerets bloom !

TO AN INVALID.



OH happy mourner, to thy lot
 What bliss, unseen, is given!—
While Health in Pleasure's primrose way
Disports it thro' life's little day;
 Earth and her vanities forgot,
 Thy thoughts are all in heaven.

Bliss might the roving sons of Ease
 In mere existence feel;
Yet spare they not with mad expense
Of varied sweets to soothe the sense:
 Thou sadly sittest, shut from these,
 In solitary cell.

Yet weep not! Bid thy soul ascend
 This shadowy scene above:

Oh, let yon triflers trifle still,
Heedless that pleasure lures to ill ;
 Thy fate bespeaks the chastening friend,
 The father's frown of love.

Then weep not ! Heaven, ere Time was born,
 Mark'd out thy walk below ;
And, fain from siren snares to save,
In kindly charge thy virtues gave
 To Sickness, nurse more sad than stern,
 And wedded thee to woe.

In sooth, tho' darkly wove appear
 Thy web of life, 'tis gain ;
It leaves thee vacant to be wise ;
Faith prunes her pinions for the skies ;
 The bliss of heaven's immortal year
 Thou winn'st with fleeting pain.

And, lady, thou, his dearer part,
 By Heaven assign'd to dwell
His ministering angel here ;
Dim not those bright eyes with a tear !

But tell the fondly fluttering heart
That all shall yet be well.

I know thy days o'ercast with gloom,
Thy sorrow-faded charms :
Ah scene far other this, than erst
Young Hope would paint, by Fancy nurs'd,
When, smiling in thy virgin bloom,
Thou mett'st his spousal arms !

Yet would I soothe thee. While thy love
Its mournful tendance plies ;
View not the form so wan and weak,
The beamless eye, the sunken cheek,
But view the heir of joys above,
The seraph in disguise.

Oh lovely proof, how seldom seen,
Of tenderness sincere !
O'er the dear sufferer bending still
Thy silent office to fulfil ;
Not unobserved of Heaven, I ween,
Tho' all unblazon'd here.

TO MISS ****,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY.



THE pilgrim oft, at fall of day,
On some prospective brow
Bends o'er his staff to re-survey
The travell'd scene below :

Here joyless moors he 'd fain forget
He views, and heaves a sigh ;
Here cultured vales, that move regret,
Rise beauteous on his eye.

And such are we, in pensive mood,
Dear Emma, oft I 'ave deem'd ;
Ourselves the pilgrims, life the road,
The heights our birth-days seem'd.

To-day thou gain'st another hill,
Twice seven already past ;

While each, the landscape opening still,
Improved upon the last.

Here pause, and mark the backward scene,
A variegated sight ;
Thy walk as yet how soft and green,
Thy little prospect bright.

In springtide, not a flowery maze
But drew thy fond pursuit ;
Now summer sedulously strays
In quest of ripening fruit.

Oh, follow still where Wisdom leads ;
Nor there thy steps be found
Where she, misnamed of Pleasure, spreads
Her venom'd sweets around !

So shall thine evening path be smooth
Adown the slope of age ;
So shall the retrospect of youth
Thy distant eye engage.

TO MARIA,

ON HER PRESENTING HIM WITH A ROSE PAINTED BY HERSELF.



FAR from kindred spirits parted,
Each small relic of their love
How it soothes the tender-hearted,
Did Maria never prove ?
Oft will fond imagination
O'er the prized memento bend,
Rapt in silent conversation
With the visionary friend.

Thus Maria's artless semblance
Of a flower her beauties shame,
Prompts a sadly-sweet remembrance
Of the dear-one whence it came.
Fare she well !—But oh, for ever,
Till this pictured floweret fade,
In the' impassion'd bosom never
Dies thine image, loveliest maid !

TO THE SAME,

ON HER COMPLETING THE FIRST YEAR OF HER MARRIAGE.



ALAS, Maria, what is life
But vanity and woe?
While hours of peace and years of strife
Are all we have below.

Yet half the' assertion I resign,
As musing on thy lot:
For what of wretchedness is thine,
And what of bliss is not?

Those years, how light they frolic'd by,
That saw the tender maid
Still nurtured near her parent's eye,
Beneath her native shade!

Around her wanton'd, hand in hand,
Young Health and smiling Glee,

And all the rosy-featured band
Of blythe Euphrosyne.

When nineteen springs her form and mind
In all their charms had shown ;
Came He her gentle star design'd,
And mark'd her for his own.

Now far from folly, far from care,
With love and stillness blest,
Their little paradise they share,
Caressing and caress'd.

And is there nought beside to' implore,
Their sum of joy to fill ?
Yes, since the first sweet year is o'er,
May such oft bless them still !

TO THE SAME,

WITH SOME CLOTHES FOR THE POOR.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE LADIES WHO PREPARED
AND SENT THEM.)

YES, go, Maria, by the tears
Of Scarning's favored sons pursued ;
Display, 'midst other villagers,
“ The luxury of doing good.”

And take, for cottage girls design'd,
This little store of plain attire :
We knew thy sympathetic mind,
And wish'd to fan the generous fire.

Well did the task those hours beguile,
As thus with sister hands we wrought :
Maria was our theme the while,
On her would rest the tender thought.

In fancy's eye we saw her speed
Our errand to the widow's door,
Soothe with sweet words the sick-man's bed,
And part—midst blessings of the poor.

Tho' young, tho' graceful, happiest she
These noiseless duties to fulfil;
In unambitious privacy
Still blest, as blessing others still.

TO CARA.

“absens absentem auditque videtque.”

VIRG.

I SEE thee now, with soul-felt gaze
 Peruse at will those eyes divine ;
 And—oh the joy!—their dewy rays
 Mirror the tenderness of mine.

I hear thee ; in sweet bondage caught,
 I drink that mild and mellow tone ;
 And still, ere utterance ends, thy thought
 Meets a soft echo in my own.

Nor ear, alone, or eye, is blest :
 These lips inhale the nectar'd kiss ;
 I strain thee to this burning breast
 In speechless agony of bliss.

But think! when many an envious mile
Shall 'twixt our sever'd forms intrude;
And eye, and ear, and lip, the while,
Miss raptures each so lately wooed;

How Memory, lingering lone and last,
With poisonous art, a cruel friend,
Will turn to pain the blissful past,
And gall amidst our honey blend!

Talk I of pain? Oh no! such pain
Is all the pleasure Absence needs;
Tears are his wine, and sighs, (tho' vain,)
The very feast on which he feeds.

Oft, at the hour to thee so sweet,
The twilight hour to feeling dear,
Our sympathetic souls shall meet
In converse—such as spirits hear:

Oft shall I form the soft-eyed maid
Her arborous alley pacing slow,
And whispering, midst its whispering shade,
The strain her graces taught to flow.

Oh, what a look of love was there !

And sure that sigh for him is breath'd,

Who, bending o'er the treasur'd hair

Her parting tenderness bequeath'd,

Sees her, perchance, with Fancy's eye,

Ev'n such as Fancy here hath drawn ;

And in sweet hopes of promised joy

Sinks harsh regret of pleasures gone.

TO THE SAME.



THE boy is into manhood grown,
And Time with woman's lovely zone
 Hath bound the virgin waist ;
Since, gentlest, with thyself I play'd,
Nor knew that little rosy maid
Was she, by Heaven ordain'd to sway my soul at last.

Imagination's prescient eye
May in its folded germ descry
 The rose's full-blown pride :
Thoughtless and blind, not then in her
The seeds of such a character,
Not in this breast the sparks of such a flame, I spied.

For less she dazzles than she warms ;
Nor hers the loud and garish charms
 That flaunting Fashion woos :

Of noiseless, unobtrusive kind,
Best for domestic shade design'd,
The graces that endear this maiden to the Muse.

Deem not the archer-boy prefers
To this coy artlessness of hers
 The prattling, glancing air :
Nought in the flash Elijah found,
Nought in the blast, tho' rock'd the ground ;
The still small voice arrives, and lo, the God is there.

Nor beauty hers, if beauty lies
In dimpling cheeks and arrowy eyes ;
 But, if you judge with me
That looks, (on which is mirror'd seen
The pure, the angel soul within,)
Outbeggar beauty, oh, how more than beauteous she !

Such looks first caught me. Whatsoe'er
Of sweet there is, or holy, there
 In soft confusion shines :
Her graceful thoughts in turn possess,
But most a meek mild pensiveness,
Their liquid auburn ray, which, while it thrills,
 refines.

Oh, might I mix with hers my soul,
 By their unconscious witchery stole,
 In deep enduring love!

Might see my every smile or sigh
 Reflected in her sympathy!

Might share whatever cares that heavenly spirit
 move!

Life's perspective, which, opening new,
 Wore young-eyed Hope's enamell'd hue,
 Now joyless, unendear'd,

And hung with shadowing clouds, it seems,
 Save when in Love's delicious dreams,

Hath, hovering at my side, that form of light ap-
 pear'd.

Some fable soul to soul foredoom'd
 Unchangeably; and I've presumed,
 (Fool to my wish!) that she,

Snatch'd by the jealous God from those
 Who dar'd his mystic will oppose,

Thro' many a rival snare, escapes to him and—me.

TO THE SAME.

(WITH THE PRESENTS MENTIONED.)



THESE bracelets, loveliest maid, be thine,
Apt emblems of the mystic bands
That round our hearts already twine,
And soon, oh heaven! shall knit our hands:

This veil, those angel eyes to hide,
To mark thee, like the cloister'd nun,
Sever'd from all the world beside,
And sweetly consecrate to one:

This tippet, for what bosom, (say,)
But that of Cara, should it be?
Where Beauty blooms and Passions play,
And Love reserves his heaven—for me:

Or, last, this signet, whose but hers,
That gave my soften'd heart, like this,
The' impression she, responsive, bears,
And seals—ev'n now—with Love's own kiss.

TO THE SAME.

(WITH A MANUSCRIPT VOLUME OF ORIGINAL POEMS.)

..... "carmina possumus
Donare, et pretium dicere muneri." HOR.

CARA, were mine the gorgeous East,
The mountainous Peru;
More than Profusion e'er might waste,
Or Avarice pursue;
For whom should all my treasures be,
"But thee alone, but only thee?"

Vain thought!—Nor mine to deal an Ind,
Nor, were it, thine to take:
The stores, the luxuries, of mind,
—This offering's all I make;
And thou, contented, wilt receive
The fairest gift I have to give.

Contented? yes, delighted! since
Full well thou know'st that this

Not all the coffers of a prince
 Could win to crown his bliss :
While hearts of every grain may boast
Material wealth, the meanest most :

Its beams, (thou seest,) however bright,
 Soon languish, soon are gone :
But Mind is cloth'd in living light,
 “ Unborrow'd of the sun,”
That glows with ever-deepening ray,
Like dayspring whitening into day.

Calm Reason, with light Fancy twined,
 And warm'd with Feeling's fire,
Each by sweet Piety refined,
 Can never, never tire :
No linked weight they drag, no train
Of cares vexatious all and vain.

This, this is gold without alloy ;
 But that which fools caress,
What is it but a cumbrous joy,
 A painted wretchedness ?

Its lord a liveried slave, no more ;
His fetters only gilded o'er ;

Or he a mansion, fair without,
 Within dark, vacant, cold :
The cultured breast is like the cot,
 Undazzling to behold ;
But inward peep,—you meet whate'er
Of blest there is, or beauteous, there.

—'Tis thus my little book I boast,
 Which, by its homely air,
Might seem, and by its humble cost,
 Ill worth my favorite's care ;
Which, yet, I'll trust, those pensive eyes
May teach thee, loveliest, how to prize :

To prize, when every page so clear
 The mirror'd soul presents,
That not the stone, the canvass, wear
 More lively lineaments
Than here, in heart-warm verse enshrined,
This various portraiture of mind :

To prize, when, like thyself, tho' sweet,
 It courts not many an eye;
For thou, too, art a violet,
 Form'd, in its privacy,
To charm each breast, but, (oh the bliss!)
To bloom and breathe on none—but this.

LEFT ON A TABLE IN THE HOUSE OF SOME
FRIENDS, AT PARTING.



FAREWELL, thou delightful recess,
Where hearts, knit in harmony, dwell,
Where Friendship stands ready to bless,—
Sweet mansion of pleasures, farewell!
Embosom'd in foliage and green,
Sequester'd from concourse and noise,
How regretful I part from the scene
Of thy home-born and bosom-felt joys!

Farewell to those windings and bowers
Of the garden that curtains thee round,
Where Silence would cheat the lone hours
With poet-like musings profound!
Farewell to the field and the farm,
Where Content and brown Industry dwell;
Farewell to each pastoral charm;
To the walks of the shrubland, farewell!

Ye, too, the kind tenants ! ye pair
That press the cool verge of decline ;
And she, in whose character fair
Love, prudence, and piety shine ;
And he, of the time-silver'd head,
And the pensive complexion of soul ;—
Oh, her goodness by Heaven's be repaid,
And Heaven his depression control !

And ye, rosy, frolicsome boys,
And ye, cherub sisterhood dear,
(As in lovely gradation you rise,
All beautiful, fond, and sincere ;)
Adieu, ye soft spirits, adieu !
But oh,—'tis the voice of the heart,—
From Memory's tenderest view
Shall your images never depart.

Bedford, Dec. 1807.

FANCY AND REASON:

A VISION.

“ If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy’s fairy frostwork melts away.”

ROGERS.

WHEN young-eyed April hangs with thickening gems
The woodlands, and retunes the unpractised throats
Of woodland warblers ; humid freshness fills
The sunny heaven, one soft and stainless blue ;
And breath is balm, and mere existence, bliss ;
And Love and Beauty, all : in that sweet month,
Tired with my daybreak stroll, I laid me down,
(The sun still hovering large and low,) beneath
A thorn, with blossoms powder’d, as with snow.
I laid me down : and, whether natural sleep
Crept o’er me ; or the mind in dreamy mood,
“ Half to realities awake,” reposed,
Blending her wild and wayward fantasies
With visible forms ; I may not well declare.

The' accustom'd scene remain'd; but lo, two nymphs
Gleam gradual on my sense or on my soul;
Dim, first, in distance, (where the grove, scarce
tinged,

Shows like a greenish mist,) and indistinct
Of lineaments or shape; then floating light,
As 'twere to minstrelsy by me unheard,
O'er the smooth meadow; now, in near approach,
Before me full display'd. Each beautiful;
But differing each in beauty. One of mien
Demure, sedate, majestic, matronly,
In simplest garb attired; serious her gaze
And fix'd, yet keen and luminous; her brow
Character'd with a fair severity.

The other look'd a virgin, young and sweet
And full of graceful sprightliness; her air
Ali ardent, all impassion'd, and her eye
" Glancing from earth to heaven, from heaven to
earth,

In a fine frenzy :” thought and feeling, high
And changeful, shift athwart that eloquent face,
Like shadows flitting o'er the mountain side,
When heaven's blue ocean, on a summer's noon,
Is islanded with Alps of silvery cloud.

Wings, too, she wore, feathering her brow and
heel,

As he of Maia born ; and wore a stole
More vivid and more various than the bow
Ethereal, wove of Iris, where she blends
In gay confusion purple, green, and gold.
And now, by downcast looks of deepest muse,
She seems conversing with the ground she treads ;
Anon, as rapt aloft in rushing fit
Of inspiration, with the viewless air
She seems to talk, o'er its blank vacancy
Rolling her objectless, abstracted glance.
Nor silent long she stood ; but, marking how
Those flashier charms had caught my young regard
More than her soberer sister's, straight she woo'd
The tranced ear with winning words like these.

“ My name, sweet youth, is Fancy : where I dwell,
Vain were thy search : eternal vagrancy
My nature loves, and fixed seat hath none.
Aëreal now, I ride the rainbow's arch,
Sail upon clouds, and touch at every star
That specks the dark-blue heaven, what time the
Moon,
(To sleep apart with her Endymion,) cheats

The mourning Night. Earthward I, now, descend,
There to revisit my selected sons,
Their lips with manna to retouch, their eyes
With unction, with immortal sounds their ears,
And fire and fill and sublimate their souls.
Thee to this blessed band I fain would add,
And greet thee with the honorable name
Of Fancy's child : for well I know thee given
To lonely wandering at the placid hour
Of dawn or sunset, leaving far behind
The city smoke and stir, and seeking scenes
By Fancy loved and all to Fancy dear.
Oh cherish still such haunts, and oft will I
Meet thee among them : give me but thy heart,
And be my son, and live in bliss with me.
Then will I waft thee oft to green retreats
Of pleasant groves, where Spring for ever blooms,
For ever breathes and warbles ; where the light
Not broad and obvious falls, as here, but soft
As shadowy moonshine. Midst Elysian vales
Then shalt thou sweetly waste the stealing day ;
Now, in delicious languor, thrown beneath
Somethick-woven bower, with watery murmurs lull'd,
And cool'd with gales of violet, there to spell

Whate'er in happier vein my sons have writ,
Or rich Romance or richer Poesy ;
Now, along greenwood alleys loitering, midst
A trance of thought and feeling, such as glides
All undefined thro' the quiescent soul,
Or such as, bursting into passionate song,
Body assumes and form. Nor quite alone,
(Unliving solitude might mar thy joys,)
While nightingales, in liquid thrills of sound,
From answering brakes converse, while on thy gaze
Thro' yellow moon-mist elves and spirits gleam,
While to their sweet caress two cherub forms
Invite thee, Hope and Love ; heaven-eyed the first,
And skill'd to ravish with her vision'd scenes,
Outbeggaring rude reality ; the last
With tingling glow shall all thy frame suffuse,
Still hovering o'er possession fix'd and full,
Possessing never, flitting still from charms
To charms, and manacled at last by none.
Oft thro' those wisard glens, where Horror, twinn'd
With Beauty, dwells beside some mirror lake,
I'll lead thy gazing wonder ; scenes like that
Where he, my favorite of coëval bards,
Sits weaving many a fiction bold and bright,

Such as, (howe'er his envying foes may deem,)
Lives in time's choicest hoards, from mellowing years
Winning, like well-wrought tints, new grace, new
fame.

Oft by the deep, (at once to eye, ear, scent,
Grateful ;—sonorous, odorous, grand, and fair,)
We'll rove, on tenderest or sublimest thought
Silently feeding, lapt in bliss, afar
From Reason, yon austere and frigid maid,
Who fain would mock our life, and fain forbid
Thy sharing : heed not thou her dull decrees ;
And, (well I ween,) thou wilt not heed. But come,
Our Paradise expects thee, haste away !”

Young as I was, (nor yet the deepen'd voice,
Or darken'd lip, gave sign of dawning man)
To speech like this, with siren music hung,
I could not choose but yield. Reason the while,
Who long had watch'd for utterance, and beheld
Herself now slighted, with a sigh retired,
Tho' sorrowful, not stern, and casting back
A smile, but more of pity than disdain,
“ A mild, reproachful, melancholy” smile.
Yet in that air so plaintive, goddess-like
She mix'd a noble consciousness of worth,

A fine calm pride, that shamed my soul, nor spared
Fancy herself. But Fancy, here intent
Her votary to secure, or bore me off
Entranced, or magically changed the scene.
'Twas wildness all, and loveliness, around ;
Awhile with rapture thrillingly elate,
Awhile in soft-eyed pensiveness I sunk
And mournful bliss : and Hope was there, and Love ;
And still I gaz'd and felt, I dream'd and sung.
For Fancy, tho' capricious, sometimes kind,
And sometimes coy or peevish, yet so sweet
Her kindness, that it quite absolved each mood,
Peevish or coy, which but endear'd it more.
Thus on I lived : yet oft the parting form
Of Reason met my' abstracted vision ; oft
That " mild reproachful melancholy " smile
Ached at my heart : and once, as thus I mused,
('Twas one grave shady noon,) my spirit burn'd
Within me, tears hung trembling 'twixt my lids,
And feeling burst aloud : " Oh Reason, why
Thy gracious visitation did I slight ?
Why bid thee, all unheard, adieu ? Yet thou
How reverend of demeanor, how divine !
Tho' less, than Fancy, gorgeous in attire,

And, in address, more solemn and severe.
Thee, such, how profitably had I known !
Thy sanctity and sapience tempering well
Those airy graces of our queen, which snared
My too too cheap and undeliberate choice ;
But which so sage a contrast had illumed,
Ev'n as yon darksome heights of wood-clad rock
The smooth bright vale below. Nor may I tell
What sweets thy cup had offer'd to my taste,
What healthier sweets. But vain the sigh ! that hour
Is gone : I might have known thee, ne'er shall
know."

Scarce had I paused, methought a dazzling shine
Broke o'er me ; such as, but of kindlier glare,
Such as, in autumn's hot and vapoury sky,
Disparts the huge black thunder-cloud : and lo,
Leaning as 'twere from forth a gleamy chasm,
Stood Reason. Oh how beautiful the smile
That, like a sunbeam, lay upon her cheek !
Not melancholy, not reproachful, now,
But writ, writ legibly, by Love, and tinged
With meek forgiveness : all, beside, as erst ;
The matron majesty, the russet robe ;
Yet, to my purged and disenchantèd eye,

Far lovelier all than when that eye was film'd
 With Fancy's "blear illusions." I, meantime,
 With such a turbulence of feelings whelm'd,
 (Wonder, and love, and joy, and sorrow, 'and awe,)
 Fell prone: she gently rear'd me; then, with tones
 Attuned by sweet composure, thus began.

"My child, my much-loved much-lamented child,
 How pleased, I saw thee feed with deepening sighs
 Remorseful memory of my slighted grace!
 How pleased, embrace thee now, and bring delights
 Various and high, tho' new to thee and strange!
 For all around, above, and all within,
 I'll teach thee; not, belike, as Fancy here
 In moonshine groves and fairy solitudes;
 But in plain useful daylight, oft amidst
 The busier walks of man, where all is truth,
 All substance, and where Fancy shrinks and droops.
 Two goodliest nymphs shall bear thee company,
 My daughters, prompt thy cares and bless thy hours,
 Wisdom and Science: that more social; this
 More won by quiet privacy; the first
 In action and experience mingling oft,
 The last in calm abstractions deep bemazed:
 One pries assiduous into prattling books,

One into Life and Self.—Science unrolls
The page of Time, of Nature, or of Art ;
Of Art, and all the' inventions multiform
For ends as various, use or pleasure, sought
By human wit ; of Time, and all that fills
Thy vast and populous and eventful field,
O History, girt with nations, heroes, kings ;
Of Nature, whether glowing in yon heavens,
Where pale Astronomy her eye sublime
Darts o'er a wilderness of suns ; or spread
Here where Geography delighted scans
This many-featured globe ; her broad eye now
Takes in at once the measureless continent,
With all its realms, its tribes, and all its wealth
Of mountain, lake or stream, nor less each isle
That springs and blooms amid the desert deep ;
Anon she stoops—beast, bird, fish, insect, plant,
Metal, or stone, to' explore, yea whatsoe'er
Of mix'd and lurking quality in aught
The keen insatiate alchemist detects.
For Wisdom, oft she 'll interrupt these toils
Of Science, witching toils ; and oft call home
The' excursive mind to this her favorite strain ;
That cares, domestic and diurnal, cares

If plain, yet profitable', and such as come
Home to man's bosom and life's business ; these,
Not the pursuits of Science, oft obscure,
And useless, and impertinent to life,
(Shadowy pursuits!) are man's chief part, chief
praise.

Thus Wisdom loves to whisper ; thus thy mind
To fix on household duties, on the modes
And tastes of social life ; to train thee, thus,
In every brisk occasion how to judge,
How practise ; and the varying conduct square
Discreetly to the varying circumstance ;
Calm, circumspect, considerate ; yet, withal,
Dispatchful, spirited, adroit to catch
The bright brief smile of Opportunity.
She'll, also, make the dim partitions clear
Of Truth and Error, Vice and Virtue ; where
Darkness and light commingling meet, or where
Sage medium neighbors on some sly excess.
She'll bid thee, last, look inward, know thyself,
Urge or attemper all thy passions, fear
Or anger, shame or sadness or desire ;
And fresh and fair, with all their garniture,
Preserve the mystic chambers of thy soul,

Where, queen-like, Piety shall sit, and cast,
Around her, sunshine and serenity.
Nor think, because I call thee from these bowers
To daylight, I, with churlish apathy
And solemn dulness, all communion loathe
Of Fancy and her sons ; her sons and she
Have oft been friends of mine ; her Milton oft
Walk'd with myself and Science ; yea her own,
Her darling Shakspeare won from Wisdom's eye
Smiling regards. Nor less meantime, with her
My sons hold dalliance ; Johnson such, and Burke,
And Taylor, with his full, bright, vehement flow
Of eloquence, embathing many a field
Where in her stateliest pall Religion treads.
Thou, therefore, slight not Fancy, loved so long,
But, next ourselves, revere ! Her elegant ease
Shall yield our stricter lore refreshment sweet :
Visit her oft, but only visit, still
Remembering ours thy home ; thy playmate her,
Me thy preceptress, deeming. Chief, when there
Loitering, the wiles beware of Hope and Love !
In place of Hope, that temptress angel, now
Let Memory win thy soul ; a maid, of charms
Less garish, richer far of honest worth,

Portress of Science. Love, a girl unstead
And skittish, erst, and gradually debased
Into mere animal passion; her to' expel,
(Rather supply,) shall Hymen chuse thee one
No frail and feverish ardor form'd to' inspire,
But influence warm yet constant, sweet yet pure.
—These are my joys, oh youth, unfabled all;
These would'st thou share, forthwith awake, arise,
And turn thy vision to reality!"

She ceased. Awhile with half-closed eyes I lay,
In whose dim orbs, with dream-born scenery mix'd,
Floated the green realities around;
And on my' half-conscious ear, betwixt the notes
Of neighboring hedge-birds, vibrated, (how sweet!)
Reason's ethereal tones. Awhile I lay,
Intensely gazing on the azure heaven,
Pondering my vision pleasantly, and loth
To change these lovely portraitures of sleep
For "sober certainties" of waking sense.
But see, the sun, now noonward climbing, sheds
Contracted shadows: where the dews, that late
So delicately diamonded each web
Hung by the wisard spider o'er the trees,
And o'er the turf, swarming with insect life?

The dews are vanish'd, and the dew-bright webs
Twinkle no more : no more the wonders, wove
By Fancy, dance and glitter on my gaze ;
Her daybreak scenes fare like the daybreak dews ;
These fly the sun's bright presence, those the' ap-
proach

Of Reason, light of life. The' enthusiast glow
Subsides ; cool workday feelings o'er me steal.
Here shall I lie, thus languid, all day long,
Still Fancy's fool, her captive still ? nor heed
Thy charge, O Reason, nor thy cares pursue ?
No ; let me homeward haste, and, ere it fades,
This heaven-taught dream embody, first in song,
Then in the nobler harmony of life,
Life such as Fancy sweetens, Reason sways.

ESSAY

ON THE FORMATION OF GENIUS,

AS EXEMPLIFIED

IN THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

“The three foundations of Genius: the gift of God, man’s exertion, and the events of life.”—WELCH TRIADS.

ANALYSIS.

IF we enquire whether Genius, determined in its degree by Nature, is determined in its direction by Nature or by Accident; we discover several probabilities on the side of the latter.* The case of Newton, the diversities of Genius in the same family, the indecision of youth in selecting its objects of pursuit, may be regarded as indications of Chance: nor can Chance itself, in certain extraordinary minds, narrow or disguise the natural grandeur and versatility of Genius: and why should there not be in man as well an intellectual free agency as a moral?

* “The true Genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction.”—JOHNSON, *Life of Cowley*.

The Poet, then, is formed by Accident, “sometimes remembered and sometimes forgotten.”* Thus formed, he assists the accidental bias by various habits, the illustration of which composes the main scope and body of this Essay. His childhood is nourished by the perusal of ballads, tales, romances; his youth by that of poetry: and, since too much attention to the thoughts of others rather encumbers than enriches our own, with his reading he mingles composition, in which he is guided, not by imitation of his predecessors, but by feelings of his own; his early productions being such as might be expected, such as his ripening judgment destroys.

Though Poetry is his primary pursuit, and though he avoids the sterilising influence of severer Philosophy, he gives the leavings of his attention to the congenial and auxiliary studies of History and Travel, Music and Painting: and, because local situation displays a powerful agency on character, he familiarises his eye with all that is poetical in scenery. To consummate his advantages, he shares the society of minds either the most accomplished or the most uncultivated; not negligent, however, in the preservation of his virtue, amidst this ardor in the advancement of his genius; and, finally, produces a work in which Nature and Art concenter all their felicities.

“*Inventore minor, fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.*”

HOR.

* Johnson.

ESSAY.



WHAT art thou, Genius? thou, whose breath inspires
 August atchievements and sublime desires ;
 Who, without art or toil, delight'st to teach
 What, without thee, nor toil nor art could reach ;
 Who still hast form'd, to memorise their age,
 Warrior or painter, harmonist or sage,
 Or bright-eyed bard. What art thou? whence the
 blaze

Of godlike glory, that around thee plays?

The few, whom thy proud signature may fit,
 Whose births were eras in the world of wit,
 Who cloth'd with light a science erst obscure,
 Or push'd a new-born art to amplitude mature,—
 Fresh from the God that inspiration caught,
 That rush of blood, that opulence of thought.
 But whether born with all-capacious mind,
 By Chance, not Nature, to one sphere confined ;
 Or, by a narrower bent, a genial vein,
 Destined the height of that one sphere to gain ;

Each may dispute, but none decide,—may tell
Their actual fates, but not their possible.

Of these two schemes, on popular assent
The last reclines, the first on argument.

Mind's rude materials, (as the sager holds,)
Nature apportions; Chance, her artist, moulds,
And general powers in partial shapes unfolds.
But oft, this Chance, that modifies the man,
'Tis not for us, nor ev'n himself, to scan;
This plastic Chance, that, while our choice it guides,
Thy first-born pliancy, O Genius, hides.

Young Newton, like young Hercules of yore,*
Sate in his might beneath an orchard bower:
Still was he left his own; and every Art,
And every Science, wooed his ductile heart;
Nature prevail'd; she, like Hippomenes,
Let fall an apple, and with like success;
The fruit of knowledge lured him; like a God
He rose, and hand in hand with Nature trod.
Else had yon heavens revolved in twofold night;
Ne'er had their suns, their beauteous laws of light,

* Xenophon. Memorab. lib. 2. cap. 1. sect. 21, et seq.

Shot wonder on the brute contracted soul,
 Nor gravitation harmonised the whole:
 Else had the priest of Nature haply shone
 Priest of the Nine, and all Parnassus won;
 In Newton's breast a Milton's fire had burn'd;
 Fiction had once more triumph'd, Science mourn'd.

What broad diversities of Mind I see,
 Where most unlook'd-for, in one family!
 How varies Genius in congenial blood!
 How stranger Arts divide a brotherhood!
 The chemist hails his kinsman in the bard,
 And Lockes and Knellers the same sire have shared:
 Whimsies of Chance, the wisard, winding still
 The stream of Nature at his random will.

Thus Wye and Severn own the kindred fount
 Where swells Plynlmmon, drear irriguous mount;
 But wandering wide, what differing scenes disclose!
 Plain in her dignity, Sabrina flows,
 Like some grave matron; like some buxom bride,
 Delicious Vaga leads her mazy tide
 Thro' vales how beauteous, how diversified!
 Till the twin floods, their long meanders run,
 Both end at once, as both at once begun.

Had Nature in the new-born man design'd,
 As of his face, the features of his mind ;
 Why fail we, thus, beneath one roof to trace
 Equal similitude of mind and face ?

Choice may in some the work of Chance fulfil,
 So far from all is destiny of will ;
 Nor seldom, when Life's opening map he views,
 Youth hangs in doubt what favorite path to choose.
 The bee, midst odorous luxuries perplex'd,
 Sips every bloom, but sips in thought the next ;
 And youth ere one fix'd element he tries,
 Delights to loiter in varieties.

See Crichton, stripling sage and early mourn'd,
 By all the Graces, all the Nine adorn'd ;
 See Buonarroti, rich of soul, connect
 The painter, sculptor, bard, and architect.
 These claim'd their birthright freedom, nor resign'd
 To Chance the reins and mastership of mind ;
 Conscious of powers undisciplined by fate,
 Yet powers, which, (Life so little, Art so great,)
 None may distract, but such to whom was given
 " The pomp and prodigality of Heaven."

Large in his mental as his moral plan,
 Lord of himself in both, has Heaven created man :

Heir to no tyrant Art be Genius styled,
Thy nurseling, Chance, and Nature's free-born
child.

Still Chance and Nature to the soul dispense,
Its measure This, and That its mode of sense:
As Chance elicits, thro' uncertain veins,
The fire which Nature in the flint ordains;
Fashions the plant where she hath sown the field,
Or springs and mints the metal she conceal'd.

Thus, then, to form us in some separate art,
Nature and Chance their social force impart:
Little can aught the fated first advance,
But many a cause may strongly second Chance:
And trace we, now, with diligent regard,
How generous Nature in the casual bard
Is nurtured; till, in all his beauty dress'd
And all his majesty, he shines confess'd.

A flower, once known in scenes of early joy,
Beguiles the scent, and bribes the partial eye,
Tho' poor itself of grace or fragrancy:
A name, tho' vulgar, once to passion dear,
How musical it strikes the' abstracted ear:
Such fine connections freakish Fancy weaves,
Such nice affinities of thought conceives!

And such, by most unmark'd, the insect Chance,
(Book, scene, discourse, or nameless circumstance,)
That stamps the poet; there the embryo, there
The folded germ, of mental character.
So microscopic vision, sketch'd obscure
On acorns, eyes an oak in miniature;
The tiny trunk that once shall crown the glade,
And all the' unopen'd latitude of shade.

Who boasts a son with love of fable blest,
And seeks to' assist the bias Chance impress'd,
Gives him, his wakening fancy to regale,
Pathetic ballad, and eventful tale,
Of knighthood, storied oft in legend lore,
Or Crusoe, joyless on his lonely shore;
Leaves him, anon, to gaze in dreamy trance
The rich fantastic pictures of romance;
Such as the sons of Araby display'd,
And Radcliffe, late, more livingly pourtray'd.
Powerful enchantress, hail! what strange delight
I owe thee, many a lone December night!
As, now, the pangs of sympathy controul,
The charms of horror, now, my thrill'd suspended soul:
Whether Udolpho's mystic chambers ope,
Or dark Schedoni feeds the murderous hope;

Whether sweet Ellena, that fateful hour,
Hears whispering ruffians in the corridor ;
Or Emily, not yet an orphan, strays,
On Nature, midst her proudest pomp, to gaze ;
I see, I feel it all ; my vision'd room
Now seems a sudden paradise to bloom,
Now scarce I trust my sight athwart the lamp-light
gloom.

These be the sportive lessons of the boy ;
But nobler fruits the sobering taste employ :
His own, his idol care he plies ere long,
And hails the sweet artificers of song ;
Not all alike : most the mere Verseman's name
Befits, how few the godlike Poet's claim !

Thee, Shakspeare, now with ravishment he views,
Substantial image of the fabled Muse ;
Given o'er the soul, o'er Nature given, to reign ;
And riot in the' exuberance of thy vein :
Oh could a mind, illumed with heavenly lore,
Aught of created excellence adore,
First would I kneel to thee, thy blessing first im-
plore !
Or, twinn'd with thine, should Milton's godhead be ?
Milton, whose name is dread sublimity ;

With whom the nurseling poet oft should dwell
In Heaven or Chaos, Paradise or Hell.
Imperial bards! by these our envying foes,
In wit as war, we gloriously oppose;
By these who, singly, single names outvie,
Who, pair'd, a whole embodied world defy.
—Such flash young inspiration; after such,
Read or unread, the rest import not much:
Nor Dryden's racy vigor asks our praise,
Nor Chaucer's rude, nor Spenser's learned lays;
Nor seek we far what best we find at home;
For Britain sole avails,—or Britain, Greece, and
Rome.

Fancy not always treads poetic ground:
Prose in the garb of Poesy is found;
And sometimes Poesy, disguis'd in Prose,
Lurks as a flower that midst the desert blows.
Hark how sage Taylor soothes and awes by turns;
In him what beauty beams, what spirit burns!
Hark how those Hebrew seers of elder time
Utter the God in prophesy sublime;
How Job in soul-felt accent wails his woes,
How like a seraph, rapt Isaiah glows!

Here, Genius, touch thy lamp with heavenly fires ;
No fabled inspiration here inspires ;
Here was a Cowper, here a Milton, taught,
And that from heaven his charms, and this his ter-
rors caught.

Meantime, the babbling page oft thrown aside,
Be thoughts of others by our own supplied ;
Mindful that Learning, push'd beyond her pitch,
“ Does but encumber whom she seems to' en-
rich.”

And hence, perchance, this ebb of tuneful wit ;
Hence have so few excel'd, where hosts have writ :
Too much we read, too little think ; we boast
And imitate our sires, ourselves distrust.
Genius indignant, from a land retires,
Where meddling schoolmen fain would mend her
fires :

Your quacks oft murder whom to cure they feign,
And still your critics criticise in vain.
Yon peasant mark, ambitious from his hive
Large hoards of richest honey to derive ;
Prisons he the sweet murmurers, clips their wings,
Instructs their choice, or number'd flowerets brings ?

Oh no! he bids them visit, as they will,
“ Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,”
Nor doubts the’ inspiring God, the’ inimitable skill.*

Yet some their independence dare avow ;
A Cowper, late ; a Scott, a Southey, now.
No fools to Fashion, these, no slaves to Pope,
Bold and at large let Nature prove her scope :
And who, of all the full coëval train,
Yield such delight, such well-earn’d wonder gain,
As Marmion’s, or as Madoc’s mightier strain ?
These to our sons, unbroken, still prolong
The proud succession of Britannic song.

But, Muse, thou slight’st thy pupil ; bid him ply
His own weak wings, and short excursions try ;
Bid him the warble, rude at first, essay,
Yet sweet, as promising a worthier lay.
Him shall no imitative rules enthrall,
No heritage of thread-bare pastoral
Stint his young strength : himself in rebel mood,
Shall work his bold unprentic’d livelihood,
No pilferer of the poor, no beggar’s cur,
Of borrowing bards no piteous pensioner.

* See Sir W. Temple’s Essay on Poetry, to which I am indebted for this little illustration.

Not his the tame traditionary mind
 Coldly correct, still "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined;"
 But his the spirit resolutely free,
 Proud of its competence and liberty.
 He looks around, looks inward; rather feels
 Than studies; less in wit, than passion, deals.
 Feeling, that prompts whate'er of happier vein
 Thalia sings, shall guide his boyish pen;
 Feeling, the Muse unfeign'd, the soul of art,
 That, storming judgment, wins at once the heart;
 Feeling, the nurse of Shakspeare; she that strung
 Her Goldsmith's harp, and form'd her Burns's
 tongue;
 That breathes enchantment o'er the simplest thought;
 While flashier wit, by heartless Fancy wrought,
 Shines unendear'd,—is flatter'd and forgot.
 Cumbrous, and crude, and straggling in excess,
 Not stunted to laborious barrenness;
 Smoothly descriptive, burthenless of sense,
 Rich in well-vowel'd words and florid impotence;
 Such are his first essays, with raptures view'd;
 Raptures like which he ne'er may hope renew'd;
 Raptures like which the' impassion'd mother knows,
 When pangs yet new her bridal babe disclose.

Vain raptures! roughening judgment frowns away
Whate'er thus blossom'd in the vernal ray;
Legions of sing-song dread the' unpardoning test,
A thousand victim lines redeem the rest:
Yet see him watch the kindling pile with sighs,
See drops of pity grace the sacrifice:
So mourn'd young Petrarch, while a ruffian sire
Consign'd the treasur'd Virgil to the fire.

Vigor by food, by knowledge Genius thrives,
And Fiction half her wealth from Truth derives:
Much as her mightiest feign'd, they learn'd as much:
Such thou, all-beauteous Maro; Milton such;
Nor Scott, nor Southey, slights the gains of lore;
Since Milton, who have sought or used them more?
—Tho' tuneful Fancy claim his prime regard,
Let all the Muses share the vacant bard;
Nor he, tho' one monopolise his vows,
Scorn the fair sisters of his fairer spouse.

Be thou, oh Muse of History, his friend;
Thee let him visit oft, thy crowded walks attend;
Age after age see kings and nations pass,
Mirror'd at large, as on magician's glass;
Their acts, modes, manners, learn; and from the train
Select some favorite for his blazoning strain:

But most those rude and dusky tracts explore,
Where Fiction loves to weave her goodliest bower,
With blooms and verdure the starved soil to dress,
And plant an Eden in the wilderness.

Oft, an ideal traveller, he hails

New regions ; with adventurous Humboldt scales
The grim volcanic Andes pillaring heaven ;
Shares thy distress, pathetic Byron, driven*
To famine's hideous verge ; with glad surprise,
Like Park, the sand-embosom'd Niger spies ;
Or, led by Bruce thro' many a varied soil,
Seeks the coy fountains of majestic Nile,
Then sits him down beside them to deplore
The mighty secret found, the mighty labor o'er.
And now, embark'd, the chill dun clime he braves,
Where round ice-rocks the polar billow raves ;
Now glides where Otaheite, queen-like, smiles
Amidst her clustering sisterhood of isles :
Thou, Cook, his guide, his genius, o'er the seas,
Beloved and revered ev'n by savages ;
Boast of thy kind, as blessing of thine age ;
How merciful, tho' firm ! how spirited, yet sage !

* Byron's Narrative of his distresses on the coast of Patagonia.

Delightful task, while Fancy thus pursues
The wanderer, and each scene distinctly views !
In hours we crowd the dwindling work of years,
And, part by part, within our cell appears
The motley globe ; all undisturb'd, we bear
Innumerable toils, innumerable perils dare.
The magic page dismiss'd, with glancing soul
We mock degrees, and pass from pole to pole :
Their influence old realities resume,
And book-shelves wall the disenchanted room.

Nor far Philosophy with eye sublime,
Listening at starlight hour “ the sphery chime ;”
Defrauding night of slumber, to behold
Arcturus huge, Orion arm'd with gold,
And all the host of worlds in awful stillness roll'd.*
But hence the pale Mathesis ! hence aloof,
With mazy diagram and madding proof !
On Cam's drear marge by solemn triflers nurs'd,
Still foes to Fancy, as to Milton erst ;
Where, like a prison'd eaglet, Genius lies,
And mourns the faded lightning of his eyes ;

* “ Sidera cuncta notat, tacito labentia cœlo ;
Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.”—VIRG.

Where from a thousand voices seems to swell
One burthen,—“ Let us all ring Fancy’s knell.”

Poets, to mock their pride, are sometimes found
Cursed with strange dulness to the charms of sound ;
And he, whose lay so musically flows
In praise of music, lists among her foes ;
So jealously does Heaven its boons dispense,
Grudging to one the sweets of every sense :
Nor more each bard the sphere of sound invades
Than each musician woos the’ Aonian maids.
Yet if, perchance, Heaven, prodigal in care,
Have crown’d him with the treasure of an ear ;
Oft let him witness, rapt in musings high,
The bliss, the pain, of thrilling harmony,
The rage, the languish ; now, at shut of day,
To melancholy dirges die away ;
Anon, inspirited with martial air,
Catch by degrees the fierce desire to dare,
Catch all the fiery turbulence of war.
While on his ear the keen vibrations roll,
Poetic dreams come gliding o’er his soul :
See to the bard the harmonist impart
New strength, and Art reflect its charms on Art.

Oft in the life-warm canvass let him trace
“ A Michael’s grandeur and a Raphael’s grace ;”
Oft gaze the featur’d marble. To Sublime
And Beauteous these attune, in youthful prime,
The judging soul ; nor less, with varied vein,
Stern Rosa, solemn Gaspar, sweet Lorraine.
The true-born poet shares the painter’s eye,
(For Picture culls her toils from Poesy,)
That eye, which in each scene, each object, sees
Whate’er is form’d to awe, whate’er to please ;
Gleans what the herd of gazers ne’er compute,
And grasps the great, yet slights not the minute.

But Nature beckons : from Art’s shadowy views
Pass we to real forms and living hues.

The haunts of youth a still small influence boast
On man at large, on Fancy’s children most.
Doubt’st thou the power of place to train the mind ?
Send o’er the globe thy glances unconfined :
Rough as his ice-built rocks the Switzer see,
True to his mountain goddess, Liberty ;
Unlike his neighbors,—work of Place, not Chance,—
Unlike the gay, the glossy sons of France,
Unlike the German, cold so oft and dry,
Unlike the soft Italian, meanly sly.

Or here, (for answering shades of mind are here,)
Mark, in the Caledonian mountaineer,
And Cambrian, what an untamed fire prevails,
What credulous delight in wisard tales ;
While Lowland spirit lags, and Lowland fancy fails.
Minds, like a frosty moonshine, chill and clear,
Where nothing blooms, tho' slenderest shapes appear,
Barren and keen, and well for Science fit,
Most part in flat unvaried scenes we meet,
Such as where Cam o'er marshy moorland creeps,
Or midst his fens the Lincoln peasant sleeps :
Not there Imagination rich and warm,
Gilding, like summer sunlight, every form,
Wakening to life what slept inert before,
And teaching all that charm'd to charm the more.
By early scenes was Thomson's breast inflamed ;
By early scenes the soul of Beattie framed ;
By early scenes your powerful pictures wrought,
Heart-searching Southey, and romantic Scott !
And oft in early scenes, (for every mind
More or to grand or lovely seems inclined,)
The mould and rudiments of taste we find.
Hence should the poet youth at large converse
With Nature's inspirations ; hence should nurse

Description's art to charm the mental eye,
And mingle painting into poesy :
For masters know, in either kind alike,
As 'twere with present forms the soul or sense to
strike.

—Oh, o'er a beauteous landscape I could gaze,
Unwearied, moonlight nights and summer days ;
In vision drink the river's winding flow,
And rest and revel midst the various glow
Of woodlands, bosom'd here in dingle deep,
(Such as half tempts, half shuns the curious peep,)
Here feathering many a softly swelling steep ;
While, thickening, lessening on the' o'ercrowded
eye,

What hedgerow lines, what streaks of meadow lie,
Green, russet, gold, of every rainbow dye !
Flocks, herds, like specks of red or yellow, seen ;
Grange, hamlet, bridge, mill, tower, and spire be-
tween ;

And, tinted with how bright or faint a stroke,
The window sun-gilt, and blue wreath of smoke.

Nor, only, on the rich and smiling dwell,
But woo the wild, the vast, the terrible :

Rare the Sublime to hit, and hard to cull,
 But cheap and obvious lies the Beautiful.
 Nor, these contrasted characters to' explore,
 Need British bard o'erstep his own dear shore ;
 Where find, if not in this consummate isle,
 Or Grandeur's darkest frown, or Beauty's loveliest
 smile ?

From Albin's ridgy chaos shift thy glance.
 To England's fair diversified expanse ;
 From Arvon's peaks, that mock the clouds of
 dusk,

To the sweet vales of Towy named or Usk.

Impatient of the tawny champain, he,
 Impatient of Art's tame fertility,
 Joys in the view that laughs at rule or bound,
 A sea of mountains heaving huge around,
 Rough, dark, confused, august !—There watch him
 stand

On some proud peak that looks o'er half the land ;
 Stand like a god, the new-born sun behold,
 And spurn the night-clouds underneath him roll'd :
 Watch him, in fearful wonder, fling from high
 Down down some dizzy depth a swimming eye ;

Or trace the tempest, drink the' aërial roar,
And pacing slow some melancholy shore,
Mark the big billow, whitening on its way,
Curl up its crested ridge, and crash in clouds of
spray.

Nor less, enchanted with fantastic fright,
In wood-girt vale, at "witching hour of night,"
Now at their sports he sees, or thinks he sees,
The freakish fairies glimmering thro' the trees;
Now, o'er his frame while icy shuddering steals,
A twitching sprite behind him fears or feels.
And, sometimes, aspen foliage whispering faint,
Or wakeful Philomela's liquid plaint,
Or watery murmur, such as fills the mind
With feeling strange and mix'd and undefined,
He hears, late lingering; the soft sounds impress
A mournfully delicious pensiveness.
Such raptures oft the son of song will woo,
Dark to the crowd, to Genius ever new:
And who, such mystic raptures given to know,
Would for a world of gold the charms forego
Of Moonshine's yellow mist or Evening's purple
glow?

But oh, the scenes, to local memory dear
And local feeling,—should such scenes appear,—
Where moral charms material far outvie,
And Fancy blinds us to Reality ;
What sacred musings, what severe delight,
These to the poet's ardent breast invite !
Lives there the wretch that, uninspired, could see
Thy fatal pass, renown'd Thermopylæ ?
Could tread the dust, nor own enthusiast glow,
Where Rome, with all her mighty, lies below ?
Could witness, thrill'd with no associate awe,
That holiest earth which once Messiah saw ?
Yet Gibbon, sauntering with distended soul
In the dread shadow of the Capitol,
Design'd a nobler monument of Fame ;*
Yet, (for our Britain, Britons here to' inflame,
Boasts her own spots of consecrated soil,)
The RAMBLER, midst Iona's alter'd isle,
Paused o'er her nodding towers with glistening
eye,
And gather'd eloquence from scenery ;

* Gibbon's Memoirs of his Life and Writings.

Blazoning the force of haunts where Genius thought,
Devotion burn'd, or patriot Valour fought.*

He, spurning still the dark obstreperous town,
With Nature strays, romantic and alone ;
Nor hides brute vacancy with stare profound,
But muses inward, while he looks around ;
Now feeds on thought, and lists the tuneful din
Of fancies multitudinous within ;
Now loiters with a book, from stile to stile,
Whose page, congenial, wins new grace, the while,
Or from the heartening breeze and heavenly smile,
Or from his own quick sentiments that play
Less in the twilight cell than here in living day.

Nor yet too oft, in musing solitude,
Bard, o'er the treasures of thy bosom brood ;
The hermit's conference with himself alone
Gives to his mind a dull contracted tone :
Vigor and breadth and springiness of thought
By interchange of soul with soul is wrought :
Minds act as whetstones, or, like flints, emit
In brisk collision sparks of dormant wit.

* Johnson, speaking of Icolmkill, in his Tour to the Hebrides.

Oh blest of Heaven ! whose envied fortune finds
 A living library of mighty minds ;
 Where, in an hour, more fruitage oft we reap
 Than days of languid labour glean less cheap.
 'Twas thus with Shakspeare Jonson vied of yore,*
 Affluence of genius beggaring pomp of lore ;
 Thus, late, a nobler Johnson's weight of sense
 O'ermatch'd his Burke's resplendent eloquence.

The flower of converse sure a bard befits ;
 Yet, in this "workday world," must humbler wits
 Content him ; not those half-wak'd souls that ill
 Inspirit their own brute receptacle,
 Or garnish meagre dulness with a face
 Of sage contortion and sublime grimace ;
 Murderers of mirth ! whose presence o'er the
 room
 Breathes a chill silence and contagious gloom ;

* " Many were the wit-combats between Jonson and Shakspeare ; which two I beheld, like a Spanish galleon and an English man of war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances : Shakspeare, with the English man of war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."—FULLER.

Not those pert parrots in the world of letters,
Who still admire, still imitate their betters,
Guiltless themselves of character, nor aught,
Of all that loads the lumber'd head, self-wrought,
Insulting ev'n the friend with his own echoed thought;
Not such who, silenc'd oft, are never mute,
Who, always contradicting ne'er confute,
Who to the fame of natural force and fire
By powerless obstinacy still aspire,
Mere ghosts of Genius!—These may entertain
The frown or smile of grave or gay disdain:
But, warm with spirit, pregnant with supplies,
Fitted alike to' amuse and exercise,
Such be the minds to idling poet known,
Congenial minds, commensurate with his own.

And see the friends that bless his evening hearth;
(What bursts of reason, eloquence, and mirth,
Those wondering walls have witness'd!) see them sit,
Squandering their brave absurdities of wit;
Giants at play; o'erstepping tyrant rules;
Baffling the soar, the sight, of grave-eyed fools;
To Nature yielding all her line and scope;
Snatch'd into self-amaze, beyond self-hope;

Rampant with life and luxury of thought,
Such as the rushing rage of Inspiration wrought!

For Wit, not Wisdom, with more art than might,
These in light arms and sly manœuvres fight;
Some error for an hour they gravely borrow,
Resume themselves, or change the freak to-morrow.

Others, to these opposed, tho' insecure
Of conquest, yet strong-siding Truth ensure;
Hearten'd by Conscience, marshalling her host
Of iron proofs less flashy than robust.

No pause, no respite; emulously bold,

Each it behoves his best of man to' unfold:

And now,—as Cæsar triumph'd, Cato died,—

The sage is shoulder'd by the wit aside;

Now, quell'd and shamed, the bands of Error fly,

O Truth, thy terrible serenity!

Thus, in a storm, here glares the ghastly flash

Of lightning; there the doubling thunders crash;

We see, we hear, and pause in doubt if awed

More by the dazzling glance or deafening voice of
God.

From such loud scenes the' affrighted fair retire:

Yet shall the dearest idols of desire

Ne'er add their thrilling presence? E'er did bard
Thee, woman, lovely woman, disregard?
What, tho' the green-eyed satirist allege
Thy wit unsharpen'd to man's keener edge;
Paint thee with passions ever in excess,
No principles, or fitful as thy dress?
Sure there are some, whose eyes of heaven disclose
Whate'er in moral sweetness Nature knows;
Who, with all outside graces, boast, combined,
The richer broidery of the' all-beauteous mind;
Clear of each rock on which frail barks are hurl'd;
Angels of light amidst a darken'd world.
Such let the ravish'd poet oft survey:
Oh, need I point that sweet attractive way?
Need I not warn him from the siren lure?
For when with Love did Glory dwell secure?
Yet may the poet in these charmers woo
Not bliss alone, but inspiration too:
Fancy and Passion each can each infuse;
A mistress oft has realised the muse.
Lo, Petrarch! ask what influence Tasso fired,
Or Scott's, or Southey's, heart-warm strains in-
spir'd!

The' unconscious Desdemonas of our age
 Meet their own forms in Shakspeare's mirror page;
 And her, "the loveliest of her daughters, Eve,"
 Whose but thine own, O Milton, to conceive?

Nor small the bard's concern to keep his breast
 By vice untainted, innocent, and chaste;
 Shunning the vicious train, howe'er with talents
 graced.

Vice chills and deadens Genius; dims her sight,
 Unnerves her vigor, pinions down her flight.
 How can a soul, on sordid lures intent,
 Soar into grand or holy sentiment?
 Debased with lust, disquieted with pride,
 How in the' ethereal calm of poesy reside?
 Oh, let him nurse each feeling pure and high,
 Content meek-bosom'd, soft-eyed Sympathy,
 Devotion, chief, of ample spirit! Hence
 "Creative Fancy's wild magnificence
 And all the dread sublimities of song,"
 That strike, that whelm us with impression strong,
 Hence to the muse, else impotent, belong.

But he, that paints Life's many-colour'd face,
 Not more the garden, than the wild, should trace;

Should trace the wild, where Nature plays at will;—
Nature, “with all thy faults we love thee still!”—
Where, pure from her, and undebauch’d of Art,
Manners and passions in live coloring start;
Where Cambrian steeps o’ershadow pastoral dells,
Or in lone Hebrid isles the rude enthusiast dwells,
There, as poetic landscapes more abound,
Poetic persons plenteously are found.

Fashion, in city life, unfeatures most;
A gulph, where character’s absorb’d and lost;
A mint, where Heaven’s own coinage is new-
wrought,

All smooth’d alike; in savage soil be sought
The flavorful edge of coarse uncultured thought.

Not that it much affects the Poet, where
Blind Fortune drops him, if but man be there;
If but his own an eye that Nature views,
A heart that feels, a courage that pursues.
This, this is all: with this, magician-like,
Genius from every nook will beauty strike.
Still deep-entranced in fiction, he descries
All Art, all Nature, with peculiar eyes;
Nor more their broad designs than nice diversities.

Nought 'scapes him: crowds and converse, books
and scenes,

Pay various tribute to the store he gleans ;
Beast, bird, fish, insect ; every flower that blows,
Cultured or wild ; each tree the forest knows.

His keen, his curious, his insatiate mind

Thick-coming images can hourly find ;

And, after dreaming all day long, the muse

Nightly her visitations oft renews,

Or when calm dayspring o'er the pillow gleams,

That dear delicious hour of tuneful themes

Which oft, of yore, inspir'd my warblings rude,

And, late, the bolder strains, that here conclude.

No farther, Muse, with fond maternal view

The brightening progress of thy child pursue :

'Tis finish'd : Genius, in thy nurture train'd,

Feels her young nerves by slow degrees expand.

Lo, crown'd with all that Earth or Heaven impart,

The boons of Nature and the spoils of Art,

With conscious pride she meditates, at length,

Some high memorial of her gather'd strength ;

Rolls o'er the world her eagle glance awhile,

Then stoops, exulting, on the glorious toil.

So Hermes, ere he left the' empyreal height,
Stood in his feathery trim, succinct for flight ;
Sandals his feet, his brows a helm inroll'd,
Fledge with ambrosial plumes, and rich of downy
gold.

For him that here the Poet's growth recites,
Hopes he to realise the lore he writes ?
Hopes he on Helicon's green side to' explore,
Polish'd tho' small, some undetected ore ?
Some sweet tho' creeping flower, whose modest
grace
Shrunk from the great, of haughtier charms in
chace ?

Hopes he to climb the panting steep of Fame,
Her glistening temple tread, and there his name
Grave in some vacant niche, some nook obscure,
An insect wit, a bard in miniature ?
There to the Power this votive strain repeat,
And lowly lay it at her awful feet ?

Yes, let him hope ! for sure the strain displays
Those rules he practised, and himself pourtrays.
Oft o'er the fabling page his boyhood hung ;
As oft the lyre his youthful hands have strung :

Now the brown Avon, now the lucid Cray,
Has heard him humming many a heart-born lay ;
Now “ Camus, reverend sire :” and Camus knows
Thalia saved him midst her cloister’d foes ;
Nor frozen Science won his truant hour
Or from Athenian or Etrurian lore,
The traveller’s changeful tale, or history’s peopled
store.

Nor slights he those twin sisters of his muse,
Her who the maze of melody pursues,
And her who guides the pencil. Chief, ye scenes,
Where from the wealth of Nature Genius gleams;—
Where in her Patrick’s dale Ulleswater smiles,
Where broad blue Lomond mirrors her green isles,
Or star-learn’d Idris from his cloudy seat
Scowls on the thunder muttering at his feet ;—
Witness, ye home-born scenes, how oft ye view’d,
Loitering amidst your pomp in bardlike mood,
Your stripling worshipper ; how oft he sigh’d
For landscapes far away, than yours more wild and
wide !

Converse he priz’d ; nor e’er, a stoic churl,
Scorn’d the light prattle of the softening girl :

With men, on wing for vigor more than grace,
He shunn'd the' unpregnant, unimpassion'd race ;
Much might the solemn state of Genius please,
But most the rich irregularities.

Yes, let him hope ! the hope is joy. Tho' ne'er
Ambition's higher hummings reach'd his ear ;
Tho' on a kindling senate to flash fire
From patriot lips, he never dar'd aspire ;
Never, in fight, with Wellesley's eye serene,
To watch the' infuriate horrors of the scene :
Yet who but hopes, of all that toil in rhyme,
To shoot his memory into far-off time ?
And, Cowley, makes thy deep-drawn sigh his own,
“ What shall I do, to be for ever known ? ”

Dec. 1811.

THE SIXTH BOOK
OF
THE ÆNEID.

πιδανος εξ ιερης ολιγη λιθας.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT must have appeared to many,—to the admirers of Milton in particular,—that in Blank Verse only can the style and harmony of Virgil, (especially as an Epic Poet,) be adequately represented. The Author, having long entertained such an opinion, and not being aware that, in *this* kind, a version has yet been given, so satisfactory as to supersede any new attempt; presents this magnificent Episode as a specimen of the Translation, which nothing but an assurance of public approval could encourage him to complete and publish.

Aug. 26, 1814.



THUS while he spoke, he wept; then wooed the
breeze;
That now the fleet, with sail distended, gains
Cuma's Euboic shore. Forthwith each prow

Seaward they point ; each bark, with griping tooth,
Her anchor holds ; and all the beach is lined
With galleys. Ardent on the' Hesperian soil
Springs the young squadron : part the seeds of flame,
Lurking in flinty veins, explore ; the rest
Some shaggy wood, haunt of the savage kind,
Pierce, or display some new-detected stream.

Æneas to the hallow'd height repairs
Of Phœbus, and the cave, (a close recess,)
Where to the Sibyl, nymph revered afar,
His spirit high the Delian sage imparts,
And opes unborn futurities. The grove
Of Hecate passed, awestruck they now approach
The temple roof'd with gold. In æry plumes
Confiding, Dædalus, (as Fame records,)
Steer'd from Minoïan Crete his untried way
To Hyperborean regions ; and, at length,
Dropt lightly down on these Chalcidic towers.
Fresh from the sky, to Phœbus here he vow'd
His oary wings, and piled the' enormous fane.
Wrought on the doors thy piteous fate is seen,
Androgeus : next the race of Cecrops, urged
By vengeful doom seven victim youths to yield,
Their annual penance : charged with death, fast by

Stands the dread urn: and, answering, from the
 main

Emerges, prominent, the Cressian isle.

Here that abhorr'd amour, the' adulterous Bull,

Pasiphaë's covert bliss, the nameless breed

Of Minotaurus, biform progeny ;

Memorial sad of infamous desires.

Here, last, the labyrinth long labour'd; here

The inextricable maze ; where, pitying now

That love-lorn queen, the' Artificer himself

Lends to her darkling steps a clue, that well

Unwound each wily winding. Thou, too, here,

Thou, too, lamented Icarus, thy place

In this great work hadst found ; but tears forbade :

Twice he assay'd to cast thy fate in gold,

Twice droop'd his parent hand. Thus had they

paus'd,

And every part perused with wondering eyes,

But now Achates, with dispatchful steps,

Arrived ; and, at his side, the ministress

Of Phœbus and of Hecate, Glaucus' child,

Dëiphobè, who thus the Chief salutes ;

“ The' occasion asks not spectacles like these :

Best it befits from out the' unblemish'd herd

Seven steers to cull, as many a victim ewe."
 Thus having hail'd Æneas, all his train
 She calls, (nor they the' appointed rite refuse.)
 Within the fane, a deep and ample cave
 Hewn in the cliffs. To this an hundred paths,
 An hundred mouths, conduct; and hence proceed
 An hundred sounds, the Sibyl's loud reply.
 The threshold reach'd, "'Tis come, 'tis come,"
 exclaims
 The heaven-taught maid, "the hour to ask thy fates:
 The God! behold the God!" Thus while she spoke
 Full in the portal; sudden changed her air,
 Her colour; disarray'd her locks are seen;
 Quick throbs her heart, her breast with heaven-bred
 rage
 Swells high; dilated her whole form; her speech
 And accent not of earth: for now she feels
 The rushing influence of divinity.
 "Why art thou slow, Dardanian Prince, (she cries,)
 With prayers and offerings? Ne'er, till these be
 paid,
 The astounded mansion opes her mighty mouths."
 She said, and paused: o'er all the listening throng

An icy tremor ran, thrilling each nerve,
When thus the Chief his heartfelt suit preferr'd :

“ Phœbus ! (for thou with mercy still hast eyed
The toils of Troy, and thou the Phrygian lance
Of Paris 'gainst Achilles' form didst urge :)
Blest in thy guidance, such a length of sea,
Circling huge continents, I traced : in this
Pierc'd the Massylian waste, so far withdrawn,
And nations girt with sand ! Italia's shores,
Those ever-flying shores, at last we tread ;
Thus far the fates of Troy her sons pursue.
Ye, too, the Teucrian race henceforth may spare,
Immortal Powers, whom Ilium late opposed,
And Phrygia's glory towering high to heaven.
And thou, thrice-holy Hierophant, divine
Of dim futurity, disclose, (a suit
All unforbid by Fate,) those realms prescribed :
For Troy shall rest in Latium ; there her powers
Long-wandering ; there her sanctities disturb'd.
Then shall a fane, of Parian stone compact,
To Phœbus rise, and Hecate : from the God
Shall festal days be named. Nor less thyself
An ample mansion in those realms expect ;

Where I will store thy mystic lots, the same
Which bear inscribed the fortunes of my race;
Where sanctify to thee, O nymph revered,
Selected seers. But trust not thou to leaves
Thy strains; nor let them flit, the sport and spoil
Of each rude gust: No: to the' unquestion'd voice
Attune them." Here with closing lips she paused.

See now the prophetess, not yet subdued
By Phœbus, wildly rioting o'er the cave,
Struggling the strong divinity to shake
From off her breast: with vain attempt: for he
Strains her the more, her foamy mouth at will
By pressure forms, and quells the' outrageous soul.
Sudden, the mansion's hundred mouths dispart
Spontaneous, wafting wide the deep response:
"O'scaped at length each peril of the sea,
But doom'd by land to heavier! soon thy sons
Shall gain Lavinium: spare the fear: but soon
Shall wish to' have gain'd it never. Wars I see,
Horrible wars, and Tiber froth'd with blood.
Nor Simois thence, nor Xanthus, shall be far,
Nor Dorian camps. A new Achilles there,
(He, too, of parentage divine,) shall rise:
Nor there shall Juno fail thee, she, of Troy

The' unwearied persecutress : till, submiss
 In difficult circumstance, what Latian tribe,
 What Latian town, wilt thou not sue for aid ?
 Source of these woes, (as erst,) a foreign bride,
 And foreign hymeneals, once more wooed.
 Yet not for this yield thou ! the earliest glimpse
 Of conquest there shall dawn, where least thy hope,
 Ev'n amid Grecian towers." In words like these
 The Maid of Cuma, still disguising truth
 With phrase obscure, from forth her cell resounds
 Her fearful mysteries, while all the cave
 Rebells; Phœbus o'er her madding frame
 Shakes with such force the scourge, and goads her
 soul.

Her rage repress, and husht her quivering tongue ;
 " Virgin," the chief replies, " thou openest here
 No shape of sufferance, new to sight or strange :
 My thoughts have long forecast it. One request
 Let me prefer : Since here, (as Fame reports,)
 The gate of Pluto, here the darksome lake
 Disgorged by gushing Acheron ; be mine
 My sire to seek, his form, his dear embrace.
 And thou the path disclose, and thou unlock
 The sacred portal. Him, thro' gathering flames,

Mid lances throng'd, these filial shoulders bore,
And rescued from the thick of battle : he,
Partner of all my wanderings, shared each pain,
Each peril, menaced or by seas or skies ;
Infirm himself, and task'd beyond the lot
Of weakening age. He, too, with many a prayer
Bade me thy grot thus reverently approach.
But thou, O heavenly maid, on sire and son
Take mercy ! for thou canst : nor with vain boast
Hath Hecate placed thee o'er the' Avernian groves.
And Orpheus, trusting that Threïcian lyre
Of tuneful chords, might beckon from the shades
His forfeit bride : and Pollux might redeem
His brother ; each, in interchange of death,
Oft passing, oft repassing. What need words
Or Theseus, or Alcides' mightier name
To' enlist with these ? We too descend from Jove."

Such prayer he made, and grasp'd an altar : she,
Such answer slow return'd : " O sprung from heaven,
Son of Anchises ! easy to the shades
Thy downward path, and pervious night or day
The gate of gloomy Dis : but thence to turn
Thy footstep ; and revisit heavenly light,—
This is the task, the labour. Few, (the few,

Of gods descended, blest by partial Jove,
Or wing'd by glowing virtue for the stars,)
Have this high feat perform'd. The midway tract
Forests o'erspread, and, gliding dark and slow,
Cocytus rounds. Yet, such if thy resolve,
If such thine ardour, twice to voyage o'er
The Stygian sound, twice the Tartarean gloom
To witness, and the' unutter'd toil indulge;
Then learn the task which thou must first atchieve.
Deep in the woods there lurks a branch of gold,
With golden foliage, sacred to the queen
Of those infernal regions: this the groves
Hide, and amidst umbrageous vales embower.
But, till some hand its yellow-tressed growth
Plucks from the tree; to pierce the dark unknown
Will ne'er be given: this, her appointed boon,
The fair Proserpine from thy hand expects.
One spray disjoin'd, a second fails not long,
Bright as the first; and fresh and fresh they bud
In kindred metal. Thou thy searching glance
Ply diligent; and let thy fingers cull
The well-detected bough: for, if the Fates
Call thee, thy touch the' obsequious shoots will
heed:

But, unrequired thy presence, nought of strength
Avails to sever, nought of stubborn steel.

“Hear further: breathless lies, (how little thought!)
The corse of one, thy friend, and all the fleet
Mars with pollution; while thou, lingering, hopest
Our voice oracular. Him first compose
In his own cell, with funeral decencies.
Select thee, for thy prime oblation, steers
Of darkest hue: so shalt thou duly see
The Stygian clime, untrod by aught that lives.”
This said, her lips to silence she resign’d.

Forth from the cave the hero steps, with eyes
Downcast and sad, the deep designs of Fate
Revolving in his breast. Beside him walks
His trusty friend, Achates, fill’d alike
With answering cares. Various discourse the while
Is interchanged: “What lost compeer the maid,
What corse unsepulcher’d, intends.” And now,
Gaining the beach, Misenus, (o’er the sand
Stretch’d in dishonourable death,) they view;
Misenus, son of Eolus; than whom
None better knew the mustering bands to rouse
With brazen clang, and bid the battle burn.
Follower of mighty Hector heretofore,

At Hector's side oft had he ranged the field,
With clarion graced, and lance. But soon as he
Fell by the conquering arm of Peleus' son,
The warrior in Æneas' Dardan train
Had listed, ne'er with mean associates leagued.
Him now, (as haply o'er the echoing waves
He blew his concave shell, and madly dared
To tuneful strife the sea-gods,) Triton seized,
And, envy-struck, (if trust be given to Fame,)
Dash'd the wretch headlong amid crags and foam.

Here all around, nor last the pious chief,
Burst into loud lament; yet, in their tears,
Unloitering the Sibylline charge to speed,
With many a trunk build the sepulchral pile
High-storied: to some antique wood, the deep
Abode of savage natures, they repair:
Fell'd are the pines; before the frequent axe
The beech comes thundering down; while, wedged
in twain,

Wide fly the beams of oak or ash, and elms
Of giant growth are tumbled from the heights.
Æneas, foremost still in toils like these,
Wielding himself an axe, inspirits all;
And, fixing on the groves a wistful gaze,

Thus communes with his breast, and prays aloud :
 “ Oh if in this broad shade, that branch of gold
 Might bless our sight ! and sure the prescient maid
 Thy fate, Misenus, too, too well foresaw.”

Scarce had he ceased, when o'er his head, per-
 chance,

Came flying two fair doves, and, fast beside,
 Light on the verdurous glebe. The mighty chief
 Well pleased the Paphian pair beholds, and “ Oh,”
 He cries, “ be ye my guides ! to that blest grove
 Steering your course, where the rich bough o'er-
 hangs

Its teeming soil. Nor, goddess-parent, thou
 Slight our perplext condition !” In mid speech
 He check'd his pace, their ominous flight to heed :
 Onward they glide, (still feeding as they flew,)
 Far as the' observant eye may stretch its ken ;
 When upward, from Avernus' vapory chasm,
 They soar ; and winnowing the translucent air,
 Stoop to their favorite haunt, that wondrous tree,
 Betwixt whose umbrage glimmers from afar
 The differing light of gold : as oft, in woods
 By winter chill'd, the missletoe protrudes
 Her upstart verdure, still around the girth

And arms of oak, (which never dropt her seed,) Winding her yellow germ: ev'n such the glimpse, In that brown shade, of vegetable ore, So the leaf tinkled to the breathing gale. With eager grasp Æneas caught the prize, And snapt, tho' long it mock'd him; then with step Dispatchful, bore it to the priestess' grot.

Nor less, meantime, the Dardans o'er the strand Wept their Misenus, and with parting rites His mournful relics crown'd. A towering pyre Foremost they rear, compact of sever'd oak; The sides with dark-grain'd foliage interwoven, Fronted with cypress, plant of woe; the top With glittering arms embellish'd. Fervid streams Part minister, in bubbling cauldrons: part Lave the cold limbs, and unctuous dew suffuse. A general groan succeeds. Along the couch They stretch the corse, and colour'd vests o'erlay, His late attire, familiar to their eyes. Some to the pond'rous bier, (sad office!) yield The shoulder; some the ritual torch supply, With face averted. Odorous offerings burn, Dainties, and oil from sidelong chalice pour'd; A mingled mass: till now,—the flames at rest,

The wasted fuel fallen,—in wine they steep
The porous ashes, which in brazen urn,
Piously cull'd, old Cocynèüs hoards.
He, too, around his fellows thrice conveys
Pure lymph;—with light aspersions moistening each,
And olive's shining sap, thus deals to all
Ablution, and repeats the farewell sound.
Last, the good prince a monumental mound,
(Mark'd with the warrior's name, his trump and oar,)
Rears huge, beneath a high-brow'd headland, still
Sacred to thee, Misenus, and ordain'd
To bear thro' every age thy deathless name.

This done, with brisk observance he pursues
The Sibyl's last behest. A cave there stood,
Of mouth wide-yawning, and unfathom'd depth;
Pebbled the sides; a lake of leaden hue
Here guards it, there a night of nodding shade:
O'er which no solitary wing may brush
The baleful air; so much the breath, exhaled
By those dark jaws, sullies the neighboring heaven.
Here, with four steers of sable hide, the priest
Stands forth, and o'er each forehead wine distils;
Plucks from betwixt their horns the bristling hair,
And scatters midst the consecrated flames,

(A first libation;) clamouring oft the name
 Of Hecate, powerful or in heaven or hell.
 Others the knife employ, and catch in bowls
 The reeking gore: with his own sword the chief
 To her, the Parent of the Fiends, and Night,
 Her mighty sister, immolates a lamb
 Of dusky fleece; a wither'd cow to thee,
 Prosèrpine: to the' Infernal Monarch, last,
 Ushers a midnight holocaust, each pile
 Bespreads with solid entrails of the herd,
 And o'er the flaming vitals oil distills.

But lo, as dayspring glimmers, underfoot
 Roars the rock'd earth; the tufted summits nod;
 A yell of dogs, heard thro' the gloom, portends
 The' approaching goddess. "Far," the priestess
 cries,

"Far, ye profane! from these dread shades retire!
 Æneas, thou thy path assay, thy steel
 Pluck from its sheath: now be the man display'd,
 The stedfast soul! 'tis now the hour of need."
 This uttering, her impassion'd form she flung
 Into the deep-mouth'd cave: nor he demurs
 With fearless foot to' attend his downward guide.

Ye Gods of Spirit, and ye silent Shades!

Thou, Chaos, and thou, Phlegethon ! ye wastes,
Where Night her noiseless empire wide extends !
Your rumour'd mysteries may I divulge,
Unblamed ? and pour broad light on scenes im-
merged

In subterranean gloom ? Darkling they tread,
In midnight solitude, thro' shadowy realms,
Plutonian habitations, drear and void.
So fares the wanderer in some wildering wood,
O'er which a fitful gleam the jealous moon
Sheds dimly ; heaven with mantling clouds obscured,
And sombrous night discolouring all the scene.

Full in the vestibule and jaws of hell
Sorrow has pitch'd her tent, and vengeful Care,
And pale Disease, and melancholy Age,
And Fear, and Famine prompting deeds accurst,
And loathsome Want ; shapes terrible to sight ;
Labor, with these, and Death, and Sleep, of Death
Half-brother, and the stealthy joys of Guilt,
And War life-lavish, and the Furies rack'd
On iron beds, and Discord, wild of soul,
Her snaky tresses wreath'd with blood-red band.
In midst of these, her arms an elm dispreads,
Dark, antique, vast ; resort of æry dreams,

(So rumour'd,) clustering every leaf beneath,
 And many a savage form : for Centaurs here,
 Kennel'd beside the portal, scowl ; and there
 Scyllas of shape ambiguous ; hundredfold
 Ægeon ; Lerna's monster, hissing dire ;
 Chimæra, mail'd in flame ; the Gorgon brood,
 The Harpies, and the triply-member'd Shade.

Æneas, here, with panic horror thrill'd,
 His falchion clench'd ; against the' advancing throng
 Waved it unscabbarded ; and,—but that she,
 His sage conductress, taught him how the ghosts,
 (Thin hollow semblances of living form,)
 Flit bodiless,—with frustrate onset he
 Had hewn in sunder those impassive shapes.
 Now to Tartarean Acheron the path
 Conveys him : here, with whirlpool rush upturn'd,
 Boils the brown gulf, a weight of sand and slime
 Disgorging on Cocytus' kindred stream.
 These waters a grim ferryman attends,
 Of uncouth mien, Charon his name, his beard
 Profuse of matted hoariness ; his eyes
 Two fiery orbs, deep in their sockets fix'd :
 A sordid garb, collected at the waist,
 O'erhangs his shoulders. He his dusky skiff

Plies with a pole, or ministers the sail,
And wafts the shadowy people to and fro ;
Himself with age now visited, but age
Such as befits a god,—robust and green.
Hither a confluence rush'd, o'er all the banks
Quick-gathering ; matrons, men, heroic forms,
Discharged from life ; girls unbetroth'd, and youths
Laid on the pyre beneath a parent's eye :
Thick as, in woods, when first the' autumnal gale
Blows frore, the scatter'd leaves descend ; or thick
As tow'rd the land the feathery nations flock,
By churlish months driven o'er the main, in quest
Of sunny region. Suppliant they stood,
Their hands outstretching with intense desire
Foremost to pass the flood, and foremost tread
The bank opposed. Now these, (of chance,) now
those,
The joyless boatman beckons ; others, long
Repulsed, bids from the sand aloof withdraw.
All gaze, all wonder, " Tell me," cries the chief,
" Priestess, what means this trooping round the
stream ;
What seek yon souls ; why some, distinct in doom,
Speed o'er the livid lake ; the rest its marge

Successful quit." To whom, in brief reply,
The Hierophant: "Offspring of heaven confest!
Yonder thou seest Cocytus' dark abyss,
And here the Stygian pool, a name the gods
Hold reverend, and inviolably adjure.
Yon baffled crowds are mortals uninterr'd;
The bargeman, Charon; all the bark receives,
The shades of those entomb'd. Nor Fate permits
That o'er these awful banks, this brawling tide,
They ferry, ere the bedded bones repose.
An hundred years they roam, around the coast
Hovering forlorn; at last, revisit glad
The ford so long desired." Anchises' son,
Check'd, as she spoke, his footstep; much he mused,
Much pitied so severe a doom: when there
Sorrowing, and honourless in death, he spies
Orontes, leader of the Lycian fleet;
Whom, (as he wander'd the tempestuous main
From Ilium,) wild winds whelm'd both bark and crew.

And see where Palinure, the pilot, moves;
Who late, observant of the starlight heaven,
Dropt from the stern in Lybia's midway surge.
His mournful visage when the chief descries,
Dim thro' the murky shade; with eager voice

He greets him: " Oh, my Palinure, what power
Stole thee from us, and plunged amidst the main?
Haste, speak! for, ne'er illusive heretofore,
Here Phœbus mocks me, here alone; who sang
Thee to Ausonia destined, from the deep
Disbark'd secure: oh matchless faith of Heaven!"

But he: " Nor Phœbus' tripod mocks thyself,
Hero of Troy, nor me did power malign
Plunge in the main. My rudder, which I clench'd
With pious force, its guardian and its guidē,
By random shock disjoin'd, me in the crash
Dragg'd headlong. By the stormful seas, I swear,
No fears of mine were like my fears for thee;
Lest, guideless now and of her helm despoil'd,
Thy ship might wreck, when the big billow burst.
Three wintry nights, along the world of waves,
A south-wind sped me, drench'd with violent rains;
The fourth dawn rose; riding the surge sublime,
I spied faint Italy. By slow degrees
I toil'd ashore; and now had gain'd the dry;
When, as with earnest gripe their cliffy crags
I caught, the barbarous habitants with sword
Beset me in my dank and cumbrous weeds,
Thirsting for spoil—how vainly! Now the winds

Toss my wave-weather'd corse. But oh! by heaven
 Adjured, the' blessed light, the balmy air;
 By old Anchises, by thy rising hope
 Iulus; snatch me swift from ills like these,
 For thou art able: or to Velia's port
 Repair, and sprinkle o'er my relics earth;
 Or next, (if way be found, if to thy choice
 Thy goddess-mother have such way disclosed;
 For ne'er, I deem, without supernal grace
 Mean'st thou to brave these fearful floods;) Oh lend
 Thine aiding arm, and in thy company
 Bear me across yon gulf! that, here at least,
 In gentle haunts my spirit may repose."

Thus he: and thus the prophetess in turn:

' This mad request—whence comes it? Thou behold,

Unburied Palinure, that austere wave,
 Stream of the Furies! Thou these banks forsake,
 Uncited! Cease, oh cease, heaven's laws to hope
 By suit or suasion flexible: but hear
 My speech, and treasure in thy thoughtful breast,—
 Solace of doom so hard. Those borderers, awed
 O'er all their tract by prodigies divine,
 Shall sanctify thy bones, ordain thy tomb,

And pay thee graceful obsequies, and mark
The place with Palinure's enduring name."

These gladsome tidings mitigate in part
His care, and of its burthen ease his breast,
Joy'd that the land still cherishes his fame.

Thus on they fare ; and now the river's verge
Havewell-nigh gain'd: whom from his dolorous wave
When Charon spies, along the still obscure
Advancing, thus with harsh salute he chides :

" Whoe'er thou art, that darest our streams invade,
What brings thee? speak ; and there, ev'n there,
repress

That forward foot ! This is the place of Shades,
The place of Slumber, and of slumbrous Night :
In Stygian boat 'twere sin to waft the quick.
Nor joy'd this lake Alcides on her breast,
Nor Theseus and Pirithoüs, to receive ;
Tho' glorious visitants, of heavenly seed
And might insuperable. The first pursued,
(A perilous quest,) the guardian of hell-gate ;
Clutch'd him, and chain'd, and trembling dragg'd

away

Ev'n from the throne imperial: these the bride
Of Dis, perforce, would ravish from his bed."

To whom the Amphrysian priestess brief return'd :
“ Here are no frauds like those ; dismiss the fear ;
Nor here the sword of wrong. Still, in his den,
With ceaseless howl let that huge monster watch
The portal, and the' unbodied tribes appal :
Still let the chaste Persephonè retain
Her kindred lord. Æneas, chief of Troy,
For piety renown'd, and bold exploit,
Seeks, in this nethermost sojourn, his sire.
If such high spectacle of filial worth
Move not thy mercy ; yet this branch, (herewith
She lifts the branch embosom'd in her stole,)
See, and approve !” Strait from his boiling breast
Rage ebbs : she adds not. He, (with glistening eye
Still fasten'd on that venerable boon,
That fateful bough, so long unseen,) his barge,
Of iron hue, works on with brisk approach.
Now from their seats the long-drawn line of souls
He thrusts, and clears the hatches ; now receives
The mighty man : his rush-wove boat, the while,
Groans with unusual weight ; her crannied sides
Drink largely of that sluggish wave. At last
The Hierophant and hero safe he lands
Amidst unsightly slime and lurid sedge.

These realms huge Cerberus with trebled yell
Makes wide resound, stretch'd in his fronting den.
To whom the priestess, (for she mark'd his neck
Horrent with snakes,) a cate of temper'd meal
Presents, and opiate honey : he thereat,
Opening in threefold yawn his famish'd maw,
Ingulphs it; then his ridgy back uncurls,
Couchant at ease, and with his length of limbs
Fills all the cave. The chief, (its guardian quell'd,)
Seizing the gate, leaves rapidly behind
The marge of that irremeable wave.

Scarce had he pass'd the portal, ere his ear
Shrill shrieks assail'd; and infant shades he saw
Weeping; whom, torn untimely from the breast,
Torn from the sweets of life, the gloomy hour
Surprised, and swallow'd in the bitter tomb:—
Nigh these, who died by lying sentence, dwell;
Not judgeless, yet, nor lawless: Minos here
Shakes, as inquisitor, his urn, convokes
The silent throng, and scans each life, each crime.
The neighboring haunt is theirs—a cheerless train
Who, pure of guilt, wrought their own fate, their
souls
Rendering of choice and loathing light: but now

Beneath that light how would they joy to' endure
Or toil, or want, or ills of heavier name!

Stern Fate forbids them, and the' abhorred pool
Confines with rueful wave, thrice interfused.

Nor far those plains, "of Lamentation" named,
Are seen, a vast expanse. Here those who died,
By pining love slow-wasted,—piteous lot,—
Lurk in their unpierced walks, o'erarch'd with bowers
Of myrtle: not in death their cares expire.
Phædra was here, and Procris; and, to these
Pointing the scars a ruthless child had given,
Lorn Eryphylè: fond Evadnè, too,
Pasiphaë, with Laödamià pair'd,
And Caneus, male erewhile, but woman now,
Her pristine form by Fate once more devolved.

In midst of these, and recent from her wound,
Sidonian Dido thro' the woodland wilds
Was wandering. Her when first the warrior prince
Approach'd, and dimly midst the dusk descried;
(As who 'twixt opening clouds the new-born moon
Or sees, or thinks he sees;) a natural tear
He stole, and, touch'd with tenderness, began:
"Ill-fated queen! were then those tidings true,
That told thy death, hasten'd by violent act?"

And I the sad occasion? Oh, by heaven
I swear, and heavenly powers; by all that here
Of just or sacred earth's deep womb contains;
With aching breast I parted from thy shores.
A voice divine, (the same which bids me now
These shades of Stygian night explore, these tracts
Ragged with wilderness;) ev'n then my flight
Prompted with strict behest; nor once I deem'd
That flight the source of anguish such as thine.
Oh stay thy steps, nor yet that much-lov'd form
Steal from these eyes! This interchange of speech,
—Whom fliest thou?—'tis the last our fates allow."

Such words he sought to soothe her. She the
while,

Kindling with ire, and glancing stern disdain,
Bends on the ground her fix'd, averted eye,
By those impassion'd accents moved no more
Than stubborn flint or sculptured rock: anon,
Incensed, betakes her to those bowery glades,
Where fond Sichæus, echoing sigh for sigh,
Joins in her cares, and all her love requites.

Nor less the chief, pitying her cruel fate,
With many a tear the flying form pursues;

Then speeds his course prescribed. And now they
gain

Those extreme borders, peopled by the brave.
Here Tydeus, there Parthenopæus, famed
In fight, came obvious, and Adrastus' shade
All pale: the Dardans, here, deplored in light,
Fallen by the chance of arms. He groans at heart,
Gazing the long succession: Glaucus there,
Thersilochus, and Medon; thy three sons,
Antenor; Polyphætès, priest of heaven;
And good Idæus, exercising still
His javelin, still his visionary car.

Thick or to right or left the phantoms troop,
Wondering; nor with a single gaze content,
Detain him long, delighted, or attend
His onward footsteps, curious what strange cause
Urged his descent. Meantime the lords of Greece,
The war of Agamemnon, when they spied
The steel-clad hero, gleaming thro' the gloom,
Shudder'd, aghast with horror: part in flight
Fall back; as, routed, erst they sought their barks;
Part raise a slender cry; the' abortive shriek
Dies in mid gasp, and stifles half the speech.

And here Deïphobus, of Priam son,
He views ; his body one continuous wound ;
Hideously gash'd his face, his face and hands ;
Spoil'd of each ear ; and maim'd the nose, and
marr'd

With scars inglorious. Ill the friend he knew,
Coy, and his barbarous sufferance fain to hide ;
Then with remember'd accent thus moved speech :
“ Deïphobus ! undaunted in the field,
High-born of Teucer's blood ! this alter'd plight
Who could inflict, this merciless revenge ?
What hand, too far permitted by thy fates ?
Methought,—and rife the rumour spread,—that thou,
In that last night, o'erspent with dealing death
To Greece, thyself hadst crown'd a mingled mass
Of carnage. Strait thine honorary tomb
On Rhætium's headland height I rear'd, and thrice
With clamorous invocation hail'd thy shade ;
There are thine arms, thy name ; the' ennobled soil
Preserves them sacred. Thee, dear friend, I sought,
Vainly I sought ; nor in thy natal earth,
(Ere thence I parted,) laid thy limbs at rest.”

Then he : “ No slighted act of love was thine :

To fallen Deïphobus each pious due
Well has his friend absolved, and graced my shade.
But me my fates whelm'd with this weight of woe,
And Helen's murtherous fraudulence: 'twas she
Impress'd these sad memorials. Well thou know'st,
(Too well, alas! nor ever canst forget!)
How that last night we whiled away in joys
Hollow and false; what time the fatal steed
Our rampire scaled, tho' turreted; and, big
With havoc, teem'd an iron soldiery.
She, feigning choral measures, led with song
And shout, (as bacchanalian orgies wont,)
The Phrygian dames; herself, their midst, upheld
A beamy brand, and to their spoil the foes
Call'd loudly from the topmost citadel.
O'erlabour'd, then, and sunk with slumb'rous weight,
I press'd the pillow; on my lids had fallen
A sweet, profound repose,—image of death.
Meanwhile, my peerless consort from the' abode
All arms, the trusty falcion from my couch,
Had warily withdrawn. Sudden, the gates
Fly wide; her Argive lord she leads within;
Belike, thro' hope so fair a proof of love

Might bribe his wrath, and rase the memory
 Of wrongs, now antient. What need words? At
 once

They burst upon my chamber; and, with them,
 Ulysses, curst artificer of crimes:—
 Heaven on the race revisit answering ills,
 If pious lips the recompense demand!—
 But oh, what chance hath brought thy living form?
 Tell me in turn: by watery wanderings urged,
 Comest thou, or high admonishment of heaven?
 Or what the fortune, chasing thee from day
 To visit haunts delightless, unillumed
 With sunshine, vex'd with turbulence and gloom?"

Just in this point of converse; midway borne
 By ruddy coursers o'er the travel'd sky,
 Aurora rode: and haply, all the hours
 In such sweet conference had stolen away,
 (The hours by Fate allotted;) save that here
 Brief interposed the monitory maid:
 "Night hastes, Æneas! We in tears and plaints
 The granted moments lose. 'Tis here the path
 Diverges twofold: Pluto's royal towers
 Rise on the right; we seek Elysium there:
 The left to guilty Tartarus conducts,

And where the damn'd are disciplined with pains."

"Oh spare thy wrath," Deiphobus replies,

"Spare, mighty ministress of heaven! I go,

Rejoin my fellows, fill the number'd throng,

And seek the' accustom'd glooms: proceed, my
friend,

Pride of our race, tho' fallen! with happier fates

Proceed!" He said, and, midst his words, withdrew.

Leftward Æneas glanced, and strait descries,

Beneath the' o'erarching rocks, those huge-built
towers

Girt with a triple wall; which Phlegethon,

(Infuriate flood,) with waves of torrent fire

Surrounding, whirls his crashing crags along.

A gate stands opposite, enormous pile,

Pillar'd with massive adamant; which no might

Of mortals e'er may burst, no strength of steel

Plied by celestials. High to heaven ascends

That iron citadel; whose porch beside,

Unslumbering, and in gory pall attired,

Tisiphonè sits wardress night and day.

Here the relentless lash and dolorous groan

'Gan sound; the clank of iron, and drag of chains.

Æneas paused, and caught with hearkening ear

The din confused: "What shapes of crime are
these,

Virgin, disclose! what punishments, what plaints
Far echoing?" "Glorious leader of thy race,

(Answers the gifted maid,) no footing chaste
Hath right to penetrate those impious bounds:
But me, when mistress of the' Avernian grove
She made me first, Hecate herself would lead
Thro' all the lore of heaven-inflicted pains.

Those regions Cressian Radamanthus rules,
Regions of sorrow; guilt of every name
Dooms and detects, and from each mouth extorts
What frauds the culprit, midst the sons of light,
Joying in vain dissemblance, lengthen'd out
To death's late hour. Instant with bitter taunts
And vengeful scourge, Tisiphonè torments
The conscious victim, and, with grisly snakes
Oft threatening, calls her fiendish sisterhood.

"Now oped, the' accursed doors on jarring hinge
Grate horrible. The vigilance here placed
Thou seest; how dire a visage guards the' access:
Fiercer, within, is lodged a Hydra huge
With yawning throats innumerable. The gulf,
Tartarean, twice as deep in night descends,

As to the' ethereal sky thine upward gaze.
Here that original race of earth, the brood
Of Titan, in the nethermost abyss
Lie weltering, singed by lightning: here thy sons,
Aloëus, twinn'd, I saw; gigantic forms!
That sought, with sinewy strength, to' extirpate
 heaven,
And hurl the thunderer headlong from his throne.
Here, too, I mark'd Salmoneus, suffering sore,
While the slant lightning's forky flash he mocks,
And Jove's authentic voice. By coursers pair'd
Charioted, erst, and brandishing a flame,
Mid Grecian crowds, and towers himself had rear'd,
Boastful he pass'd, and impiously required
Prostration due to heaven: audacious fool,
Who with the tramp of brazen-footed steeds
Belied the' inimitable thunder-peal.
But he, the sire omnipotent, a bolt
Lancing thro' clouds obscure, (no torches he,
No brands of fummy gleam!) the victim dash'd,
Dash'd with the sweepy whirlwind of his arm.
Tityus I next beheld, the monster son
Of all-sustaining Earth; his limbs outstretch'd
O'er nine whole acres; while, with tortuous beak,

A vulture, huge and hideous, inly gnaws
 His ever-during vitals, ever stored
 With penal pangs ; and snuffs, and scoops her feast,
 Ungorged, and riots on the secret heart ;
 The fibres, new-born still, are still destroy'd,
 “ That rest or intermission none he finds.”

“ Need I those Lapithan adventurers name,
 Pirithoüs and Ixion? o'er whose heads,
 Tremblingly pendulous, a dark-brow'd rock
 Projects, as now,—ev'n now,—in act to fall.
 Beneath, on golden pillars propt sublime,
 Glitters the genial couch ; and banquets, graced
 With pomp imperial, tempt the wistful gaze ;
 Close at their side, the Fury Queen reclines,
 A scowling guest !—forbids their touch to mar
 The' untasted board, glares with uplifted torch,
 And peals with thunderous voice the' astounded ear.

“ Here they that loath'd a brother's love, that
 smote

A parent, or with wiles a client snared,
 When life was theirs ; they that o'er gather'd wealth
 Would solitary brood, nor midst their kin
 Share part,—a sumless concourse ! they that fell,
 Slain in adulterous act, whose cause was urged

By arms unrighteous, or whose fraudulent hand
 Rifled their lords; all these, in durance dire,
 Vengeance expect; what vengeance—spare to ask,
 Or what their sad varieties of pain.

Some roll a huge round stone; with joints distent,
 Some to the spokes of wheels are hung; unblest
 Sits Theseus, wedged in his eternal chair;

While to the rest, preëminent in woe,

Phlegyas his loud admonishment resounds;

“ Learn justice, taught by me! and reverence
 heaven!”

For treasure one his country barter'd; throned

A tyrant; made, unmade, as bribes impell'd,

His venal laws; one from a daughter's bed,

And interdicted spousals, ill abstain'd:

All dared huge crimes, and, what they dared,
 achieved.

Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,

A voice of brass; yet half the names of guilt,

Half must I leave untold the shapes of woe.”

Thus Phœbus' aged mistress: “ But haste,”

She adds, “ oh chieftain, haste we to prefer

The destined offering. I those walls descry,

Cast in Cyclopean fires; those obvious gates,

High overarch'd: 'tis there our boon we lay.”

She ended speech : along the hollow dark
Advancing side by side, the mediate space
They to the dome o'ershoot ; whose gate the chief
Seizing, and freshening with pure lymph his frame,
Bright in the onward porch suspends the bough.

And now, the rites perform'd, the gift prepared,

Fortunate fields they enter, green retreats
Of pleasant groves, the region of the blest.
Here with its rosy light an opener heaven
Invests the scene : stars of their own they know,
And their own sunshine. Part, in grassy lawns
Disporting, exercise their limbs, contest
The prize, and wrestle midst the yellow sands.
Part lead the nimbly-footed dance, and breathe
Harmonious numbers ; chief, the Thracian bard,
Attired in sweeping vesture, wakes his lyre
To all her seven diversities of sound ;
And now with volant finger smites her chords,
And now with ivory bow. Here, too, the race,
The primitive race, of Teucer ; goodly forms
Of generous heroes, born in happier years ;
Ilus, Assaracus, and he, of Troy
The famed forefather, Dardanus. Their arms,

And aëry cars, wondering he views beyond ;
Their upright spears fix'd in the ground ; the steeds
Unhalter'd graze at large. Their old delight,
On earth, in arms and chariots, and the care
Of shining coursers, haunts them still below.

Others, on either hand, he o'er the turf
Saw feasting ; and in many a choral train
Warbling the festive hymn, midst odorous bowers
Of laurel, whence Eridanus to light
Rolls his redundant stream, in shades conceal'd.
Here they who, warring for their country, fell
Gash'd with the scars of glory ; here were priests
Of life unblemish'd ; pious bards, that pour'd
Strains worthy Phœbus ; they whose searching skill
Had cultured life with added arts, and who
Their own memorial graft on fair deserts.

All these their brows with snowy fillet shade ;
And these, thick circling, now the priestess hail'd ;
Musæus, chief ; for he their midmost stood,
And, proudly eminent, o'erlook'd the crowd.

“ Say, happy spirits, and thou, illustrious bard,
What region holds Anchises ? For his sake
We the broad floods of Erebus o'erpass'd.”
Thus she ; and thus the hero brief replied :

“None here hath fixed seat. Umbrageous glades
We haunt; on bowery banks repose, and meads
Freshen’d with rills. But ye, (if such your mind,)
Yon slope surmount; thence will I mark your path.”
This said, he steps before, and points from high
Those sun-bright plains; they from the brow descend.

Just then Anchises, tranced in thought profound,
Deep in a verdurous vale, the separate throng
Of spirits, destined to these upper skies,
Survey’d; and all the series of his sons,
Their fates, their fortunes, characters, and high
Heroic acts, recounted in his mind.

He, when he spied Æneas o’er the green
Advancing opposite, his parent arms
Outstretch’d with fond desire, while tears his cheek
Moisten’d, and from his lip these accents fell:

“Then art thou come? and has thy duteous love,
Long to thy sire approved, endured the way,
Each difficulty, each danger? Is it given
To eye my dear son face to face? to hear
His well-known utterance, interchanged with mine?
Such thoughts, in truth, I nurtured in my breast,
Computing unborn times; nor now has hope
Deceived me. Oh, what perils hast thou scaped,

What long, long tracts traversed, of land, of main,
Ere given to bless these eyes! How did I fear
The Lybian realm might work thee loss and harm!"
Then he: "Thy form, my sire, thy mournful form,
Still glaring, urged me to these deep abodes.
Moor'd in the Tyrrhene wave, my barks are left.
Give me, O give thy fatherly caress;
Nor steal thee from my gaze!" He said; his eyes
Gush'd largely; round the neck he thrice essay'd
His arms to wind; thrice, vainly sought, the shape
Their circling grasp eludes; light as the breeze,
Light as the phantasm of a fleeting dream!

Meantime Æneas in the sinuous vale
Marks a sequester'd woodland, thick with sprays
That rustled in the wind; and there the stream
Of Lethè, visiting with languid lapse
Those calm abodes. Around her banks the shades
Innumerable throng, quick-wafting to and fro:
As bees in meadows, all a summer's day,
Each floweret press, each bed with lilies white,
In clusters: busy murmurings hum around.
The' astonish'd chief starts at the sudden view,
And asks the cause, unknowing; what yon stream,
And what the shadowy tribes that crowd her marge.

“The souls,” Anchises answers, “who from Fate
New frames expect, to that Lethæan sound
Repair, and large oblivious potions quaff.
To these, ev’n now, fain would I lead thy thought,
And all thy destined progeny rehearse ;
So shalt thou joy the more, at length to have gain’d
The Italian coast.” “What, father, can a soul
To *our* world reascend, and yet inspire
Her sluggish clay? can such dire lust of life
Beguile the’ infatuate wretches?” “Hear, my son,”
Pursues the sire, “I’ll teach thee all ; nor long
Hold thee suspense :” then thus his lore unfolds.

“Know, first, that heaven and earth, the starry
 cope,
The moon’s resplendent globe, the fluid fields
Of ocean,—one great spirit inly feeds ;
One mind informs this whole, thro’ all its parts
Diffused, and agitates the mighty mass.
Hence human kind, and brute ; hence flitting fowl,
And all the monstrous forms that Neptune breeds
Beneath his limpid element: for all
Are emanations of the’ Omnific Soul ;
All with empyreal energy instinct :
Not but their heaven-born fire the’ injurious frame

Of mortal flesh inclouds, and earthy joints.
Hence they rejoice and mourn, desire and fear,
Nor catch heaven's light, prison'd in durance dark.
Ev'n when the fated hour arrives, and life
Retires; not all her old corruption quits
The wretched soul, not all her corporal ills:
But rust and surf, mysteriously ingrain'd,
Has gather'd in her mould. For this, are all
With penal tortures disciplined, and bear
The vengeance of their antient crimes: for this,
Some hang, expanded, to the viewless winds;
Others in fire evaporate the guilt
Adhesive, or purge off in ocean wave:
Till Time, his full orb circled, wear away
Each foul incrustment, and the' ethereous sense
Leave sheer, the fiery quintessence of air.
These, when a thousand years have wheel'd their
course,
To Lethe's verge, at Pluto's high behest,
Troop numberless: there with oblivion drench'd,
They to the lucid vault of heaven aspire
Once more, and gradual in new forms ascend."

This said, Anchises, midst the busy crowds
Encircling, leads the priestess and his son:

Then takes a hilly point, whence to survey
In utmost line the multitude below,
And, as each pass'd, his lineaments peruse.

“Hear, now, what glories wait the Dardan race,
What sons of Latian blood, illustrious souls,
Heirs of *our* name, in *our* descent ordain'd!
Hear, while I point them, and thy fates disclose.
Seest thou the youth, that o'er his regal spear
Leans yonder, and the headmost post asserts
On this side Light? He, to the coast of Day,
Of all the' Italian lineage first shall rise:
Sylvius his name; an Alban; whom to thee,
(Son of thine age,) Lavinia late shall bear;
A king, and father of a kingly line,
That long in Alba shall our sceptre sway.
Next him, nor less conspicuous midst our sons,
Stand Procas, Capys, Numitor; and he,
The second Sylvius, named of thee; for arms
Alike, and virtue, famed,—if but at length
He win his Alban throne. Mark well these youths;
What strength, what spirit, shines in every front!
But they whose brows with civic wreaths of oak
Are shaded; they with towery walls shall crown
Full many a steep. Hence shall Nomentum rise,

Collatia, Gabii, and Fidenæ; hence
Pometium; hence the fort, of Inuüs named;
And Bola hence, and Cora: nameless now
The lands, but these the names they then shall bear:
Then Romulus, of Mars and Ilia sprung,
(Ilia, from old Assaracus derived,)
Shall rise to' avenge his grandsire: seest thou there
The twofold crest, that o'er his forehead waves?
Seest how the sovran of the Gods, ev'n now,
Hath sign'd him with his own divinity?
'Tis he, my son, beneath whose conduct Rome,
(All-glorious capital!) shall bound with earth
Her empire, her ambition with the stars;
And o'er seven hills her single wall extend:
Proud of her generous progeny! as she,
The Berecynthian dame, with turret crown,
In Phrygian cities charioted sublime;
Blest with her hundred sons and daughters,—all
Immortal, all promoted to the skies!

Now fix thy gaze, and hither turn: survey
Thy Romans in yon group. There Julius; there
Iulus! long succession, mark'd in fate
Beneath heaven's ample canopy to rise.

This, this is he, whose promise oft thou hear'

Blood of the gods, Augustus ! He once more
In Latium, erst by Saturn sway'd, an age
Of gold shall rear ; and o'er the sons of Ind,
And sons of Afric, stretch his broad domain :
Regions, that lie beyond the stars, beyond
The sun's bright march, and orbit of the year ;
Where Atlas, on his mighty shoulder, whirls
The pillar'd heaven, with stellar fires inlaid.
Awed by the conqueror's felt approach, ev'n now
Mæotis, and the Caspian realms afar,
Quake with horrific oracles ; ev'n now
Nile hears, and all his sevenfold mouths recoil !
Not famed Alcides ampler tracts o'erpass'd ;
Tho' he the grisly Hydra scared, the deer
Of brazen hoof transfix'd, and hush'd the woods
Of Erymanth : nor Bacchus, from the steep
Of Nysa guiding his triumphal car
With tigers yoked, and vine-entwisted reins.
And doubt we, still, by many a bold exploit
To' eternize empire ? still shall fear forbid
These on Ausonian soil to build our world ?

But, yonder, who is he, with olive crown
Conspicuous, robed in sacerdotal stole ?
His locks I know, and hoary beard : 'tis he,

The Roman king, who, from his lowly roof
Call'd to the height of empire, first on law
Shall stablish Rome. Tullus comes next behind,
Born to disturb his country's deep repose,
And rouse in arms the slumbering citizen,
To triumphs long disused. To him succeeds
Ancus, vain-glorious prince! too well, ev'n here,
Pleased with the gale of popular applause.
Next wouldst thou see the Tarquins, royal shades?
And proud avenging Brutus, girt with pomp
Stript from abolish'd monarchy? He, first,
The menacing rods of consular command
Shall bear: a father, he, (unhappy man!)
His rebel sons shall summon to their fate
For the dear sake of beauteous liberty!
In him, (howe'er posterity regard
His action,) patriot ardour shall be seen
Superiour, and the' insatiate thirst of praise.
The Decii, next, and Drusi view; nor less
Torquatus, arm'd with unrelenting axe,
Nor less Camillus bearing off the field
Standards and spoil. Yon shades, that, side by side,
In kindred mail stand glistening, link'd in love
While here detain'd; how will they chafe and war,

If e'er they touch the land of light! what fields
Display, what deeds of death! while *this* descends
Fierce from the ridgy Alps; and *that*, begirt
With orient legions, waits his foe beneath.
But oh, my sons, urge not the horrid strife!
Nor 'gainst your country's bleeding bosom point
Your puissant arms! Thou, chiefly, thou that draw'st
From heaven and me thy lineage, cease, rash youth,
Fling from thy hand the sanguinary sword!

“ He to the capitol shall proudly ride,
Flush'd with Corinthian carnage: Argos he,
And all the realm by Agamemnon sway'd,
Shall storm; nor ev'n Æacides, the blood
Of dread Achilles, spare; avenging thus
Troy's havoc, and Minerva's injured fane.
Thee, Cossus, who with heedless eye may pass?
Or thee, great Cato? who the Gracchi? who
The Scipios, each a thunderbolt of war,
Terror of Afric each! Fabricius, too,
Majestic ev'n in lowliness; and thee,
Brave Cincinnatus, bending o'er thy plough?
Where shall I rest, exhausted as I am,
Ye Fabii, where? thou, Maximus, art he
Who, sole, by timely lingering savest our all!

Others, with softer touch, the breathing brass
 Shall sculpture; others, (we the palm resign,)
 Shall mould the featured marble into life;
 In matchless eloquence shall plead; or trace
 With learned wand the mazy paths of heaven,
 And antedate the stars: but, Roman, thine,
 Thine be the care to sway the subject world;
 These be thy arts;—to dictate peace, or war;
 To spare the suppliant, and o'erbear the proud!"

Anchises paused; then to the wond'ring pair
 Thus added: "Mark where, bright with noblest
 spoils,

Marcellus moves: his warrior-like deport
 O'er all the crowd how eminent it shines.
 He, in a troublous age, shall hush misrule;
 The Punic host shall quell, the' insurgent Gaul;
 And, third and last of all the sons of Rome,
 Hang with his captured arms Quirinus' fane."
 Æneas, here, (for at Marcellus' side
 A youth he mark'd of graceful form, array'd
 In gleaming armour, but of downcast eye
 And pensive mien:) "What's he, my sire, the youth
 Pair'd with yon hero shade? his son? or who
 Of our unnumber'd progeny? what shouts,

What plausive shouts, his clustering fellows raise!
How all the father in his features lives!
But hovering Night o'ercasts his gloomy brow."

To whom, with tears, Anchises: "O my son,
Forbear to search the sorrows of thy race!
That youth his envious Fates shall scarce disclose,
Then snatch from earth. Too prosperous in thy
sight,

Heaven, had our Rome appear'd, might she her own
Have boasted gifts like these. What weeping crowds,
Pour'd from her mighty walls, shall fill the plain
Sacred to Mars! what funeral pomp shalt thou,
Old Tiber, witness; while thou leadst thy wave
Hard by that new-raised monument! No youth,
Of all our issue, to such height of hope
Shall lift the sires of Latium; none beside
Rome shall with equal pride her nurseling own.
For oh, what virtue there! what pristine faith!
There what an arm in fight! Who, unrevenge'd
May brave that front? Matchless, or when his feet
Bear him in furious charge; or when he plies
The fiery steed with rowels dyed in gore.
Lamented youth! if e'er harsh Fate relent,
Thou, too, shalt be Marcellus. Bring me sheaves

Of lilies ; cull me many a purple flower ;
 Let me, at least, with such poor honours crown
 His shade, my son's dear shade, and pay his dues
 Tho' fruitless !" — Thus, with diligent survey,
 On thro' the spacious fields of air they rove :
 And when Anchises o'er each scene had led
 The' observant chief, and fired his soul with thirst
 Of future fame ; the' approaching wars he tells,
 Tells the Laurentian tribes, Latinus' town,
 And what must yet be shunn'd, and what atchieved.

The gates of Sleep are twofold : one supposed
 Of horn ; the same that gives authentic shades
 Quick egress ; one with polish'd ivory bright,
 Where from below false phantoms rise to day.
 Thro' this, Anchises, ending large discourse,
 Sends forth the priestess and his son. The chief
 Straight to the navy speeds his way ; and there
 His train rejoining, seeks with onward sail
 Cajeta's port. Their anchors o'er the prow
 Are thrown ; along the beach their sterns repose.

TO MY FATHER.

“ Et vos, o nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.”

MILTONUS AD PATREM.

Ah, have I pour'd so many a truant lay,
 Since first my dreams of poesy begun,
 Pour'd for each meaner friend? and shall I pay
 To thee, my loved, my honour'd Father, none?
 —Haste, let me blend the poet with the son;
 No more let filial feeling plead in vain,
 Lovelier than aught by flaunting Fancy won:
 Shall that dear life its heavenly rest attain,
 Ere I have given thine age one solitary strain?

Yet were it worth some loud and living lyre,
 (Too faint the flame which Heaven apportions
 mine,)

To memorise, yea bid the world admire,

A mind, a life, so excellent as thine ;
Where honor, clear as summer's noontide shine,
Where purity, as virgin thoughts refined,
And faith and hope and charity divine,
And manners, artless as man's elder kind,
A bright assemblage, dwell, as in their temple shrined.

But these thy virtues shun the world's broad eye,
Like violets breathing amidst hedgerow gloom ;
And we, that share thy household privacy,
Are all that see them in their silent bloom,
Tho' many a stranger bless the felt perfume :
Enough for thee, who seek'st not glory thine,
Or seek'st thy glory but beyond the tomb :
And, hence, what reck's it, Father, if no line
Blazon on earth a name, reserved in heaven to shine ?

Oh, hapless they, whose hopes, all grovelling here,
All prison'd in their own poor nook of time,
Pierce not the' invisible, immortal sphere !
But thine have long been travelling to that clime,
Forerunners of thyself; thy soul sublime
Views earth, ev'n here, as half behind thee hurl'd :
Thus blest, above all eloquence of rhyme,

Now that thy sun is westering fast, yon world
Retiring, heaven at hand, the curtain well-nigh furl'd!

For where is, now, thy backward life? Oh, where
Those seventy stealing winters?—with the stream
Glided away, or mist dispersed in air:

Boyhood, and youth, and manhood, how they
seem,

Athwart the slope of years, a shadowy dream,
A feverish fancy, or well-feign'd romance!—

But hence with poring melancholy's theme!
Far other scenery woos thine onward glance;
Substantial, boundless all, no visionary trance.

There thy true life, thy proper world, shall ope;

There shall no sin thy soaring thoughts controul;
There He, who, unseen, fired thy faith and hope,
Shall fill with all his fulness all thy soul,

The Savior God! there at its glorious goal
Thine every wish, delighted, shall repose;

There, while heaven's ages ever-circling roll,
Thou with sweet spirits shalt converse, and those
Who loved thee here, but there—whose love what
mortal knows!

Yes, in that unimaginable bliss

May all our little company appear!

Nor thou, amidst them, one sad wanderer miss;

But, gazing round thee, shout, with rapturous tear,

“Me and my children, Lord,—behold us here!”

May none for pleasure, beckoning siren, swerve

From that best path which won our sire's career;

But each thine image livingly preserve,

Each, in thy heavenward steps, press on with trem-
bling nerve!

And him, who hails thy birth's returning day,

(Too fond, perchance, of Poesy's sweet lore,)

Oh, let not Fancy's witchcraft him betray!

Where will be, then, whate'er her sons adore,

When Earth rolls back, Eternity hangs o'er?

Let me, content in quiet worth to shine,

With thee the walk of life, of death, explore;

My youth, mine age, my destiny, like thine:—

Be aught beside the world's; but this I'd ask for
mine.

April 2, 1815.

VANITY OF FAME.

“Laudis amore tumes?—sunt certa piacula.” HOR.

How is it that this lust of Fame,
 This craving for an after name,
 Aches ever at my heart?
 That still I sigh,—the glorious lot
 Where Southey sits enthroned with Scott,
 Oh, were it mine in part!

Yet were it,—what were I more blest,
 By Love, by Friendship, more caress'd,
 More charm'd by wild-walk views?
 Would life with gentler current steal?
 Should I new sweets in Picture feel,
 Or Music, or the Muse?

And oh, when comes, in all its power,
 That unimaginable hour;
 When Grief sits trembling by;

When all is dim and dizzy round,
And speech and sense and soul are drown'd,
 In Death's dread victory;

Oh, think,—while fades this total sphere,—
How vain, how vile, will then appear

 All glory won below!

All glory, save what God decrees!

Will other hope to heavenlike ease

 Turn hell's foreboded woe?

Or will it a new death-pang raise,

That, closing thus my list of lays,

 (Lays, innocent, if light,)

I look'd on Fame with calm regard,

And, smiling, thought,—Shame sink the Bard,

 The Man has hopes as bright!

For, when these limbs in earth are spread;

When, disenthral'd, the spirit's fled

 To worlds unlike her own;

What were it then to me, though rung

My blazon here on many a tongue?—

 To me 'twere all unknown.

Still, as to-day, when I am low,
These heavens, this earth, in summer glow
 Will unconcern'dly smile;
Yea, some last lingering friend may tell,
“ 'Twas here, the walk he loved so well;”—
 But I shall rest, the while.

Then why, with such a wistful view,
This meteor thing, this Fame, pursue,
 Too shadowy for my grasp?
More natural, more substantial prize
The slave of Wealth or Pleasure buys
 With less of ache and gasp.

Win Fame? is this my heartless scope?
No; let me nurse the home-felt hope,
 To soothe some kindred mind:
And, sure, beyond ev'n Fortune's power,
I've met my meed, in many an hour
 Of quiet joy refined.

Win Fame? let others: if I could,—
To live obscurely blest and good,

I'd deem a worthier aim :
Kindness, and purity, and faith,
And useful toil, and peaceful death,—
These, these are MORE THAN FAME.

THE END.

THE
OMNIPRESENCE
OF
GOD:

WITH
OTHER SACRED POEMS.

“SI IPSIUS PŒSEOS ULTIMA RATIO QUÆRATUR, AD RELIGIONEM OMNINŒ
VIDETUR REFERENDA.”—LOWTH.

BY
THE REV. THOMAS GRINFIELD, M. A.
Late of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Bristol:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. CHILCOTT.

AND SOLD BY

BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY, AND SEELEY AND SON, LONDON;
UPHAM, COLLINGS, AND BINNS, BATH.

1824.

ACCEPT THIS HUMBLE OFFERING, LORD!
PART IS THINE OWN, THY MATCHLESS WORD;
AND PART WOULD FAIN EXHALE DESIRES
THY SPIRIT IN THE HEART INSPIRES.
IF AUGHT OF ERROR LURK EXPRESS'D,
FORGIVE IT, LORD, AND BLESS THE REST!
OH, IF THY BLESSING CROWN THE LAYS,
ENOUGH;—THEY COURT NOT EARTHLY PRAISE.

PREFACE.

WITH respect to the following pieces, little need be premised by the author. They have been the recreations of a mind habitually intent on severer studies;—they have risen up as exhalations of thought and feeling that would not always be suppressed without utterance of this kind; or like the blossoming of spring flowers in autumn,—occasional returns of youthful efflorescence after the sunny season had departed. The collection has unsuspectedly grown into its present size from the compositions of different periods, produced under the impulse of passing associations, and in general with no intention of publicity; “*pour satisfaire à l’inspiration intérieure dont l’ame est saisie.*” A few illustrative notes have been inserted; and the references marked to similar sentiments of Holy

Scripture, as appropriate to Poems professedly sacred, and not uninteresting to the congenial reader. The author is conscious that the whole can be regarded merely as a mite cast into that treasury of Sacred Poetry, which (too much neglected as it has been) has received so many far richer offerings. But, whatever may be the execution or reception of this little volume, he secures a satisfaction in reflecting that the scattered portions of time and thought which it has engaged, have been in some measure hallowed; and that its tendency is to elevate the reader's mind from "the things which are seen and temporal" to "the things which are unseen and eternal."

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THE
OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

A SACRED POEM.

“DO NOT I FILL HEAVEN AND EARTH? SAITH JEHOVAH.”

OH for some arm of might, to heave the weight
That clogs the struggling spirit, and to burst
These earthly chains that manacle her tongue!
While with a seraph wing she longs to range
And revel in Immensity; she longs, 5
Triumphant o'er mortality and sin,
Like the brave eaglet re-asserting heaven,
To spurn each narrowing circumstance, and plunge
Into the shoreless, fathomless abyss
Of *Omnipresence*.—Hence, ye airy dreams 10
Of Castaly, ye Muses, woo'd so oft
By fabling bards! ye cannot aid; away!
'Tis holy ground; ye may not enter here.
But Thou, celestial Power, unfabled Muse,

Before whose bright magnificence, unveil'd 15
 To ancient seers, the pomp of pagan lore
 Fades to a sickly twilight; Thee I call,
 With silent earnestness, on bended knee;
 Spirit Divine, inspire me! every gift,
 Perfect and pure, from Thee alone descends: 20
 So to Thyself,—for oh! 'tis all Thine own,—
 Not to thy creature, be the power and praise!

A man, an embryo of eternity,
 A subject of redemption! fain, e'en here,
 In this my being's infancy, this hour 25
 Of seizing that eternity redeem'd,
 Thus would I mar interminable themes
 With song, and, though like lisping childhood, try
 Some prelude to the harmonies of heaven.

Rise then, my soul; thy comprehensive eye 30
 Stretch o'er the pregnant universe, around,
 Above; nor only where it meets thy sense,
 Partial and dim; but much more as it dawns,
 Uncurtain'd and enlarg'd, in that bright book
 Dropt like a sun-beam on a darkling world.— 35

Spirit and matter share the wondrous whole,
 Monopolists of nature ; thee too, man,
 Lord of thy little world, a world thyself,
 A universe modell'd in miniature.

The book of being in thyself thou read'st, 40
 Incarnate spirit ; read'st that primal truth,
 The Spirit, Omnipresent, of thy God.

For mark, 'tis all by energy of mind,
 Near or remote, that matter moves ; inert
 Itself, unconscious, dead. However swift, 45
 Swift as the darts of light, wing'd as thy thoughts ;
 'Tis passive all ; its motion argues mind.

Its motion, mere effect, infers a cause.
 Upward from cause to cause perforce we rise,
 Till at the topmost we repose ; the prime, 50
 Ultimate Mover of the moving whole.

All immaterial He, as all unmov'd.
 Matter and motion preach a Deity ;
 That Deity, a Spirit ; infinite,
 Uncircumscrib'd by matter : matter still, 55
 E'en in its vastest forms, confesses form

And boundary : formless and unbounded He,
 Being of beings ! Omnipresent God !
 He, who pervades all space, yet leaves it free,
 Free to be peopled, crowded, with His works ; 60
 And, while mysteriously He co-exists
 With all existence, yet displaces none ;
 Present throughout, as absent : so distinct
 Spirit and matter, in their modes of being.
 He with Himself fills all things, and surrounds ; 65
 Holds them as in his grasp ; they live, they move,
 In the vast circle of His power ; and all
 Exist, envelop'd with Divinity !

Could atom e'er usurp that point of space,
 Co-instantaneous, which its neighbour fills ? 70
 No : that were spirit : spirit, subtler far
 E'en than ethereous quintessence, can pierce
 All substances, and permeate,—all alike,
 Rare or condense, remote or present : nought
 Of barrier, interpos'd, arrests the power 75
 Of spirit : time and distance disappear,
 And space incomprehensible is lost.

Go, mortal, catechise thy soul, and there
 See, as in shadowy miniature pourtray'd,
 The Omnipresence of Eternal Mind. 80
 For e'en that particle of breath Divine,
 That spark of heaven, prison'd in fleshly vase,
 Bears it not still the semblance, tho' bedimm'd,
 Of all-pervading energy? Oh say,
 Say, (if such thought may be divulg'd unblam'd) 85
 Seems not the image of Immensity
 E'en in this "local habitation" lodg'd?
 For who so dull, but feels a soul that oft,
 —Superior to its partner's gross delay,
 To all corporeal circumstance, and bravely 90
 Scornful of difficult distance or slow time,—
 Can, with the Psalmist, take the ruddy wings
 Of morning, and careeringly pursue
 The roundings of the sun, and light on isles
 Far in the world of waves; yea soar to heaven, 95
 And mingle with the quiring cherubim;
 Yea plunge to hell, recoiling? while perchance,
 Stretch'd in a narrow cell on narrower couch,
 The body, motionless as death, remains!

As if the empyreal ether of our being, 100
 Pure from terrene concretion, sole surviv'd!

Thus on the universe, but most on man,
 Most on embodied mind, behold the truth,
 That God is Spirit, with a sun-beam writ.
 Thus spirit, only, with infinitude, 105
 With omnipresent being, co-exists ;
 Material nature cannot. Spirit thus,
 Spirit is sole creator, uncreate ;
 Matter creation, uncreative still
 Nor all the starry universe is worth 110
 That sparkle of Divinity, a soul!

Ne'er could those vain idolaters, who split
 Infinite Oneness into countless forms
 Of gross and dwarfish deity,—hill-gods,
 Or gods of groves and rivers;—ne'er could such, 115
 Midst their bewildering fractions of the One,
 Idea so sublimely simple reach
 As universal presence : still it mock'd
 Their grovelling thought. 'Tis unity alone

Is co-extensive with infinitude. 120

Truth so divine with error so profane
 Scorn'd to co-habit twinn'd ; as that dark fiend,
 Scar'd and shot through, now flies the light ; while all
 Who own the One, the Omnipresent own.

Yes, in ourselves the mystery we behold. 125
 So Prophets, by the o'ershadowing power of heaven,
 Rapt into unborn ages far away,
 And undiscover'd regions, seem to seize
 The skirts of Omnipresence, half Divine.
 Present and past and future all confus'd, 130
 Tranc'd in eternity they lay, and time
 And place were not ; while Prophecy her pen
 Impatient pluck'd from History's tardy hand.
 So, from the heights of Moab, Peor's son
 Sees the bright Star of Jacob, far beneath 135
 The horizon ; and with eyes, clos'd as in death,
 Darts in an instant o'er the thousand years
 That yet must drag their lingering lapse. So he
 Of Tarsus, in the Spirit's whirlwind rapt
 To the pure empyrean, the third heaven, 140
 Wist not if premature he shar'd on earth

A foretaste, unimaginally sweet,
 Of spirit, yea and body, nor to time
 Confin'd, nor place, in presence. Hence he knew,
 Master of heavenly science, nought forbids, 145
 Save these material chains in which we groan,
 Nought else forbids our spirit, e'en on earth,
 To wander o'er the universe ; to mix
 With friends however distant ; yea, if meet
 For glory, to be "present with the Lord." 150

Oh! could we drop, like autumn leaves, these
 weeds

Of flesh, this "muddy vesture of decay ;"
 What if a new creation then might burst
 From the dark veil that hides it? what if then,
 Silent no more, and void, this ambient space 155
 Were peopled all, and vocal, with the powers,
 The battling myriads, or of heaven or hell?
 E'en as that youth, whose eyes from fleshly film
 Were clear'd divinely at Elisha's prayer,
 Starting from hopeless dread to wondering joy, 160
 Saw the vast mountain, late so lone, so drear,
 And girt with furious foes ; now saw it burn

With chariots and with cavalry of heaven,
 Like those which late upbore the' undying prophet,
 A fiery and a countless garrison 165
 Marshall'd around his master.—Such the might,
 The piercing, the pervading presence such,
 E'en of our finite spirit, freed from flesh !

Oh, then, the Infinite !—but who shall tread
 Those high mysterious chambers which conceal 170
 The attributes of Godhead ? who invade
 The habitation of eternity ?
 —If creature spirits, clogg'd with clay, retain
 The shadow of ubiquity ; the wish,
 Yea and the power, though marr'd by sin, to
 glance 175

With fiery fleetness o'er the universe ;
 Then read, within, thine Archetype, O man ;
 Thou image of thine Author, read, within,
 His Omnipresence ! not, oh not like aught
 Of wing'd transition in thy cabin'd soul, 180
 (Less different noontide glare from midnight gloom)
 But energetic as Omnipotence,
 Co-instantaneous as eternity,

Pervades us. Yet He fills our inmost frame :
 He, who this sage anatomy compos'd 205
 Midst the dark womb ; who curiously with veins,
 Fibres, and nerves, embroider'd it ; He makes
 The soul His presence-chamber ; marks whate'er
 Of imagery variegate its walls
 And windings ; walks the subtlest thoughts ; yea
 pierces 210
 The' inexplicable union and division
 Of soul and spirit : He, tho' all unseen,
 Dwells with us, oh ! far deeplier than ourselves.
 Presence alone is perfect knowledge : here
 Omniscience dwells with Omnipresence twinn'd. 215

Ne'er hast thou felt this all-pervading power
 Within thee, and around ? Oh ! ask thy soul
 Amidst that death-like and unbreathing hush
 To which the slumberer wakes at midnight ! ask,
 Amidst the desert's listening solitude ! 220
 Is there no voice, inaudible, yet deep ?
 No social presence, mighty, though unseen ?
 —Oh ! thoughtless, if thou know'st not, to the soul
 Crowds may be aching loneliness ; nor less

The desert, peopled with sweet intercourse ! 225
 E'en here, as tranc'd in solemn muse I sit,
 With nought but Nature, in her ravishment
 Of summer beauty, near me ; midst the still,
 The steep, and sylvan solitudes that climb
 Where Avon, *native* stream, with tribute brown 230
 Hastes to the lordly Severn ;—am I sole ?—
 Oh no, I feel Him ; circumfus'd with God,
 I hail Him, not unconscious ; and that voice
 Of One, amidst the coolness of the trees
 Walking, which Adam heard so deep, so dread ; 235
 I hear it now in spirit, still and small,
 Whispering of wisdom, power, and love Divine.
 So may I ever hear it, midst the crowd,
 Or midst the closet, breathing holy awe
 Of sin, and zeal of duty, as with God ! 240
 Breathing what meek humility unfeign'd,
 What bright-eyed faith, what never-failing joy !

Yes, in each portion of Thine universe
 Thou meet'st us, Archetype of being !—all
 Is but a mirror of Divinity ; 245
 Reflecting, wheresoe'er we duly gaze,

God and religion. Thou on all Thy works
 Hast writ Thy name. I see Thee in this light,
 Essence of light Thyself: this vital air,
 Mysterious, uncontrollable, it breathes, 250
 Expressive of Thy Spirit: every tree,—
 In this umbrageous haunt of pensiveness,
 This wild retirement, sacred to the Muse,—
 Preaches the Tree of life: these antient cliffs
 Shadow the Rock of ages: while yon stream, 255
 For ever flowing, points the' Eternal Fount.
 Is there a thing in Nature, but Thy word,
 Rich in symbolic lore, hath hallowing us'd,
 An image of Thyself; centering thus
 Creation in its all-pervading soul; 260
 And schooling man to read Thy works aright!

God is the grandeur, that around expands;
 God, the sublimity that rises; He,
 The loveliness that smiles; the life that glows;
 The wisdom that astonishes; the power 265
 And goodness, that provide, sustain, and bless:
 The universe of excellence, is God!

Time was that He, dawning on mortal sense,
 Laid His invisibility aside
 In part : faint glimpses of His glory flash'd 270
 (Glimpses how insupportable, though faint !)
 Where Sinai, in the gaze of trembling Israel,
 Burn'd, like a furnace, to the cope of heaven ;
 While mere reflection of the vision, caught
 By Moses, dazzled like day's flaming eye. 275
 Now, lone and dark as earth's unhallow'd hills,
That Sinai meets the' unconscious pilgrim's glance
 From age to age : no gleam of glory there,
 No hint of Godhead, lingers : yet believe,
 Still in that lonely darkness, bright and full 280
 As erst, the same dread Presence dwells conceal'd :
 —The universe is one unbounded Sinai !

Then happiest, oh ! past utterance, past
 compare,
 Happiest in clear assurance and sweet sense
 Of Sacred Omnipresence ! they who kneel 285
 Not to "the Unknown God" of pagans old,
 Or baptis'd misbelievers ; but adore
 The true, the Saviour God, so e God for man ;

Redeeming Deity, the sole reveal'd
 To creatures fall'n from primal rectitude ; 290
 Jehovah visible in Jesus, God
 Inshrin'd in flesh, " Infinitude confin'd,"
 And Omnipresence lodg'd in human form !
 Yes, the whole plenitude of Godhead dwelt
 In Christ, embodied ; and that man of woes, 295
 Local awhile, yet own'd immensity,
 And reign'd in heaven what time He serv'd on earth.
 Oh mystery, past all controversy, sure !
 All comprehension, great ! not undisclos'd
 In embryo promise, or to him the sire 300
 Of sinners, or the patriarchs. Adam thus,
 Abel, and Enoch, knew their present Lord ;
 And Jacob, waking with religious awe,
 Cried in the solitude, ' Lo, God is here !
 Lo, here his temple, here the gate of heaven !' 305
 How deeply David felt, how sweetly sung,
 His Saviour ever nigh ; and, from the sense
 Of those excursive energies within,
 Rose to the ALL IN ALL !—Nor less who saw
 His temple fill'd by One whose boundless being 310
 " Heaven and the heaven of heavens" in vain conceal.

Then rapt Isaiah, mortal seraph, paints
 Grandly the grand idea, brightening down,
 —Till He, Incarnate Omnipresence, comes!
 Till to his scatter'd followers, yea the' unborn, 315
 Of every age, of every clime, he cries,
 'Lo, I am with you always to the end;
 Where two or three are gather'd, I am there:
 Invisible, yet present; not the less
 Than when amidst that little band, conven'd 320
 Within the guarded chamber, sudden stood
 Their Lord, new-ris'n, with well-known voice of
 'Peace.'

As sudden, lo, the Spirit, erst dispens'd
 Under that dim economy in rare
 And jealous measures, now on sainted souls 325
 In unexampled amplitude descends!
 Oh then, the' o'erwhelming truth I mar with song,
 Then was it known indeed!—for who can say,
 Who can conceive, how in that grated cell
 Philippian, or that lone Egèan isle, 330
 He who had left yon starry heavens below,
 Or he who saw the Apocalypse, must pierce

The Omnipresence of Divinity !

—They, in the fiery raptures of their faith,
 (Oh! how unlike these grovelling minds of ours, 335
 These dull cold hearts!) they, like their seraph
 brethren,

Soaring and burning, caught in every scene
 Glimpses of opening heaven, and felt their souls
 Fulfill'd with all the fulness of their God.

Blest, who, at humble distance following
 these, 340

Share in degree that high experience!—They,
 They also, by wing'd intercourse of faith,—
 Faith, hope, and love, exhaling prayer and
 praise,—

By God's own Spirit visiting the breast,
 And hallowing as His temple,—walk with God, 345

And see Him though invisible, nor feel
 His Presence least when none beside is nigh,
 Nor hear Him least when all are mute beside ;

Never less lonely than when thus alone,
 Alone with God!—Oh heavenly solitude, 350

Out-beggaring all companionship of earth !

Oh silence, sweeter than all harmony,
 Save that, which it anticipates, of heaven!
 Then, in the omnipresence of our soul,
 The Omnipresence of our God we prove. 355
 At evening, from the loneliness of crowds
 Escap'd, the Christian oft, like Isaac, seeks
 The crowded infinite of solitude;
 Or in his meditative cell, or rather
 Under the canopy of countless worlds 360
 That breathe, with such a solemn eloquence,
 Of Presence all-pervading! Oft in God,
 Centre of souls, he meets his distant friends,
 Distant as each from other here may dwell,
 Yea as eternity from time: their frames 365
 Of dust are sever'd, but their spirits join.
 He joins the spirits perfected; the host
 Of angels, "number without number;" sends
 His thoughts, forerunners of himself, to heaven,
 And antedates eternity in time. 370
 Oh yes, believe the dying saint! 'tis he
 Foretastes his heaven, the presence of his God:
 Believe him! God and heaven are every where,
 Are here—'except these bonds' of flesh and sin.

Lifeless, as, sever'd from its root, the tree.
 Hence, in Divine communion still the saints,
 Drawn from above, have sought and found their joy;
 And near and nearer to the throne of Love 400
 Have press'd, delighted: hence, like him of old,
 All with one voice, one heart, they still exclaim;
 "Whom but Thyself desire we, Lord, below?
 What but Thy presence gives its charm to heaven?"
 Nor human tongue can tell, nor human thought, 405
 Save in experience, comprehend the peace
 Thy Spirit in the soul, thro' all her powers,
 Diffuses; peace of an in-dwelling God!—
 No rest, for man or angel, save in Thee!

But He, whose presence fills existence,
 hides, 410
 Or dimly shows it,—save in heaven. 'Tis there
 His temple's Holy of holies, mark'd in type
 By that of old. Vainly the Muse attempts
 That new creation; since not he who caught
 A glimpse of paradise, in mortal phrase 415
 Could paint the bliss, unlawful to be told.
 There God unfolds His presence, clouded here,

And shines eternal day. All, all is there
 Bright effluence of the uncreated Mind ;
 Infinite beauty, all ! A vernal life, 420
 A fire ethereal, unperceiv'd itself,
 Felt in its glorious energy, pervades
 And thrills, through every part, the taintless whole :
 The air, the soil, the rivers, fruits, and flowers,
 Instinct with immortality, and touch'd 425
 With amaranthine freshness, by the hand
 That form'd them, and the beatific smile
 That ever beams around them. Every heart
 Catches that smile ; each eye reflects it : all,
 In body and in spirit, sunless myriads, 430
 Fill'd with empyreal vigour, fill'd with God,
 And radiant in the glory of the Lamb !

But Oh, the dreadful contrast ! As of old,
 That wondrous pillar, which on Israel smil'd
 A midnight sunshine, on their Memphian foes 435
 Frown'd horrible with darkness, quenching noon ;
 E'en so the presence, which to sons of God
 Opes the sweet heaven of heavens, on rebel souls
 Glares with the fire of hell ! Nor shade, nor stain,

Can He, whose name is Holiness, receive ; 440
 Yet not a depth of guilt, but there He works,
 Present and felt. Is sacred light profan'd,
 That visits, with impartial eye, the scene
 Of horror, or of loveliness? Not more
 His presence gladdens Paradise, than blasts 445
 And burns the' accursed.—Hear, hypocrisy,
 Thou queen of maniacs, hear!—The hopeless groan
 Still, still through lost eternity resounds ;
 “ Oh whither from that Spirit shall we fly?
 Whither escape that Presence?” He is there, 450
 There, in the terrors of infinity,
 Where fiends “ believe and tremble!” Tremble
 thou,
 Too daring Muse! thy shuddering glance withdraw!
 And, joyous, to the realms of light return !

Smile ye not, Angels?—since full oft ye
 bend, 455
 From your bright battlements, to those who lisp
 With earthly lips our common Father's praise:—
 Ye ministering spirits, smile ye not
 A smile of sweetest pity, thus to' o'erhear

The feeblest of your nurselings darkening truth 460
 With words how weak! (like worm that fain would
 soar,)

And stammering glories yet to be reveal'd?
 For oh, the brightest of our heavenward views,
 Compar'd with yours, 'tis darkness! We in faith,
 Ye dwell in sight; we, prisoners here of hope, 465
 Struggling in fleshly fetters, may not pass
 Our nature's barrier circle, corporal sense;
 Or, if we strive to spurn our dust, to leave
 Earth and material intercourse behind,
 To' anticipate pure spirit,—soon we sink, 470
 Lost in a dim confusion; 'tis not ours
 (We feel) to breathe the element so fine
 Of your high region; ours the vapoury vale.
 But ye,—e'en in your body spirit-like,
 (If body yours) nor e'er your eyes are dimm'd, 475
 As ours,—all guiltless of a tear;—ye view
 That presence beatific face to face,
 And know (Oh wondrous!) e'en as ye are known;
 Know with pure love's omniscient instinct; love
 Which lives when knowledge withers; which e'en

Perchance comes nearest omnipresent power ;

Annihilating distance, mingling souls :

The spirit of infinitude in man !

Ye, as within the veil, drink all the beams

Of Deity, that, like a sunshine, fill . 485

Your temple : yet no sun, no temple, yours ;

God is the Temple there ; the universe,

Is lost in God, the universal Sun ;

The host of night lost in the Lord of day !

That presence, here invisible, or seen 490

In dim reflection from His works and word,

There ye behold, immediate, as it is ;

And in the bright immensity of God,

Breathing beatitude, for ever bask.

Yet shall we join you, sons of God, (the

hour, 495

How near it hovers !) if but faithful found

To that so high vocation : such the grace,

Unspeakable, of Him, the Saviour God,

To rebels, made probationers for heaven !

Soon as, uncloth'd of dust, our spirits pass 500

Into the unknown infinite of being,

Rapt on your wings to paradise, to Christ ;
 Yet shall we join you, not unmeet ; as heirs
 Of that mysterious mercy, whose profound 500
 Ye, in your bending wonder, long to' explore :
 Lower awhile than you, yet honour'd more :
 Since in *your* nature ne'er was Godhead shrin'd,
 The' amazing union was reserv'd for *man*.

—Vision of glory ! o'er these clouded waves 505
 Of life, e'en now it casts a trembling gleam :
 E'en now young Faith stretches her aching gaze,
 Oft thro' the mists of sorrow, tow'rd the hills
 Glistening in uncreated light beyond
 Those dark clouds edg'd with gold. And hark, I
 hear, 510

Amidst the countless harpers, that adore
 God and the Lamb with praises ever new,
 One of surpassing minstrelsy ; e'en thee,
 Blind master of celestial song, whose voice
 Following, (but Oh how far behind!) I hymn 515
 That Presence which thou prov'st "fulness of joy."
 Yes, prince of poets ! Like those orient seers,
 Who pour'd their treasures at the feet of Him,
 In His own world so slighted ! thou not less

Wert fain, with pious ardour, to redeem 520
 That inspiration, ah, too long profan'd,
 Usurp'd by others than the rightful Lord ;
 Fain to re-hallow poesy to Him
 Who hallow'd it so nobly to Himself
 At first, and give Him back His beauteous gift. 525
 So, Milton, may thy filial bards,—the few
 Who stemm'd the general tide, who dar'd resound
 More the Creator's than the creature's praise ;
 So may they join thee in those bowers of bliss, [530
 (Bowers which out-bloom that paradise of thine,)
 As here, with thee, wandering by Horeb oft,
 Or Sion hill, they tried prelusive airs,
 And marr'd heav'n's music. Then, too, he—the least,
 The meanest of thy sons, who dar'd to tread 535
 The temple of this boundless theme, to touch
 With trembling hand this awful ark, and far,
 Far from “ the height of his great argument,”
 To lisp an OMNIPRESENT GOD,—shall see
 Into what depth he sunk, from what height fell ; 540
 And, midst the nobler ecstasies of heaven,
 Smile, pitying, o'er the mortal's low-breath'd lay.

SACRED POEMS.

PART I.—ORIGINAL PIECES.

MONITORY RECOLLECTIONS ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

“*MONET ANNUS.*”—HORACE.

HARK to that spiritual sound, e'en now
By listening Contemplation audible,
—The death-knell of the parted year! A leaf
Is clos'd; another in Time's awful book,
Is opening; the six thousandth hastens on!
Like pages of the' eventful chronicler,
Each from its neighbour how diversified,
Or follower, or forerunner! At each turn
New actors rise or fall upon the stage;
And all is mutability, all death.

How softly o'er the soften'd mind it steals,
This train of solemn musings,—as I sit
(This fair mild morning of the new-born year)

In this rude solitude of silent hills,
 Stretch'd on this wither'd bank,—and only hear
 That sweet, romantic, melancholy sound
 Of far-off bells, associate with the sense
 Of human,—universal transiency.
 —Thou constant sun,—ye old and rooted hills,—
 (Yourselves tho' destin'd to a later fall)
 Smile ye not,—so to Fancy's eye ye seem,—
 As in calm mockery o'er this changeful scene?
 Yes, dead they speak: the very stream which here
 Glides in perpetual waste away,—the cloud
 So thin, so light, which scarcely sails along
 Yon smooth and azure deep of ether,—all
 (Tho' mute) one soul-felt diapason strike
 Symphonious; that “the fashion of this world
 Passes,—the end of all things is at hand.”*

What are we men, we lords of earth, but leaves
 Or flowers, that spring, and blossom, and decay;
 Some statelier, humbler some, all swift to fade?

* See particularly those pathetic and memorable passages;
 1 Corinth. vii. 29—32. 1 Peter iv. 7. or 2. iii. 11, 12. 1 John
 ii. 15—17.

Where now those human myriads that, like bees
 Or butterflies, for use or pleasure, wealth,
 Art, science, fame, or fashion, through their day,
 O'ercast or sunny, flutter'd to repose?
 Ask'st thou? Ask where the leaves and flowers
 they trod,
 Or view'd: ask where the butterflies and bees
 That pass'd them. One poor answer serves for
 all:

They *have* been,—*are* no more; no more survive
 E'en in their works; their cities, thrones, renown,
 (Built with such length of labour) fall'n, forgot.

Oh then, that after-world,—which who, that
 thinks,

Can doubt? which, preach'd by Heaven's authentic
 voice,

Yea by its own light manifest, makes clear,
 And wise, and comfortable, all that else
 Were mystery, were vanity, were gloom;—
 That after-world is all. There let me fix
 My heart, my treasure; deeply there forecast
 My cares, my hopes, my happiness, my home!

—Thou should'st have more and earlier looked to
this;*

Heedless too long of being's pregnant end,
Too much enamour'd of each way-side charm;
Studious with man's vain lore to load a mind
Dead in its guilt; to trick (as 'twere) with flowers
A corse, meet only for the worm or fire.
Yet what hadst thou to do in this brief state,
But grapple fast thy safety in the next,
(That world interminable of weal or woe!)
“With fear, with trembling?” not by vexing cares
Cumber'd, or by dissatisfying joys;
But single-sighted,—on thy one great task
Fix'd,—and athwart the' obtrusive gauds of sense,
Stretching to Faith's eternities her gaze!—
Years have been lost: up, stir thee to redeem
All that of life may yet be thine; who knows
How little?—Life is but a scanty ledge,
Where the poor pilgrim walks suspended 'twixt
Two fathomless abysses, Hell and Heaven.
Oh let him heed his footing, heed his side!

* “——— Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this!”—LEAR.

Chances play round him momentarily ; and each
 May sweep him to the' unknown, next which he
 treads,

There to reside for ever, blest or curst !

Thou, then, who hail'st this opening of a year,
 Mark down for Heaven its progress ; ere its close
 A redbreast may be warbling on the stone
 Where thou art cold and darkling underneath.
 Still hast thou been permitted to behold
 Yon sun renewing o'er the radiant months
 His rounds ; too oft rebellious against Him,
 The great, the gracious Author of sweet light :—
 Still has thy heart its glad pulsations kept,
 And kindly fires ; unwarm'd, too oft, unmov'd,
 With love, with active gratitude, to Him,
 Giver of all :—thou still hast mark'd, with eyes
 Of joyous wonder, herbs and leaves and flowers
 At Spring's green resurrection re-appear ;
 Yet hast not seiz'd the lesson, from dead works
 A new life to put forth ; prefiguring so,
 By present resurrection of thy soul,
 Thy body's future. Barren heretofore,

Still art thou spar'd ; yet oh, presume not still !
 The Master of the vineyard spares thee thus,
 In such long-suffering goodness as may best
 Win to repentance ;* but will soon return,
 And, frowning on the hard and hopeless, charge
 His pruner, Death,—“ Lay to that root thine axe,
 And hew it down ; why cumbereth it the ground ? ” †

Give thyself whole to God, the God of love ;
 The Father, through His own Son reconcil'd
 To rebel man, and offering to thy prayers
 And labours His own Spirit. Oft with Him
 Hold converse in His word ; thy master aim
 To weed out nature, nurse implanted grace,
 To' impregnate with His will thy heart and life,
 And in His image rise re-vivified.

Do good, the little that thou canst, in this
 Thy measur'd work-time ; cheer, enlighten, aid,
 The poor, the dark, the wretched, of thy kind ;
 Copy and love the holy ; so to serve
 Thy Lord, thy Father, in His family.
 Strive as on earth a sojourner to walk,

* Rom. ii. 4.

† Luke xiii. 7.

Whose home is heaven;—not like you thoughtless
world,

Nor like thyself erewhile,—grovelling and chain'd
On dust,—all unprovided for the' approach
Of death, of judgment, of eternity!

—Oh! to be torn, thro' ever-dragging age,
From those thy heart-strings clasp'd; the' em-
bosom'd wife,—

The child that like a second life grew up,
A sunshine to thine eyes,—the parent, friend,
Or brother!—to behold them——never more!
Since *thou* would'st madly slight the day of grace
They patiently improv'd;—soul-harrowing thought!
Change it (while yet thou may'st) for that dear hope
Of sharing immortality in bliss
With all that here deserv'd thy lasting love,
All that made God their friend:——*theirs*: is He
thine?

—Time's clock to-day hath once more struck; it goes
Silently, swiftly,—and for thee must soon
Cease striking:—catch its instant warning! wake;
Rise from thy dreamy slumber; by the glass
Of heaven-born truth, by all the aids of faith,

Of faith and prayer and practice, cleanse and clothe
 A soul (how naked else, and foul!) for heaven.
 —Thus with what deep, what durable reward
 (Above all festal joyance) shalt thou keep,
 In the still sanctuary of thine own breast,
 The monitory birth-day of a year!

Written Jan. 1st, 1816, and inserted in the Christian Observer.



HEAVEN ILLUSTRATED BY EARTH.

“NEW HEAVENS AND A NEW EARTH.” Isaiah lxxv. 17.—lxxvi. 22. 2 Peter
 iii. 13. Rev. xxi. 1.

1, 2.

IF Nature smiles, e'en here below,
 Where sin hath tarnish'd all with woe,
 So heavenly sweet and fair,

NOTE.—Stanzas 1, 2, analogy inferred from the scenery of earth; st. 3, 4, from the glory of the heavens; st. 5, 6, from the beauty of form; st. 7, 8, from the pleasures of intellect; st. 9, 10, from the comforts of affection; st. 11, 12, of faith and hope; st. 13, 14, of religious study; st. 15, 16, of tracing the Divine steps in Providence and Grace; st. 17, 18, of private and social devotion; st. 19, 20, general result; st. 21, 22, contrasted duration of the present and the future universe; st. 23, 24, practical inference.

With warbling birds, and breathing flowers,
 Hills, woods, and waters,—past the powers
 Of mortal to declare ;

Oh think, the scenery of *that* world,
 (Eternity's dim curtain furl'd)

How beauteous, how sublime !
 What gardens *there*, what bowers and vales,
 What living streams, melodious gales,
 To glad the' immortal clime !*

3, 4.

If looks with such a glorious glance
 Yon sun from yonder blue expanse,
 There's rapture in the sight ;
 If night's thick host so solemn gleam,
 And the sweet moon o'er all doth stream
 So exquisite a light ;
 What light, what glory, must be there !
 What heavens, beyond our poor compare,
 O'er-canopy the' abode

* —————. “ what if Earth
 Be like to Heaven, more than on Earth is thought ?”
 “ For Earth hath this variety from Heaven
 Of pleasure situate in hill and dale.”—MILTON.

Where neither day they know, nor night ;
 For there the Lamb is all their light,
 And all their glory, God !*

5, 6.

If here so fair the forms we scan
 Of various life, and most of man ;
 So eloquent the eye ;
 Such grandeur, sprightliness, or grace ;
 Where Death hath seal'd the loveliest face,
 Whose smile e'er wak'd a sigh ;
 How sweet, how glorious to behold,
 Those bodies of celestial mould,
 Without a speck, a taint !
 Their eyes all sanctity and love,
 Their wings all seraph-like,—above
 The reach of thought to paint !

7, 8.

If darkly through a glass to see,
 And know in part, thus infantly, †
 Such interest here convey ;

* Rev. xxi. 23.

† 1 Cor. xiii. 11, 12.

If such a varied charm we find
 In Newton's, or in Milton's mind,
 Grave thought, or fancy gay ;
 Oh, there in soul to ripen ! oh
 To see all face to face, and know
 E'en as ourselves are known ; †
 Spirit with spirit, mind with mind ;
 Uncloy'd, unclouded, unconfi'd ;
 Truth's universe our own !

9, 10.

If here the interchange of hearts
 Such an all-healing balm imparts,
 And love each sorrow cheers ;
 Where many a human fault alloys,
 And partings break, our social joys,
 And smiles are mix'd with tears ;
 Then oh, where no farewells intrude,
 No selfish, no unkindly mood,
 Their harmony to' impair ;
 Where all is loveliness and love ;
 —What pure, what deep content they prove,
 What sweet communion, there !

11, 12.

If, where around our holiest things
 Sin viper-like still creeps and clings,
 And faintness comes, and fear ;
 Yet faith can such a peace afford,
 Hope such a joy, to brighten, Lord,
 Thy distant dwellings here ;
 Then think, where sin hath no controul,
 Where faintness ne'er weighs down the soul,
 Where fear of change is o'er,
 Where faith, where hope, need no employ,
 —In God's own presence, think what joy,
 Full, and for evermore !

13, 14.

If here the toils, the thoughts to note,
 A Luther bore, a Leighton wrote,
 Such calm delight we find ;
 The Church's history to peruse,
 And, chief, on words of Jesus muse,
 On Paul's, or David's mind ;
 There, with those spirits to converse,
 And hear them each with praise rehearse
 Whate'er on earth they prov'd !

To see that Saviour as he is,*
 Yea to be like him,—crown of bliss,—
 Whom here, unseen, we lov'd!†

15, 16.

If in our soul so sweet to trace
 The' impressions of supernal Grace,
 Imperfectly discern'd ;
 With eye so dim, through mist so dense,
 To spell the lines of Providence
 In mystic mazes turn'd ;
 Then oh to witness, all unveil'd,
 How wisdom, truth, and love ne'er fail'd !
 How beauteous, when avow'd,
 In Grace, in Providence, they work'd !
 What beams of glory ever lurk'd
 Behind the darkest cloud !

17, 18.

If blest, in silence and apart,
 Heavenward we pour out all the heart,
 Its every joy or care ;

* 1 John iii. 2.

† 1 Peter i. 8.

If blest, on festiyal diviné,
 The' assembled brotherhood we join
 In vocal praise and prayer ;
 What, with the' innumerable throng*
 Of angels and redeem'd, the song
 Of endless praise to pour !
 And all the miracles we trace
 In Nature, Providence, or Grace,
 Enraptur'd still to' adore !

19, 20.

If, therefore, midst so much alloy,
 There's so much beauty, so much joy,
 In matter or in mind ;
 If midst a world of sin-born woe,
 —These troubled waters here below,—
 Such sweetness oft we find ;
 What joy, what beauty, must be there,
 In soul, in sense,—beyond whate'er
 Beauty or joy we call ;
 Where in his glory shines the King,†
 Where flows of bliss the' unsullied spring,
 —Source, center, end of all !

* Heb. xii. 22, 23

† Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

21, 22.

These heavens, this earth, so fair to-day,
Must with a hideous crash give way ;*

The fatal hour is sign'd :

Must shrivel like a flaming scroll ;†

And, where they fill'd the wondrous whole,

“ Leave not a wreck behind !”

But never, through essential day,

The new creation shall decay :‡

That world of love and truth

Is God-like all ; it cannot die ;

Impregn'd with immortality,

And ever-vernal youth.

23, 24.

Then, mortal, why on infant toys,

On shadowy cares, on meteor joys,

Should all thy soul be spent ?

Why,—blest and chasten'd, woo'd and aw'd,—§

In these His works forget thy God,

Thy home in this thy tent ?

2 Pet. iii. 10 † Isa. xxxiv. 4. Rev. vi. 14. ‡ Isa. lxvi. 22.

§ ——— “ Though woo'd and aw'd,
Blest and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still !”—YOUNG.

No, learn to look with faith serene

At things eternal, tho' unseen,*

Eternal, undefil'd!

Like children, once, we thought, we spake;

But, grown to manhood, we forsake

The trifles of the child.†

* 2 Cor. iv. 18. Heb. xi. 1. 1 Peter i. 4.

† 1 Cor. xiii. 11.

Lyme, Sept. 1819.



PRESENT KNOWLEDGE, CONTRASTED WITH
FUTURE.

A MEDITATIVE HYMN.

“HE KNEW NOT HERE—BUT DIED TO KNOW.”—GAMBOLD.
(Epitaph on himself.)

1.

NE’ER hast thou mark’d a child, how weak

To understand, to think, to speak?

How small the’ horizon of its mind?

Its range of utterance, how confin’d?

NOTE.—Stanza 1—6, Introduction; st. 6—10, sphere of Creation; st. 11—16, of Providence; st. 17—23, of Redemption; st. 24—30, Conclusion.

2.

Things which we, men, important deem,
 What darkness to that child they seem !
 While trifles, how minute, compose
 The tiny universe it knows !

3.

Yet slower far in thought and speech,
 Narrower in understanding's reach,—
 When many a mystery we scan,—
 Than infancy, compar'd with man ;

4.

Are *we*, who know so partially,
 Who by so dim a mirror see,*
 Who walk by faith, and not by sight,†
 Who cloud with flesh the Spirit's light ;

5.

Compar'd with that celestial race
 Who see (how different !) face to face,

* 1 Cor. xiii. 12. "We do not suppose, with our English version, that the allusion is to dioptrics, but catoptrics. We now see God by *reflection* from the objects of nature."—JONES. (Preface to Life of Horne.)

† 2 Cor. v. 7.

And know, as e'en themselves are known,
God and His works,—all truth their own.

6.

O'erwhelm'd with rapturous amaze,
Here on this teeming world we gaze,
We gaze above, beneath, around ;
Wonders at every point abound :

7.

O'er earth unnumber'd they expand,
How curious, beautiful or grand !
Look heavenward ; thicker glories burn,
New worlds, new wonders, we discern.

8.

The more we gaze and search ; the more
We love, exult, admire, adore ;
And cry, so ravishingly aw'd,
“ How manifold Thy works, O God ! ”*

9.

But “ Oh, 'twas not the half was told ! † ”
So shall we cry, when we behold
That universe in fulness start,
Which *little* Newton view'd in part ;

* Ps. civ. 24.

† 1 Kings x. 7.

10.

Worlds beyond worlds,—beyond e'en thought!
 And all with varied being fraught;*
 In varied state, chastis'd or blest;
 Wisdom more manifold to' attest.

11.

If much in Nature's fix'd designs,
 In Providence's changeful lines
 More must remain unknown below,
 Kept for Eternity to show.

12.

Here half those lines we stammering spell,
 Here half their sense by guesses tell;—
 There, into all the wondrous book,
 And all its meaning, shall we look.

13.

And as, when heaven is dusk with clouds,
 The moon her loveliness unshrouds,
 Casts a transparence o'er the night,
 And turns the dimness into light;

* 'What varied being peoples every star.'—ESSAY ON MAN.

14.

There shall we joy to comprehend
 Thro' the dark means the' illustrious end ;
 How God, thro' all, His glory view'd,
 And seeming ill was secret good ;

15.

Why now Religion suffering fail'd,
 Why Satan's kingdom now prevail'd ;
 While all this crime, this war, this woe,
 Parts of one perfect whole shall show.

16.

There, too, each private saint shall see,
 Thro' calm or storm how wondrously
 Tow'rd the wish'd port his bark was steer'd,
 His perilous passage gently clear'd.

17.

But if so much escap'd our sense
 In Nature ; more in Providence ;
 Oh, sure, in Grace there's most to learn,
 Compar'd with aught we now discern.

18.

With mind so dark, and heart so cold,
 Here if such glory we behold

In that interminable plan
Of God in Christ, to rescue man;—

19.

That plan where angels awe-struck search
God's treasur'd wisdom in the Church,*
Gathering from earth and heaven in one
His scatter'd children, by His Son;—†

20.

That plan where Love and Justice meet,
Where all the Godhead shines complete;
Like colouring in the mystic bow,
Varied with rich harmonious glow:—

21.

What depths, what heights are *there* to' explore,
Too deep for search, too high for soar,
Still in succession ever new
Enlarging on the' enlarging view!—

22.

How from the first Grace wrought within
To wake us from the death of sin;
By crosses kind, by trials wise,
Our treacherous hearts to undisguise:

* Eph. iii. 8, 10.

† Eph. i. 10. iii. 15. Col. i. 20.

23.

How thro' this mystery of our life,
 Conflict and comfort, peace and strife,
 Grace rear'd us gradual from our fall :
 —Then shall we see,—then praise it all.—

24.

Much as, e'en now, we seem to know,
 Our amplest knowledge, gain'd below,
 Thus will it vanish all away*
 In Glory's measureless display !

25.

Nor eye hath view'd, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor heart conceiv'd, the scenes deferr'd
 For those who, loving God, shall prove
 The full fruition of His love.†

26.

Then humbly let me walk below,
 Who, at the best, so faintly know !
 Meekly await, with Hope's calm eye,
 The blaze of immortality !

* 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

† 1 Cor. ii. 9.

27.

And reverence Thee, Thou Infinite,
 So far transcending thought or sight !
 Whose glories, gloriously conceal'd,
 Are but in miniature reveal'd !

28.

And oh, above all earthly care,
 Let me with watchfulness and prayer,
 With strong, with undistracted view,
 Let me that heavenly world pursue !

29.

That good, imperishable part,
 From that let nothing steal my heart !
 On let me press from strength to strength,
 Till the bright goal I touch at length !

30.

And if temptations yet remain,
 And toils, and tears,—not sent in vain ;
 Hath not the Spirit's aid suffic'd,
 The love of God, the grace of Christ !*

* 2 Cor. xiii. ult.

Lyme, Sept. 1819.

JESUS CHRIST, THE COMFORTER OF
DISQUIETUDE.

“WHEN THE COMFORTER IS COME, HE SHALL TESTIFY OF ME.”—
John xv. 26.

“TU REQUIES TRANQUILLA PIIS.—BOETHIUS. (De Consolatione.)”

1.

WHEN waken'd Conscience points, within,
The depths and labyrinths of sin ;
—Sin, like a rebel chaos, wrought
In act, neglect, and oh, in thought !
Sin, where suspected least it lies,
Wrapt in Religion's fair disguise ;—
Points it, and, o'er the hideous plan,
Adds in mute thunder, *thou'rt the man !*

2.

When deep, with sympathising Paul,*
I feel the Spirit's carnal thrall ;
Feel the loath'd serpent, which I strive
Inly to crush,—still, still revive,

* See Rom. vii. 14—24.

Poisoning my peace ; feel lust and pride
 Slow to expire, though crucified ;
 While, sold to sin, enchain'd to clay,
 Mine eagle Will would soar away !

3.

When, in its turn, I view with awe
 The flaming contrast of the Law ;—†
 Eternal standard ! in each part
 Perfect, and piercing to the heart !‡
 Demanding all the glow of mind
 In universal love resign'd ;§
 And menacing the dar'd offence
 With death's undying consequence !

4.

When, lost in themes too deep and high,
 I muse on Being's mystery ;
 And aim, with line minute, to sound
 Perfection's fathomless profound ;

NOTE.—Stanza 1, the consciousness of guilt ; st. 2, the power of sin ; st. 3, the law ; st. 4, mysterious dispensations ; st. 5, affliction ; st. 6, contemplation of death ; st. 7, of judgment ; st. 8, of eternity ; st. 9, of GOD ; st. 10—18, JESUS CHRIST, the corresponding, universal Comforter, under these sources of disquietude.

† Rom. vii. 12, 14.

‡ Heb. iv. 12.

§ Rom. xiii. 8—10.

—Why man should fall ; why, reft of light,
Lies the main world in pagan night ;
Why, e'en where Heaven sheds radiance round,
So many lost, so few are found !*

5.

When dark Affliction, o'er my way
Incumbent, clouds the genial day ;—
Whether, in Nature's languid hour,
Her ebbing spirits lose their power,
And leave the breast, they else illume,
In nameless and mysterious gloom ;
Or,—fortune, health, or friendship flown,—
Worn with my pilgrimage I groan :

6.

When, in the night-watch lone and dread,
I lie conversing with the dead ;
While to my fever'd view appears,
In all his awe, the king of fears !
And vain imaginings would pierce
The secrets of the universe ;
What intermediate scenes await
The spirit in unbodied state !

* Matt. xx. 16. reiterated xxii. 14.

7.

When, following on her endless path,
 Pale Fancy paints the day of wrath ;
 Hears, amid wreck'd creation's groan,
 The trumpet ; sees the great white throne ;*
 And oh, the Judge, whose flame-like eyes
 Bid consciousness all naked rise !
 While worlds are cited ; yet each heart
 Shrinks to itself, and mourns apart !†

8.

When I some moments ponder thee,
 Exhaustless name, Eternity !
 Some moments :—who can fix his glance
 Longer on infinite expanse ?—
 Then think ; Eternity shall roll
 While, man, thy co-eternal soul
 Lives or in glory's hallow'd bliss,
 Or dies‡ in guilt's abhorr'd abyss !

9.

When, from whate'er hath thus o'eraw'd,
 Excursive thought comes home to GOD ;

* Rev. xx. 11.

† Zech. xii. 14.

‡ Rev. xx. 14. "This is the second death."

Whose power, what seraph strain can tell?
 —Heaven in His smile, His frown is hell!—
 Whose love, oh, how shall man secure?
 Whose eyes, insufferably pure,
 Brook not the glance of sin! whose ire
 Withers the soul, immortal fire!*

10.

When sinks the labouring mind, o'erfraught
 With dread solemnities of thought;
 Where shall I, dove-like, flee for rest? †
 Where find an ark,—by floods opprest? ‡
 —Midst Nature's silence, hark, a voice
 Bidding the desert soul rejoice!
 Like him, who erst the desert trod,
 And cried, "BEHOLD! THE LAMB OF GOD!" §

11.

HE comes to crush the tyrant, Fear,
 And all thy varied sadness cheer.
 Let faith but grasp Him, in distress;
 He will not leave thee comfortless! ¶

* Hab. i. 13. Heb. xii. ult.

† Ps. lv. 6.

‡ Gen. viii. 9.

§ John i. 29, 36.

¶ John xiv. 16, 18. Our Saviour emphatically announces

HE comes, the' unfailing Friend I want,
 My nature's inmost confidant ;*
 To whom the' unbosom'd man can paint
 Each deep, each delicate complaint !

12.

HE to the billows of the soul
 Says, Peace !—they hear His deep controul.†
 Well, on His cross, the Conqueror cried,
 (Not *that* the groan of one who died!)
 'TIS FINISH'D !‡—Finish'd there the plan,
 That wipes thy tears, thou mourner, Man!
 Finish'd the Peace, for which we pin'd,§
 The One vast want of human kind !

13.

His Spirit, present with our own,
 Shares each unutterable groan.¶

the Spirit as "*another* Comforter;" implying that Himself was the *first*, and that the consolations of the Spirit arise peculiarly from His "testifying of CHRIST, and manifesting HIM to us."

* "My nature's confidant."—GAMBOLD. (Hymns.)

† Matt. viii. 26.

‡ John xix. 30.

§ John xiv. 27. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you:—let not your heart be troubled."

¶ Rom. viii. 16, 26.

We bleed with guilt: His blood like balm,
 The soul-felt agony can calm;
 HE is our sin!*—The searching Law
 O'erwhelms our consciousness with awe:
 His, the whole living Law to' express,
 And be "the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS!"†

14.

Mourn'st thou a world, inwrapt in glooms,
 And maz'd in mysteries?—He illumines
 The' immense obscure none else could pierce,
 Sun of the moral universe!
 Affliction, what, disarm'd of sin,
 Calm'd by the smile of Christ within?
 What the last foe, tho' terror's king?
 —A shadow,‡ guiltless of his sting!

15.

The Judge enthron'd!—oh solemn view!—
 Yet sweet,—that Judge the Saviour too!
 He who each pious act, each sigh,
 Mark'd with fraternal sympathy!

* 2 Cor. v. ult.

† Jer. xxiii. 6. 1 Cor. i. 30.

‡ "The valley of the *shadow* of Death."—Ps. xxiii. 4.

—His presence, through thine unknown vast,
Eternity, with awe o'er cast,
Darts brightness ; and, with glorious bliss,
Fills what were else a dark abyss !

16.

But oh, when to THYSELF I raise
Mute contemplation's blinded gaze,
Great GOD!—then, deepliest then, I feel
Thy Son's omnipotence to heal.
He turns the thunders of Thy face
To beamy looks of boundless grace !
In Him hath all the FATHER smil'd
O'er the redeem'd, adopted child !

17.

And child-like now, as meekly bow'd,
The man, unruly once, and proud ;
And lamb-like, dove-like feelings fill
His bosom, once the nest of ill.
Yet grandeur dwells with love combin'd ;
The Spirit's dower, a conqueror mind !
Freedom, that wrests from Hell its rod,
Birthright of " kings and priests to God !"^{*}

* Rev. i. 6. v. 10.

SAVIOUR, forgive the' imperfect lays
 That mar, yet not profane, Thy praise!
 'Tis worthier hymn'd at Thy right hand:
 —So may I join the' enraptur'd band!—
 Fresh thro' eternity, their strain
 Centers on THEE, as newly slain;
 While, with His own, the' all-bright I AM
 Blends the sweet glories of the LAMB!†

† Rev. v. 6—14.

July, 1823.



LINES IN THE NIGHT.

—
 "WITH MY SOUL HAVE I DESIRED THEE IN THE NIGHT; YEA, WITH MY
 SPIRIT WITHIN ME WILL I SEEK THEE EARLY."—Isai. xxvi. 9.
 —

AS wakeful on my couch I lie,—
 While darkness reigns o'er earth and sky,
 While Nature sleeps, and not a sound
 Disturbs the lonely calm around;—
 Thoughts upon thoughts, a various train,
 Traverse the universe in vain.

Yet oh, the solemn hour redeem !
 Let me to sleep confine my dream ;
 Restor'd to reason, leave behind
 The trifles which profane the mind ;
 And swift, o'er all, to Thee ascend,
 'My God, my Father, and my Friend !'*

In Thee alone my wandering breast
 Can find a refuge and a rest ;
 Thou only, of all being, art
 A portion for my hungering heart :
 I feel it, own it : oh, to me
 That refuge, rest, and portion be !

Fountain supreme of life and light,
 Whose love is boundless as Thy might ;
 Oh, make me with Thy Spirit one ;
 Adopt me in Thy Saviour Son ;
 Give me the power to chuse Thee mine ;
 Claim all my heart, and fix it Thine !

* A line, in Lord Roscommon's version of the " Dies Iræ," which he is said to have uttered, with devotional energy, at the moment in which he expired.—JOHNSON'S LIFE.

Supplant, expel, replace my will ;
 Yea, with Thine own my nature fill ;
 And keep me, midst a host of foes,
 In imperturbable repose !

How vain, how desolate,—from Thee
 Sever'd, or severing,—all must be !
 How sacred, e'en Affliction's rod,
 That comes from, and that leads to, God !
 Union with Thee gives worth to all
 That doctrine, blessing, hope, we call :
 What is Religion, but as one
 With Thee, as radiance with the sun ?
 Then oh, how precious HE, whose cross
 Lifts from interminable loss
 (A mystic ladder) up to Thee,
 And rescues Immortality !
 Who pours that presence on our souls,
 Which nature's wretchedness controuls !

LORD, when I muse,—as thus I lie,
 With none but Thy sweet Spirit nigh,—
 On all that Conscience shows within
 Of actual crime, of secret sin ;

Sin, "against Thee, Thee only," wrought,*
 Unheard, unutter'd, sin of thought :
 Then muse on all 'Thy goodness shed
 Full on the' ungrateful rebel's head ;
 Thy providence too oft abus'd,
 Thy love unfelt, Thy voice refus'd ;——
 With mingling sentiments o'ercome,
 I sink ; with shame, with wonder, dumb !

Yet will I trust ; so clear I trace
 Thine unexhausted power and grace ;
 Trust that, this voyage of trial o'er,
 Safe wilt Thou land me on the shore
 Of *that* bright world——but here I faint :
That bliss, *that* glory, who shall paint ?
 Suffice it,—where no sin can thrall,
 No sorrow ; THOU art ALL IN ALL ! †
 Where Thy redeem'd, a countless crowd,
 Bask in a sunshine without cloud ;
 And still, the more of Thee they learn,
 The more with rapturous love they burn ;
 While all, through endless being, see,
 Serve, and enjoy THEE, ONLY THEE !

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

“HOW DEEP THE SILENCE, YET HOW LOUD THE PRAISE!”—BARBAULD.

'TWAS midnight: frost, with shrewd and silent
force,

Refin'd the air, and show'd the firmament

In exquisite transparency: the stars,

Those populous worlds, shone out with sharpen'd
beams:

—I paus'd upon my slippery path to gaze,

And drink with inward ear their silent song!

And there Orion, in his golden mail, †

Dazzles the eye; while, opposite, the Bear

Erects her giant constellation, still

Watching the seaman's polar genius. ‡ Mars

Contrasts his fiery and malignant glare

With thy sweet sapphire, Venus, and the eye,

Lordly and large, of Jupiter. There, too,

† “*Armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.*”—VIRGIL.

‡ The magnetic needle.

Saturn, in melancholy solitude,
 Distant and dim; while nameless, numberless,
 Twinkle the minor orbs, and seem a shower
 Of light, with spangling drops in act to fall,*
 Tho' fix'd for ever; and the Milky Way
 Girds the whole heaven as with a mighty band,†
 Powder'd with worlds like dust,—a multitude
 O'erwhelming all reflection!

Well, of old,
 —Contemplating, in ecstasy devout,
 This vision of the pregnant universe,
 Which Night unveils, when earth and day retire;—
 Well might the' anointed bard of Israel cry,‡
 'LORD, what is man!'—And what are *they*, who fill
 Those many mansions of our Father's house,§
 (His the whole family in earth and heaven)¶
 Angels or men, spirits erect or fallen,

* "The stars that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
 Seem drops descending in a shower of light."

COWPER, Retirement.

† "Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
 Powder'd with stars."—MILTON.

‡ Ps. viii. 3, 4.

§ John xiv. 2.

¶ Ephes. iii. 15.

Fix'd, or on trial still?—for who can think,
 (Since Newton made creation's problem clear,)
 The whole a splendid pageant, void and vain;
 Nor seize that sage and spiritual creed,*
 Which peoples all with life, and consciousness,
 And glory to our God!—But who can tell?
 —Not Newton!—Yet be patient; thou shalt know:
 Walk humbly with a Saviour God, as He
 (Seen in His works though dimly; in His word,
 His word of love and truth, more brightly shown)
 Hath taught thee, oh, how graciously!—and soon,
 Eternity's dread curtain drawn by Death,
 Soon shalt thou enter that bright world, where all
 Is clear; not darkly, nor in part discern'd;
 Where thou shalt read at ease the wondrous book
 Which Newton, child-like, difficultly scann'd.†

* It is superfluous to remind the reader of Chalmers's "Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the Modern Astronomy;" where the "creed" referred to is eloquently advocated.

† 1 Cor. xiii. 11, 12.

January, 1820.

DEVOTIONAL APOSTROPHE.

“MAY I EXPRESS THEE, UNBLAM'D?”—MILTON.

INFINITE Power! alike in every part
 Of Thine illimitable universe
 Present and felt,—above, beneath, around!
 In every part unseen, for creature sense
 Too pure, too glorious;—since e'en Seraphim,
 Those burning hierarchs that surround Thy throne
 With pauseless adoration, dare not gaze;
 But stand (as tranc'd Isaiah saw them erst)*
 Shadowing with all their wings, eyes, feet, and hands
 —Oh, may the meanest of Thy creatures, then,
 (Yet not the meanest, as by Thine own touch
 Thus fearfully, thus wonderfully wrought,†
 Yea gifted with immortal mind) to Thee
 Uplift his voice, and Thou vouchsafe to hear!
 Oh yes, I may, I will: since Thou to man
 The fulness of Thy Godhead hast unveil'd
 Incarnate;‡ so to save us from our fall;
 Promis'd Thy strengthening Spirit to our prayers;
 Yea upon all Thy works, and this the prime,
 Inscrib'd, as with a sunbeam, GOD IS LOVE!

THE SABBATH.

“VULTUS UBI TUUS
AFFULSIT POPULO; GRATIOR IT DIES,
ET SOLES MELIUS NITENT.”—HORACE.

RETURN, thou wish'd and welcome guest,
Thou day of holiness and rest!
The best, the dearest, of the seven,
Emblem and harbinger of heaven!
Tho' not the Bridegroom,—at his voice,
Friend of the Bridegroom, still rejoice!*

Day doubly sanctified and bless'd!
Thee the Creator crown'd with rest
From all His works :† from all His woes
On thee the Saviour found repose.‡
Thou dost with mystic voice rehearse
The birth-day of an universe.
Prophet, historian, both, in scope,
Thou speak'st to mem'ry and to hope.

Amidst this earthliness of life,
Vexation, vanity, and strife,

* John iii. 29.

† Gen. ii. 3.

‡ John xx. 19, 26.

Sabbath, how sweet thy holy calm
 Comes o'er the soul, like healing balm ;
 Comes like the dew to fainting flowers,
 Renewing her enfeebled powers.
 Thine hours, how soothingly they glide,
 Thy morn, thy noon, thine eventide !
 The soldier's armour clear from rust,
 Or wipe the way-worn pilgrim's dust !
 All meet as brethren, mix as friends ;
 Nature her general groan suspends ; †
 No cares, no sin-born labours tire ;
 E'en the poor brutes thou bidst respire :
 'Tis almost as, restor'd awhile,
 Earth had resum'd her Eden smile.

I love thy call of early bells,
 As on my waking ear it swells ;
 I love to see thy pious train,
 Seeking in groups the solemn fane ;
 But most I love to mingle there
 In sympathy of praise and pray'r.

And listen to that living word
 Which breathes the Spirit of the Lord ;
 Or, at the mystic table plac'd,
 Those eloquent mementos taste
 Of Thee, Thou suff'ring Lamb Divine,
 Thy soul-refreshing bread and wine ;
 Sweet viands, kindly giv'n to swage
 The faintness of the pilgrimage !

Sever'd from Salem, while unstrung
 His harp on pagan willows hung,*
 What wonder if the Psalmist pin'd,
 As for her brooks the hunted hind ! †
 The Temple's humblest place would win
 Gladlier than all the pomp of sin ! ‡
 Envied the' unconscious birds that sung,
 Around those altars, o'er their young !
 And deem'd one heav'nly Sabbath worth
 More than a thousand days of earth !
 Well might his harp and heart rejoice
 To hear, once more, that festal voice ;

* Ps. cxxxvii. 1.

† Ps. xlii. 1.

‡ Ps. lxxxiv. 2, 10.

“Come, brethren, come! with glad accord,
 “Haste to the dwelling of the Lord!”*

But if, on earth, so calm, so blest,
 The house of prayer, the day of rest;
 If to the spirit, when it faints,
 So sweet the' assembly of the saints;—
 Here let us pitch our tent (we say)
 For, Lord, with Thee 'tis good to stay;§
 Yet from the mount we soon descend,
 Too soon these earthly Sabbaths end,
 Cares of a work-day world return,
 And faint our hearts, and fitful, burn:—
 Oh think, my soul! beyond compare,
 Think what a Sabbath must be there,‡
 Where all is holy bliss, that knows
 Nor imperfection, nor a close;
 Where that innumerable throng,
 Of saints and angels, mingle song;
 Where, wrought with hands, no temples rise
 For God himself their place supplies;

* Ps. cxxxii. 1.

§ Matt. xvii. 4.

‡ Heb. iv. 9.

Nor priests are needed in the' abode
 Where the whole host are priests to God :§
 Think what a Sabbath *there* shall be,
 The Sabbath of Eternity!

§ Rev. xxi. 22.—v. 10.

May, 1820. Inserted in "Remarks on the Fourth Commandment," a tract by the Author.



THE NATIVITY.

"JAM NOVA PROGENIES CÆLO DEMITTITUR ALTO."—VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

AS stars of night, when morn is near,
 The shadowy prophets disappear;
 And lo, with healing in his wings,
 The Sun of Righteousness up-springs!
 One star of morn, yet lingering, one,
 Rises the herald of that Sun;
 One voice that soon shall sound abroad,
 ' Behold, behold! the Lamb of God!'

Hark, from that cloud of angels bright,
 What heavenly music charms the night
 With—oh what words! a Saviour's birth,—
 Glory to God,—peace, peace on earth!

Well may the shepherds catch the sound,
 Well spread the rapture swift around;
 'Tis "that great Shepherd of the sheep"*
 Come, with His blood His own to keep!

And Simeon hears with kindling heart;
 'Lord, 'tis enough; let now depart
 Thy servant, since his aged eyes
 Have seen the Light of nations rise!

And lo, the star-led Magi haste
 To Salem, o'er the eastern waste:
 —The wondrous infant is not here;
 Yet is high-fated Bethlehem near:

The heavenly manger they explore;
 Display their treasures; and adore,
 With frankincense, with gold, and myrrh,
 The God, the King, the Passover.

* Heb. xiii. 20.

Ah, shall I view, nor with them kneel?

A Christian, short of pagan zeal!

—I'll ope the casket of my heart;

The gold of bounty thence impart;

The myrrh of penitential tears;

The frankincense of praise and prayers:*

—My God, my Saviour, and my King,

Accept—thine own—the gifts I bring!

* Justin, Tertullian, Irenæus, and Origen concur in this explanation, which, even if considered as fanciful, proves in what light these primitive Christians regarded the person of our Lord. (See Whitby's note, Matt. ii.) Myrrh was used among the 'bitter herbs' commanded to be eaten with the paschal lamb; and they gave our suffering Saviour wine mingled with myrrh; Nicodemus embalmed his body with myrrh. —With regard to gold and frankincense, they are specified by Isaiah (lx. 6.) in a passage which, together with Ps. lxxii 10. rabbi Kimchi applies to king Messiah.

December, 1813.

THE EUCHARIST.

“THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME!”—JESUS CHRIST.

TALK not of bread! the soul, entranc'd, but eyes
 That heavenly form, so buffeted and bruis'd:
 Talk not of wine! the soul, entranc'd, describes
 That brow, that side, with healing blood suffus'd:
 Nor tell me of a consecrated board!
 Hence with the wings of wafting faith I rove;
 On Golgotha, before the' expiring Lord,
 I bend in grief, astonishment, and love.

Sweet is the liquid grape to him that glows
 With gasping thirst, or bread to starv'd distress;
 But sweeter far a Saviour's death to those
 Who thirst and hunger after righteousness.†

Oh, as the branch is nourish'd by the vine,
 (Thou, Saviour, art the vine, the branches we)‡
 Still may our spirits in this mystic wine
 Drink life, health, beauty, joy, fertility!

† Matt. v. 6. John vi. 35.

‡ John xv. 5.

EXPOSTULATION WITH PRIDE.

“BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT.”—JESUS CHRIST.

“LEARN OF ME, FOR I AM MEEK AND LOWLY IN HEART.”—THE SAME.

1.

WHAT *hast* thou, thou dost not receive,
 Or on thyself bestow'st ?
 Then wherefore, as 'twere thine to give,
 Oh, wherefore dost thou boast !*

2.

A creature, momentarily supplied
 With mind's, with body's food :
 And quitt'st thou not thy harden'd pride
 For prostrate gratitude ?

3.

A sinner :—one vain-glorious thought,
 A sinner, dar'st thou nurse ?
 Thou who, with guiltiness o'erfraught,
 Deserv'st the Almighty's curse !

* 1 Cor. iv. 7.

4.

A Christian :—yes, of Jesus think,
 And, if thou canst, be proud !
 Him who, to save thee from hell-brink,
 To thine His nature bow'd :

5.

His nature, glorious, yea Divine,
 O'er all above, beneath ;
 To thine in humblest form, to thine
 In shame, toil, suffering, death !†

6.

Think, destin'd to what end wert thou,
 Had pride supplanted grace
 In Him !—and think, unhumbl'd, how
 Canst thou behold His face !

7.

Ponder that motive ; and abjure
 All self-inflated leaven ;
 And watch and pray, till thou art poor
 In spirit, meet for heaven !

† Philip. ii. 6—8.

8.

For God resists, abhors the proud,
 But gives the lowly grace,*
 And makes the bosom inly bow'd,
 Like heaven, His dwelling-place.†

9.

A spirit, touch'd with godly smart,
 Is God's best sacrifice ;
 A broken and a contrite heart
 Thou, Lord, wilt ne'er despise.‡

10.

Then make me as the weaned child,¶
 From pride, from passion free,
 Dependent, diffidently mild,
 Cloth'd with humility !§

11.

Ambitious, not the foremost place
 To win, but to decline ;
 Esteeming in true lowliness,
 All merit ^h more than mine ;||

* 1 Peter v. 5.

† Isaiah lvii. 15.

‡ Ps. li. 17.

¶ Ps. cxxxi. 3. and Matt. xviii. 4.

§ 1 Peter v. 5

|| Philip. ii. 3.

12.

Esteeming far too good for *me*
 Whate'er Thy grace hath sent ;
 Hence humble in a high degree,
 Or in a low content. §

13.

Let me regard with meekness all,
 (Whom should I dare with pride ?)
 Like *me* the children of one fall,
 For whom one Saviour died :

14.

Thus let me yield my heart to **Him**,
 Till self be quite forgot,
 Or but remember'd as the theme
 Of meek and thankful thought.

§ Phil. iv. 11.

January, 1816.

CONSECRATION OF THE HEART TO GOD.

“IF ANY MAN BE IN CHRIST, HE IS A NEW CREATURE.”—2 COR. V. 17.

NO more the things of earth and sin
 Infatuate I pursue :
 Art, knowledge, glory,—oh how vain,
 Yet once how priz'd!—adieu.

The knowledge of my Saviour, now,
 The art of heavenly love,
 The glory of the cross below,
 Of the redeem'd above ;

This, oh my God, is all my want,
 My wish, my prayer, my bliss :
 Grant me of this but more and more,
 And aught deny but this !

Only may Thy sweet Spirit still,
 While here I walk by faith,
 To this poor heart apply the power
 Of Christ, His life, His death !

Only thro' Him, my all in all,
 That heart, else grovelling, raise,
 To see Thy glory, feel Thy love,
 And live Thine endless praise!

October, 1816.



THE NECESSITY AND SUFFICIENCY OF
 DIVINE GRACE.

“WHEN I AM WEAK, THEN AM I STRONG.”—ST. PAUL.

1.

NOT Saviour, in Thy gracious mind,
 'Tis in ourselves we stand confin'd:
 Look'd we but steadfastly to Thee,
 Oh *then* we should indeed be free!*

2.

How long we labour on in vain,
 The peace of holiness to' attain;
 Ere, arm'd with faith, we find at length
 Our sole sufficiency, 'Thy strength!†

* John viii. 36.

† John xv. 5. Philip. iv. 13. 2 Tim. ii. 1.

3.

At times we deem our struggles o'er,
 Then feel them fiercer than before :
 —'Twas but the damming of a rill,
 To let it burst more wildly still.

4.

Oh, who can paint the natural heart,
 Its pride, idolatry, and art? *
 Or what can meet its desperate case,
 What, but the' infinitude of grace?

5.

Ask, and receive, and joy! †—the saint,
 Still let him pray, shall never faint; ‡
 But—faith, and hope, and love to raise—
 His prayer shall brighten into praise.

* Jer. xvii. 9.

† John xvi. 24.

‡ Luke xviii. 1.

ON READING THE BIBLE.

“QUI LEGIS HUNC LIBRUM, QUID NISI CUNCTA LEGIS?”

BLESSED Bible! what a treasure
 Does this heavenly mine afford!
 Wisdom, holiness, and pleasure!
 —’Tis, indeed, the Spirit’s sword!—
 Daily I’ll redeem my leisure
 In the converse of Thy word;
 Daily here, in ampler measure,
 Seek and find Thy blessing, **LORD!**

1820.

THE BROOK AND THE FOUNTAIN.

A COMPARISON.

1.

LO, yon torrent proudly dashing!
 —Canst thou think, its foamy flashing
 Comes and passes with the storm?
 —Yes; return the sunshine warm;

Ah, deceitful all, and dry,
 'Twill but mock thine asking eye :
 Vainly, pilgrim, search around,
 Where no more its place is found !

2.

Seize the lesson. Earthly treasure,
 Creature glory, carnal pleasure,
 All the hopes that worldlings cherish,—
 So they flash, and so they perish !
 Like that wasted brook, they leave us ;
 In the hour of need, deceive us :
 Oh, how light they prove, how lying,
 To the desolate,—the dying !

3.

But the pilgrim, tir'd and thirsting,
 If he spy a fountain bursting,
 Bursting full and fresh and free ;—
 Who can tell how joyous he ?
 For the treacherous rills are dry,
 And all nature seems to die :
 —Drink, poor pilgrim, drink thy fill !
 'Tis a spring ; no rain-born rill.

4.

Such a never-failing fountain
Flows from Sion's heavenly mountain,
For the soul that thirsting faints :
—There, from age to age, the saints,
While around them all things wither,
Quaff immortal life : and thither,
Oh, when flesh and spirit sink,
Saviour, let me come to drink !

If so sweet its earthly course,
Sweeter the supernal Source.

* See Job vi. 15—20. Jer. ii. 13. John iv. 10.—vii. 37.
Rev. xxi. 6. xxii. 17.

July, 1820.

THE EAGLE AND THE HEN.

A COMPARISON.

 Deut. xxxii. 11. combined with Matt. xxiv. 37.*

1.

AS the eagle o'er her brood
 Flutters wide her shadowing wings,
 Stirs their spirit, finds their food,
 Takes them, bears them, as she springs :
 Thus, of old, the LORD of hosts,
 Cloth'd with majesty and dread,
 Midst their foes, through desert coasts,
 Israel's sons to triumph led.

2.

As the hen, with gentlest care,
 Under her maternal breast
 Hides her young,—how happy there !
 Safe from harm, and hush'd to rest :

*NOTE. The Deity of Jesus Christ appears in the latter passage, in which He appropriates the *same* character of parental care over Israel, which Jehovah had appropriated in the former. The Jesus Christ of the New Testament is one with the Jehovah of the Old.

Thus our Saviour, full of grace,
 On the faint and frail bestows,
 —When they seek His love's embrace,—
 Sure defence and sweet repose.

3.

Fain Thy nursling here below,
 Lord, beneath Thy parent wing,†
 Still from strength to strength would grow,
 Gradual taught to mount and sing:
 Till this low, this darkling nest
 Call'd to leave, he soar away,
 Ripe in spirit, voice, and vest,
 Soar and sing in boundless day!

† Compare Ps. xci. 4. ciii. 5. Isai. xl. ult.

August, 1820.



GIDEON'S FLEECE.

AN EMBLEM.

—
 Judges vi 37, &c.
 —

HE spread the fleece beneath the midnight sky;
 'Twas drunk with dew, though all around was dry:

Again he spread it, wondering at the view;
 'Twas dry, though all around was moist with dew.
 So, while neglected nations pin'd around,
 Israel alone with showers of grace was crown'd;
 So Israel pines neglected, while descend
 Those gracious showers, the nations to befriend.



THE ANCHOR OF HOPE.

AN ASPIRATION.



Heb. vi. 19, 20.



THAT hope be mine! that anchor of the soul,
 Steadfast and sure, howe'er life's billows roll;
 Which, grappling fast its unseen ground, doth lie
 Deep in the ocean of Eternity;
 And binds us to that blest and boundless shore,
 Where the great Captain, landed safe before,
 Now waits to welcome home each wave-worn bark:
 —Oh, be that hope my anchor, heaven my mark!

A FAREWELL SENTIMENT.

“WHAT ARE MEETINGS, HERE, BUT PARTINGS?”

1.

WHAT are meetings, here, but partings?
 What are ecstasies, but smartings?
 Unions what, but separations?
 What attachments, but vexations?
 Every smile but brings its tear,
 Love its ache, and hope its fear;
 All that's sweet, must bitter prove;
 All that most we clasp,—remove!

2.

Foes may harm us; but the dearest
 Ever, here, are the severest:
 Sorrows wound us; but we borrow
 From delight the keenest sorrow:
 'Tis to love our farewells owe
 All their emphasis of woe:
 Most it charms, that most annoys:
 Joys are griefs, and griefs are joys!

3.

Who his treasur'd heart would center
 Where, disguis'd, his foes must enter?
 Who to brief and treacherous pleasure
 Infinite desires would measure?
 Still the' imbitter'd dream of bliss
 Pining woo,—the substance miss?
 Is the richest fruit we gain,
 Pleasure, ripening into pain?

4.

Heavenward rise! 'tis Heaven in kindness
 Mars thy bliss, to heal thy blindness;
 Hope from vanity to sever;
 Offering joys that bloom for ever,
 In that amaranthine clime,
 Far above the tears of time,
 Where nor fear, nor hope, intrude,
 Lost in pure beatitude!

April, 1821.

LINES AT PARTING.

YES, dearest friends, a short farewell,
Till soon at home we meet !
Oft shall remembrance fondly dwell
On days and scenes that own'd the spell
Of your communion sweet :
So sweet, at times it seem'd a faint,
A transitory taste
Of converse treasur'd for the saint
In the bright world—which who shall paint ?
The heaven, to which we haste !
For oh, of *less* than heavenly mould
Our friendship ne'er shall be :
Not, like the world's, by death controll'd,
But fervent, pure ; and we, enroll'd
Friends for eternity !
Safe in that union, to be woo'd
All others far beyond !
Our hearts with holy love imbued,
Yea the whole inner man renew'd :
Unutterable bond !

So, when on earth we cease to dwell
 In pilgrim converse sweet ;
 We'll need no other parting-knell
 Than——‘ dearest friends, a short farewell,
 Till soon at *home* we meet !’

Ilfracombe, Aug. 1822.



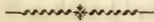
ON LEAVING AN ENDEARED SEA-SIDE SCENE.

FAREWELL, thou much-lov'd bay, farewell!
 —Long in this breast thy scene shall dwell,
 With the sweet images entwin'd
 Of friends, how excellent and kind !
 With whom so oft I here convers'd,
 While the white breakers round us burst.
 Here on a rock we still reclin'd
 In placid interchange of mind ;
 And each to each would here disclose
 Their tenderest joys, their inmost woes.

Oh may *that* scene an emblem be !
 —Amidst yon world's tumultuous sea,

E'en when its fiercest billows shock,
 So may we rest on Christ the Rock!
 So may we ever find repose
 In the sweet bay His church bestows!
 And still, uninjur'd and serene,
 Hold converse with a Friend unseen;
 To Him our griefs, our joys, impart;
 And grow with Jesus one in heart!

Ilfracombe, Aug. 1822.



ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

SHE's gone!—the smile of nature, form'd by grace,
 Sat beautiful upon her blooming face;
 But when so beautiful as that which stole
 O'er her pale cheek, while heaven received the soul?
 She's gone!—how placidly thro' life she mov'd
 Heavenward! how loving, lovely, and belov'd!
 Yet what hath life, compar'd with such a death?
 The dark vale sun-guilt to the eye of faith!
 She lay imparadis'd; her chamber's gloom
 A ministering spirit seem'd to' illumine;

A holy calm breath'd o'er the listening band ;
 Earth was shut out, and heaven was *felt* at hand.

So let us live, for so we fain would die!—
 All will be over soon ; on each dim eye
 Earth will roll backward, dream-like ; and behold,
 Eternity, Eternity, unfold !

Oh, what will then sustain us, but the thought
 That here, like her, the better part we sought !
 And liv'd, as purchas'd with a Saviour's blood,
 As hallow'd by the Spirit of our God !

May, 1817.



REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

“ FELICES TER ET AMPLIUS,
 QUOS IRRUPTA TENET COPULA ! ”—HORACE.

1.

JOY demands a social range ;
 'Tis an import, an exchange ;

Joy abhors monopolists ;*
Solitary ne'er exists.

2.

What are all the charms of earth,
All its pride, its treasure, worth,
With no partner at your side,
Thoughts and feelings to divide ?

3.

In the lonely bosom pent,
Joy expires, as wanting vent ;
Soon corrupts, without relief,
Into *undivided* grief.

4.

Partners halve partaken trouble,
Make partaken pleasure double :
Parted floods more calmly flow,
Parted flames more brightly glow.

5.

Yes, believe,—whate'er we find
Soothing or to sense or mind,—

* " Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;
Joy flees monopolists."—YOUNG, Night 2.

Love, at last, must prove the prize
Which all others far outvies.

6.

Therefore God, with gracious plan,
Saw, and said, and show'd that man
Ne'er was made to live alone :
—Therefore Marriage first was known :

7.

Mystic symbol of that bond,
All terrestrial ties beyond,
Which redeeming mercy 'twixt
Jesus and His church hath fix'd ;†

8.

'Twixt the Spirit, hallowing each,
And the heart He deigns to teach :
—In the bridegroom and the bride
See Religion typified !

9.

He, in whom perfection dwells,
Whose beatitude excels
Thought or utterance ; He is Love,‡
All His characters above !

† Isaiah lxii. 4. 5. Eph. v. 25—32.

‡ 1 John iv. 8, 16.

10.

Ah, without *His* deep communion,
 What is nature's tenderest union?
 'Tis no portion for the soul,
 Joy to fix, or grief control.

11.

In *His* central friendship lie
 Germes of every other tie ;
 All the sympathies of nature
 Bind the heart to its Creator.

12.

Where *His* Spirit loves to dwell,
 Heaven hath fill'd the martyr's cell :
 Heaven is shadow'd in His word,
 As the bridal of the Lord !§

13.

—Call not these, enthusiast dreams :
 Duly scann'd, creation teems
 With resemblances of things,
 Natural, to their heavenly springs :

14.

When Religion clears our sight
 With her spiritual light,
 All this universe we view
 Emblematic of the new.

15.

In the nuptial law we find
 Love, the loveliest in its kind ;
 Twain in one united whole,
 One in body, one in soul.

16.

Well the bard, who sings of man
 Pure and blest as he began,
 Pauses midst his glorious tale,
 “ Wedded love,” to bid thee “ hail !”*

17.

Adam, till complete with Eve,
 E'en in Paradise must grieve :
 Sure, then, Marriage comes to bless
 Outcasts in the wilderness.

* “ Hail, wedded love !” &c.—PAR. LOST, b. iv. 750.

18.

Like the Spirit whence it rose,
 From this nether fountain flows
 Virtuous and delicious feeling,
 Checking sin, and sorrow healing.

19.

True, amidst a world like this,
 Oft its end will Marriage miss :
 True, as well or ill we sow,
 Only will the harvest grow.

20.

Where no heavenly love is found,
 There can human long abound ?
 Iron, there, the silken chain ;
 'Tis mere doubleness of pain !

21

—But *your* heaven-directed choice,
 Pious pair, exclaims, ‘ Rejoice !’
 Yours the cup that seems to fall
 Rich in honey, pure from gall.

22.

Leaving vanity and smart,
 Ye pursue the better part ;

In the love of joys above
Ye exalt the joys of love.

23.

So shall holier love secure
Human ties more sweet and pure ;
So these human ties shall prove
Means to aid that holier love.

24.

So, your trial done, from this
School and type of perfect bliss,
Ye, rejoicing in the skies,
To the Marriage-feast shall rise !

Weymouth, Sept. 1820.



INSCRIPTION IN A BATHING-MACHINE.

AH, hast thou come from far, to' immerse
A frame of dust in ocean's wave ?
Nor yet from sin's deep guilt and curse
Car'st an undying soul to save ?

—Seek, while thou may'st, a Saviour's blood,
 That sea, to cleanse the conscience given ;
 And ask the Spirit of our God
 To change thy heart, and form for heaven !

Lyme, Aug. 1819.



WRITTEN ON A PROSPECT-SEAT.



YE glorious scenes ! if such your glory be,
 If such the wondering rapture ye inspire ;
 Oh think of Heaven ! oh think, that **G**OD to see,
 Whom, in His lowest works, we thus admire !

Lyme, Aug. 1819.



AD PATREM SENESCENTEM, IN NATALEM SUUM.



I.

YES, thou hast reach'd another year
 Of nature's mild decay :

And yet I felt a filial fear,
 When last I hail'd the day,
 Thy beckon'd spirit might, ere this,
 Have reach'd its destiny of bliss ;
 —Strange love, to envy thee thy heaven,
 And keep thee in our vale of tears !—
 But selfish nature interferes ;
 And 'tis to be forgiven.

2.

And thus the' unutterable debt
 Against me is increas'd,
 Of favours, (may I ne'er forget,
 Unworthy of the least !)
 By this, distinguish'd o'er the rest,
 A sire, the kindest and the best
 Of all that bear that honour'd name ;
 To bless me on my pilgrimage,
 Spar'd, in his venerable age,
 To nature's utmost claim.

3.

A boon,—oh who shall weigh its worth ?
 —While most around are left

To all bad influences of earth ;
 Of parent guidance reft ;
 Ah there, the *sheep* themselves astray,
 How should the *lambs* explore their way ?
 —Father, thy son was blest with thee ;
 And who can tell, but may, on this,
 Hang an eternity of bliss,
 For one of misery ?

4.

But oh Thou glorious Providence !
 My tongue but mars Thy praise.
 While the whole universe immense
 Thy broad bright eye surveys ;
 Still hast Thou watch'd o'er *me* for good,
 As if the world were solitude,
 And *I* absorb'd Thy sweet controul.
 Still lead me, oh my father's God,
 Lead in the steps that father trod !
 And meet we, for Thy praise, at one eternal goal !

April 2, 1821.

AD MATREM, IN EUNDEM DIEM.

1.

DID Cowper,*—inspir'd by *her* pictur'd resemblance

Whom he lost ere affliction quench'd infantine
mirth,—

Pour that exquisite strain of heart-breathing re-
membrance

And treasur'd affection, which blazons her worth?
—Oh why did heaven snatch, sweetest mourner,
a mother

So form'd to have sooth'd thy pathetic career?
'Twas in pity to *her*; while, in "Mary," another
Was summon'd thy desolate sojourn to cheer.

2.

Shall *I*, blest with *mine*, from the dawning of reason,
From days ere e'en Cowper held converse with
gloom,

Till now that I pass nature's midsummer season,
And the mind and the man in maturity bloom;—
Shall *I* remain mute to the kindness maternal
Heaven spares me thus graciously year after year,

* See his Lines on the receipt of his Mother's picture.

Like a sunshine still smiling, a verdure still vernal,
 Whatever less sweet in the desert appear!

3.

In haste let me waken my harp where it slumbers;
 The strings of that harp are the chords of my heart:
 No Muses need wait on the natural numbers:

'Tis feeling inspires them, all guiltless of art.

Heaven bless thee, dear parent,—Heaven blesses
 already,—

With the fathomless treasures of faith, hope,
 and love!

Still o'er thee the gales of the Spirit blow steady,
 And bear thee, triumphant, to blessings above!

4.

Thy childhood was hallow'd: invisibly nearer

Thou hast drawn to celestial beatitude's goal:

May the light of thy Saviour still shine on thee clearer,

Till the last consummation transfigure thee whole!

—'Tis my prayer; 'tis enough: shall I add yet
 another?

(With a heart overflowing, few words have suffic'd)

May thy partner so dear, and thy children, O mother,
 Reunited to thee, dwell for ever with Christ!

August 9th, 1823.

DESCRIPTIVE LINES, WRITTEN AFTER A WALK
TO KINGSWESTON.*

“O FORTUNATOS NIMIUM, SUA SI BONA NORINT!”—VIRG.

“ILLE TERRARUM MIHI, PRÆTER OMNES,
ANGULUS RIDET.”—HOR.

OH scenes, that like a heavenly vision glow!
Glimmerings of Eden lingering yet below!
Go, painter, fix the landscape: yet 'tis vain:
How can thy tints that living glow retain?
—There Severn, in his glory, meets the sea,
Like time commingling with eternity:
While here, like human life absorb'd by time,
Rolls Avon's tribute to his lord sublime:
There many a sail, to favouring airs unfurl'd,
Wafts Bristol's commerce to the various world;
Dappling the waves with beauty, that imparts
Sweet thought of *human* interest to our hearts.

* NOTE. This poem, though different in its character from the rest, is inserted on account of its local propriety and descriptive interest.

Thy hills, fair Cambria, crowning yonder
shore,

The memory of thy loveliness restore :
And there the glistening eye would fain explore,
With fancy's telescope, that magic scene
Where, bosom'd under Windcliff's ample screen,
Tintern, in ruinous perfection shy,
Mirrors her ivied beauty on the Wye ;
Fit shrine for bard or painter !* Nor forget
That bordering haunt, whose rapture meets regret,
Piercefield, where once Eliza, wonderous maid, †
But ah, immortaliz'd too early, stray'd !

How far, how fleet, the vision ! There o'er all,
Pen-vale's blue summit peeps pyramidal ; ‡

* The Cistertians, who composed the Tintern society, delighted in silence, and selected the most sequestered and beautiful scenes. Their abbeys, always dedicated to St. Mary, are generally eminent in beauty ; as, besides Tintern, those of Melrose, Netley, and Furness, four of the most lovely ruins in our land ; but none, either in itself or in its scene, so picturesquely perfect as Tintern.

† Elizabeth Smith: see her affecting Memoirs.

‡ The Sugar-loaf mountain near Abergavenny, one thousand eight hundred and fifty feet in height, distant about thirty miles.

Here the great river's line majestic sweeps
 From Berkeley's murderous walls,§ to Clevedon's
 wave-worn steeps.

And see how lovely, on our nearer glance,
 Smiles the diversified and rich expanse,
 Where villages and villas, towers and farms,
 Hill, vale, rock, woodland, water,—blend their
 charms!

There, in its pride, yon noble mansion stands,
 And, midst its elmy paradise, commands
 The glorious panorama. Here, oppos'd,
 With tufted crags and winding dells inclos'd,
 Lord of the vale, Blaise Castle* towers, and tells
 Of virtuous opulence which neighboring dwells;

§ Edward II. butchered in Berkeley Castle, A. D. 1327.

“The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roofs that ring;
 Shrieks of an agonizing king!”—GRAY'S “BARD.”

* Built on the site of a chapel (marked in the older maps) dedicated to St. Blase, bishop of Sebasta, in Cappadocia, who suffered martyrdom under Dioclesian, in the opening of the fourth century. His patronage of wool-combers is probably derived from the *ferrei pectines* which were the instruments of his torture. His name appears in the calendar on Feb. 3.

Tells of those cluster'd cottages beneath,
 Where gales as of a new-born Eden breathe;
 Where rose and woodbine, that each door in-
 wreathe,
 Greet not alone the senses, but impart
 A finer fragrance to the feeling heart;
 Where faithful age, requited, rests serene,
 Till call'd to yonder yet more beauteous scene,
 Yon fairy churchyard, mantled o'er with green.

Mark, too, the sprinkled villages, how fair!
 Here graceful Henbury; snug Shirehampton there;
 Here Westbury, the tir'd merchant's glad retreat;
 There, on her hill-top, Leigh, more simply sweet;
 Whence, with the breeze, that mellow sound of bells,
 Belov'd by musing Cowper, sinks and swells: ||
 There the great sons of painting, souls divine,
 Hallowing yon Grecian temple as their shrine,
 —Da Vinci, Raphael, Claude,—assembled shine:

|| See those exquisite lines at the opening of the sixth book of the Task:

‘How soft the music of those village bells!’ &c.

While, far beyond, along the' horizon blue,
 Thy tower, bleak Dundry, points the southward view ;
 And, deep below, 'twixt his romantic steeps,
 Sun-silver'd Avon, broadening seaward, sweeps :
 He (since faint objects oft illustrate fine)
 Reminds me of the mightier banks of Rhine ;
 As yon brown Severn, of thy crystal lake,
 Leman!—forgive me for remembrance' sake!†

How can I here forget that wond'rous vale,
 Nam'd of its vernal guest, the nightingale?‡
 That vale, so near the city's ceaseless crowd
 Of human cares and passions, vain and loud ;
 So soothingly contrasted ; still, and rude,
 And greenly grey ; a poet's solitude !
 Where, with some fair enthusiast, oft I've stray'd ;
 Oft, with the Muse, sat pensive in the shade ;

† This imaginary resemblance may perhaps be understood by those who have visited the Rhine scenery and Lake Leman ; “ si magna licet componere parvis.” In a subsequent note, a still more flattering comparison is quoted from a Grecian traveller. Such distant associations enhance the interest of our own accustomed scenes.

‡ Nightingale Valley, in Leigh woods.

Oft, as I faintly caught man's busy hum,
Ponder'd his earthly state, and pierc'd the world to
come.

—Who can that glen at sunset trace, and pine
For Vallombrosa's bowers, or Tuscan Apennine?*

But oh, in moral loveliness and bliss,
What scene, from foreign clime, shall rival this ?
This spiritual Tempe ! †—seems it less?—
This fairest portion of the wilderness !
—And thou, whose site at distance I descry,
Where, on the blue, thy vapourous canopy
Shadowing appears; thou blest of heaven and earth,
Where nature, art, religion, shower their worth ;
Oh fam'd and favour'd city ! queen-like crown'd
With those thy beauteous daughters, rang'd around ;
And Clifton, chief, thy first and favourite child,
That round her rambling poet long hath smil'd :

* “ In Vallombrosa, where the' Etrurian shades
High overarch'd imbower.”—MILTON.

† “ To those who have visited St. Vincent's rocks, below
Bristol, I cannot convey a more sufficient idea of *Tempe*, than
by saying that its scenery resembles, though on a much larger
scale, that of the former place.”—HOLLAND'S TRAVELS
THROUGH GREECE, &c.

Know thy true state, and, midst thy triumph aw'd,
Give all the glory of that state to God!

Long may thy ships, o'er ocean's farthest foam,
Speed with the stores of either India home!

Long may'st thou prosper, (grant it, heaven!) and
bring

Fear to thy God, and honour to thy King!

Long to the Church, the Realm, a bulwark be,
Hallowing thy commerce with thy charity!

Be to the world a light, a salt;* and spread
The Christian resurrection of the dead!

Scatter the seed, the sowers, o'er the waste!

Bid the great harvest of the Spirit haste!

Till rebel regions to their Saviour bow,

And the whole earth eclipse—what thou art now!

* Matt. v. 13, 14.

April, 1821.

SACRED POEMS.

PART II. SPECIMENS OF SCRIPTURE POETRY.

Πι̇ακο̇ ε̇ξ̇ ιερη̇ ολιγη̇ λιβας̇.

OLD TESTAMENT.

THE TRIUMPHAL SONG OF MOSES, ON
THE DELIVERANCE AT THE RED SEA. Exod. xv.

“THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES, AND THE SONG OF THE
LAMB!”—APOCALYPSE.

1.

Sing, armies of Israel! oh sing to the LORD!
He hath gloriously triumph'd,—His triumph record!
Record how His arm's irresistible force
Hath dash'd to the deep both the rider and horse!

2.

The LORD is my strength, my salvation, my song;
My God,—I'll prepare Him a dwelling ere long;
The God of my fathers,—I'll blazon His fame;
The LORD is a Conqueror! the LORD is His name!

3.

The chariots of Pharaoh, the numberless host,
 The flower of his captains, his chivalry's boast,—
 The waters have whelm'd them, the Red Sea hath
 drown'd,
 Like a stone, they are sunk in the mighty profound.

4.

Thy right-hand, JEHOVAH,—made bare to our
 sight,—
 How glorious it shone in its measureless might!
 Thy right-hand, uprais'd at the terrible close,
 How it crush'd with a stroke all the rage of Thy
 foes!

5.

They dar'd to defy Thee, dar'd Thine to pursue;
 One glance of Thy glory the rebels o'erthrew;
 Thy vengeance, let loose, like a hurricane burst,
 And consum'd them as chaff which the gale hath
 dispers'd!

6.

At the blast of Thy nostrils,—that horrible blast,—
 The waters were gather'd, and frantic and fast

The waves crowded up in a crystalline heap,
 And the floods were congeal'd in the heart of the
 deep!

7.

—I'll pursue—thought the foe in his madness and
 pride—

I'll pursue,—I'll o'ertake them,—the spoil I'll divide;
 My lust and my hate shall be satiate with joy,
 My sword shall devour, and my hand shall destroy!

8.

So thought they triumphant, so shouted behind—
 Vain thought, and vain shout!—Thou didst blow
 with Thy wind!

The sea o'er their host his huge canopy spread,—
 They sank in the mighty abysses, as lead!

9.

Oh who is like Thee, Thou JEHOVAH? what's he,
 Of the gods, that shall dare to be liken'd to Thee?
 So glorious in holiness, fearful in praise,
 And atchieving such wonderful works in Thy ways!

10.

Thy hand is outstretch'd—in a moment the womb
 Of ocean ingulphs them, and closes their tomb.

—But oh, in Thy vengeance to Egypt so dire,
Thy mercy—*we* prove it—is vast as Thine ire.

11.

When thus Thou hadst freed us from thralldom and
wrong,

Thou still through the desert hast led us along ;
And still shalt Thou guide in Thy love and Thy
strength,

Till the place of Thy glory receive us at length.

12.

The nations shall tremble, our coming to hear ;
And pale Palestina, when Israel draws near,
Shall be smit with a heaven-born amazement ; each
chief

Of Edom, of Moab, shall wither with grief.

13.

The myriads of Canaan, subdued by dismay,
Shall melt, like the snow in the sunbeam, away ;
Or, with horror congeal'd by Thy majesty's shock,
Stand motionless, mute, like a statue, a rock ;

14.

Till Thy people, O LORD, shall pass over the stream,
The people whom Thou for Thyself didst redeem ;

Till Thou in their heritage plant them secure:—
For, JEHOVAH, Thy reign evermore shall endure!*

15.

Dread proof of that infinite reign we discern'd,
When the sea, at His bidding, retir'd and return'd!
When the chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh were
drown'd,
But Israel advanc'd thro' the deep on dry ground!

* With this verse, as the grand chorus, the anthem seems to conclude; as the hemistichs, or poetic half-lines, here terminate in the Hebrew original.

May, 1820.



THE GENERAL SONG OF MOSES,

DELIVERED JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH.—Deuteronomy xxxii.*

I SPEAK; and, while I speak, ye heavens, give
ear,

Hear me, thou earth! let men, let angels, hear!

* NOTE. Frequent allusions to this magnificent ode occur (as the marginal references illustrate) both in the prophetic and the apostolic pages; testifying the peculiar esteem in

—Sweet as the summer dew, the vernal shower,
That cheers the fainting herb, or opening flower,
My words shall drop, my doctrine shall distill,
And thirsty souls with heavenly freshness fill.

Lo, 'tis JEHOVAH'S glory I proclaim ;—
Oh, to our GOD ascribe the' all-glorious name !
The ROCK !* His work is perfect : He displays
Justice and truth divine, in all His ways.—

· which it was held by the sacred writers, Bp. Lowth selects it as a specimen of the sublime diction which characterises Hebrew poetry. (Prælect. 14.)

* This is the first instance of an image so frequent in the inspired descriptions of GOD. (See especially the hymns of Hannah and David ; 1 Sam. ii. 2. and 2 Sam. xxii. 2, 3, &c.) It is five times thus applied in this poem, in allusion perhaps to “ that spiritual Rock,” which followed the Israelites through the wilderness, and which an Apostle declares to have been emblematic of CHRIST. (1 Cor. x. 4.) Besides the ideas of grandeur and immutability suggested by this image ; it should be remembered that in those regions, a Rock was an ordinary place of shelter, rest, and security. (See Job xxiv. 8. Isai. xxxii. 2.) Some would render the word *Creator, First Cause* ; God being the basis of existence, the original of the universe, the supreme and all-comprehending reality, to whom alone the very name of Being is strictly proper, and in comparison with whom His creatures are only shadows and semblances of being ; this is implied in the incommunicable name, JEHOVAH.

But see, His children how perverse, defil'd !
 No spot, like theirs, no blemish, marks His child !
 —Oh is it thus,—perverse, infatuate race,
 Thus ye requite the LORD for all His grace ?
 Thy Father, Him who form'd thee? Him whose
 hand
 Redeem'd thee first, then stablish'd in thy land ?
 Pause and reflect! the days of old retrace,
 Revolve the years of many a vanish'd race!
 Question thy sires,—for they the past can tell ;
 Thy seniors,—what in elder times befel !

When the Most High to every human tribe
 Did its peculiar heritage prescribe,
 And portion'd out the family of man
 O'er the new earth ; His grand and gracious plan
 Bounded the nations round, and bade them dwell
 Subservient to His number'd Israel ;*

* It is remarkable that the Septuagint here render “ children of Israel” by “ angels of God ;” a title sublimely distinguishing the “ royal priesthood” of Israel from other nations. The circumscription of the nations particularly refers to the seven nations of Canaan. (See Acts xvii. 26.) But, in general, the world is governed by God, in subordination to the concerns of His church. (Eph. i. 22.)

For here His portion did our GOD engage,*
 'Tis Jacob forms JEHOVAH'S heritage.
 He in a desert land His people found,
 Where the vast wilderness lay howling round ;
 There guided, guarded, taught them, ever nigh,
 And kept them as the apple of His eye.†
 And, as the parent eagle o'er her brood
 Flutters her shadowing plumes ; purveys their food ;
 Stirs up their nest, their spirit ; on her wings
 Takes, bears her eaglets, as she heavenward springs ;
 So God sustain'd, so led them ; He alone ;
 'Midst them no stranger deity was known.
 He bade His Israel, like a conqueror steed,
 Ride on the heights of earth ; He bade him feed
 In richest pastures, where his thirst was fill'd
 With oil, with honey, e'en from rocks distill'd :
 On the sweet savoury flesh He bade him feed
 Of milky kine, and rams of Bashan's breed ;
 Wheat that with kidneys vied in size and shape,
 And the pure blood—for beverage—of the grape !

* The Psalmist in return exclaims ; “ Thou art my portion, O LORD ! ” — “ The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.”

† What exquisite force and delicacy in the expression ! what amazing condescension and love in the sentiment.

But ah, too soon, pamper'd to lust and pride,
 Israel grew restive, rampant; and aside
 From God, who made, and spar'd, and blest him,
 turn'd;

Too soon the Rock of his salvation spurn'd!

To jealous ire they rous'd the living LORD

With curst idolatries, with gods abhorr'd,

And demons, as divinities, ador'd:

Gods whom they knew not, nor their sires had
 known,

Upstart divinities of wood or stone;

Heedless of Him that formed them, and that chose,

The Rock whereon they rested, whence they rose.

This when His burning eyes beheld, the LORD
 His too unnatural family abhorr'd;

Abhorr'd, and in His indignation cried;—

“ Ah, from the rebel crew My face I'll hide,

And watch, with bitter joy, what hideous end

Must on those faithless children yet descend.

How did they oft, with mockeries of My name,

Challenge My wrath, My jealousy inflame

With blasphemous illusions!—Now in turn
 Their wrath shall rise, their jealousy shall burn;*
 Their glory to the darkling world I'll grant,
 And, in their place, a nameless people plant,
 A people, now their scorn!—for lo, a fire,
 Dreadful as hell, is kindled in Mine ire;
 Fire, that shall waste their land with all her fruits,†
 And blast and burn the mountains to their roots.
 Mischiefs on mischiefs o'er their heads I'll pour
 Heap'd,—and exhaust my quiver's arrowy store:
 Hunger shall parch them, hot disease devour,
 In hideous devastation; and the power
 Of ravening beasts their flying fear o'ertake,
 Or the sly venom of the grovelling snake:
 Terrors at home, abroad shall swords consume
 The stripling's vigour, and the virgin's bloom,
 And give the suckling babe, and hoary sire, one
 doom.

* A pointed prediction of the vocation of the Gentiles, as consequent to the rejection of the Jews already intimated: see Rom. x. 19. where the passage is thus applied.

† The destruction of Jerusalem, and the afflictions of the Jews, predicted with a tremendous accuracy: see ch. xxviii.

Like chaff, I'd have them to far regions hurl'd,
 I'd rase out their memorial from the world ;
 —I said it,—but I fear'd the foe might cry,
 Swelling with atheist pride,—“ Our hand was high ;
 'Twas not the LORD, but we, these wonders
 wrought !”

—For brutish is the nation, void of thought.
 Deep in their hearts, oh ! might these truths descend !
 Oh were they wise to meditate their end !
 How should a single pagan chase in fight
 A thousand Hebrews,—two a myriad fright,
 Save that the LORD had sold them to their foes ?
 Save that the Rock of Israel turn'd to' enclose
 His people's baffled strength ? for who compares
 —E'en of our enemies—our Rock with theirs ?
 But now, like Sodom's, like Gomorrah's fields,]
 Their vine, degenerate, no sweet fruitage yields ;
 Bitter the clusters, and the grapes of gall ;
 The juice like that where cruel vipers crawl,
 Or dragons, gendering death.—Amidst My hoard
 Of vengeance, is not this, then, seal'd and stor'd ?
 Vengeance is Mine, and retribution due ;
 And soon their foot shall slide, their fall ensue,

—Soon as the time is ripe : e'en now the day
 Comes on ; the dreadful judgment chides delay :
 For God will judge His people. Yet at length,
 When He shall view them wither'd of their strength,
 And the sad few surviving from their foes ;
 He yet will speak relenting ; “ where are those }
 Your gods ; your rocks of refuge and repose ; }
 To whom your consecrated feasts ye gave ?
 Now let them rise, now succour you, now save ?

See then in ME JEHOVAH, ME alone !

Other divinity than Mine is none !

I give to death, I rescue from the grave,

I wound, I heal ;—who else can harm or save ?

I, pointing to the heavens I made, proclaim

Eternity My dwelling and My name !

If once My glittering sword I draw, I whet,

If once My hand to retribution set,—

Perish My foes before My dread advance,

And all that hate Me vanish at My glance !

My thirsty shafts are saturate with blood,

My hungry sword devours its fleshy food ;—

Terribly on my foe's defenceless head

I recompense his guilt, and charge the blood he shed.”

Nations, rejoice with Israel in the LORD,*
 Who deals to all their merited reward!
 Who vindicates his servants, whelms his foes,
 And on His chosen race His mercy still bestows!

June, 1820.



THE LAST WORDS OF MOSES.

Deut. xxxiii. 26.—ult.

OH, there is none,—let this last voice record,—
 None like thy God, Jeshurun, † like the LORD!

*The Septuagint singularly inserts here those words, which an apostle (Heb. i. 6) quotes in application to the Son of God; “Let all the angels of God worship Him!”—See note above, on v. 6. of the original.

† This appellation, repeated three times in the original of this and the preceding chapter, occurs only once besides: (Isai. xlv. 2.) it marks the *righteous* character of the true Israel; and, besides its literal meaning, seems to be used as expressive of *affection*, being supposed by Calmet a diminutive of the name *Israel*.

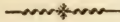
Like Him who on the circle of the sky
 Rides, as thy Saviour, in His majesty!
 With Him, the' Eternal, for thy dwelling-place,*
 Propt on His everlasting arms of grace,
 How canst thou fail? His presence shall appal
 Thy mightiest foes; behold, they fly, they fall!
 He gives the triumph-shout, Destroy them all!
 —Thus, sole † amidst the nations, from his woes,
 His toils, and perils, Israel shall repose
 In his own land; where hill and valley shine
 With various opulence of corn and wine;
 Fountains their freshness o'er the soil diffuse,
 And heaven descends in fertilising dews.
 —Oh Israel! thou whom God delights to bless,
 Who can with thee compare in happiness?
 Thou people sav'd and stablish'd by the LORD,
 Thy shield of might, thine all-subduing sword! ‡

* Thus Moses, Ps. xc. 1.

† A prediction of the indestructible singularity of the Jewish nation, which had been previously uttered by Balaam: "The people shall dwell *alone*."—Numb. xxiii. 9.

‡ "Take the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." (Eph. vi. 16, 17.) Through these, as instruments of Divine communication, the LORD becomes the shield and the sword of His people.

Thy haughtiest foes, confounded and aghast,
 Shall perish at His presence, and be cast
 Silent in darkness;—o'er their trampled pride
 Thou, in the triumph of thy God, shalt ride!



THE REDEEMER.

—————
 Job xix. 23—27.
 —————

1.

OH, to write

In refulgent rays of light!

Grave in brass; or shape the pages,

Which the matchless truth recite,

In the rock that lives through ages!

Yea, with adamant pen record

Every word!

2.

Press'd with woe,

This I confidently know:

My Divine REDEEMER liveth,

Yet to re-appear below:

—Oh what joy that prospect giveth!

Gilding with a blaze of heavenly light
 Death's dread night.

3.

In the tomb

Let this frame of dust consume ;
 Yet these eyes, in swift transition
 Re-awaking from their gloom,
 These shall yet attain the vision
 Of my God, my Saviour, as He is,*
 Thron'd in bliss !

* "I shall see *God*;" the same whom he had called "My Redeemer, my *Kinsman*;" "and not *another*," not an unrelated, unredeeming *stranger*: a striking attestation to the Deity of our incarnate Saviour.



THE WAR-HORSE.

Job xxxix. 19—25.

—VAIN impotent creature! didst *thou* give his
 force,
 His force and his fire to the hero-like Horse?

Didst *thou* his broad chest with its thunder inspire?
Thou kindle to lightening the glance of his ire?
 Will he tremble for *thee*,*—from his nostril all wide
 When rushes the terrible breath of his pride? †
 When he paws and he prances in stormy delight,
 And exults in the sense of exuberant might?
 —On, on he careers to the warlike array,
 And, disdainfully dauntless, laughs loud at dismay:
 Swords flash in his eyes, in his ears quivers rattle;
 Will he start—dost thou think? will he turn from
 the battle?

In his frantic impatience he swallows the ground, ‡
 Nor believes, in his joy, 'tis the trumpets that sound!

* Instead of our version, “Canst thou make him afraid as a *grasshopper*?” the acute and learned Dr. Goode translates, “Hast thou given him to launch forth as an *arrow*?”

† “Collectumque premens volvitur sub naribus ignem!”—VIRG. So, of the Leviathan, ch. xli. 19—21. “out of his nostrils goeth smoke, and a flame out of his mouth.”

‡ A similar expression is used concerning Behemoth, whether the hippopotamus or the mammoth, ch. xl. 23, 24. “Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not; he taketh it with his eyes.” So Virgil, “Carpere prata fugâ.”—See an excellent criticism on this description of Job, as compared with those of Homer and Virgil, in the GUARDIAN, No. 86.

Already he feels in the thick of the war,
 And neighs out his triumph, and snuffs from afar
 The shouts of destruction, the screams of despair,
 And burns to partake the grim revelry there!



THE DIVINE SHEPHERD.

Psalm xxiii. †

1.

SEE how the Shepherd guides
 The helpless charge he tends!
 For all their wants provides,
 From all their foes defends!
 —Such, gracious LORD, art Thou to me;
 What can I want, while bless'd with Thee?

† Compare Isaiah xl. 11. "He shall feed his flock," &c. John x. 11. "I am the good Shepherd:" passages which, compared with this psalm, evince the Divine unity of Jehovah with Jesus Christ.

2.

Thou bidd'st me rest and feed
 Where sweetest pasture grows ;
 'Tis Thou dost gently lead
 Where living water flows ;
 The water of Thy Spirit, LORD,
 The pasture of Thy heavenly word !

3.

And if I e'er should stray,
 (Oh, may I never more!)
 The wanderer from Thy way
 Thou kindly wilt restore,
 And make me, through Thy glorious grace,
 The paths of righteousness retrace.

4.

Yea, though I pass the vale
 By death's dark shade o'erspread,
 Not *there* my heart shall fail ;
 What evil should I dread,
 With Thee for ever at my side,
 Thy staff, Thy rod, my guard and guide ?

5.

Yes, let my foes surround!

Their terrors ne'er can move,
While Thou my board hast crown'd,
—The banquet of Thy love!

While, fill'd by Thee, my cup o'erflows,
And oh, my heart with gladness glows!

6.

And, well I know, the grace,

The mercy, prov'd so long,
Shall all my life embrace;

And still with grateful song,
LORD, in Thy temple I'll adore,
Nor leave Thy presence evermore!



THE SAINT'S REPOSE IN GOD.

Psalm lxxiii. 23—ult.

1.

WHAT though here
Clouds may rise, and doubt, and fear;

Ever, LORD, art Thou beside me,
 Hand in hand to hold and guide me ;
 On Thy strength I still depend,
 Heavenly Friend !

2.

Yes, below,
 Onward, led by Thee, I go :
 Thou wilt ne'er forget, forsake me :
 Thou, my journey done, wilt take me
 To the glory, oh how bright !
 Of Thy sight.

3.

Whom but Thee,
 Hope I, LORD, in *heaven* to see ?
 (There my heart, and there my treasure,)
 —What on *earth* can yield me pleasure
 Like Thy Spirit, gracious LORD,
 Like Thy word ?

4.

Faint and frail,
 Soon this flesh, this heart must fail :

But my God shall still be near me,
 With His truth and love to cheer me :
 He my Rock, my treasur'd store,
 Evermore !

5.

Wretched they,

Who from Him, unfaithful, stray !
 Who, their soul's true bridegroom leaving,
 Lawless lords are still receiving :
 —What but horror must impend
 O'er their end !

6.

But, for me,

Let me closely cleave to Thee :
 Happy state ! with God conversing ;—
 Resting on His grace ;—rehearsing
 Themes of wonder, love, and praise,
 Endless days !

THE BEAUTY OF THE SANCTUARY.

 Psalm lxxxiv.

1.

HOW lovely are Thy dwellings, **LORD!**

What heavenly peace Thy courts afford!

'Tis for that sweet abode

My lonely soul within me sighs;

My heart, my pining nature cries

For Thee, the living God.

2.

E'en the poor sparrow there may rest,

There e'en the swallow o'er her nest

(By me how envied!) sing;

Nor they with tenderer instinct yearn,

Than for Thine altars, **LORD, I burn,**§

My Saviour and my King!

§ His desire of frequenting the sanctuary resembled the instinctive attachment of birds to their nests; those birds which, during the captivity, were permitted to build about the neglected altars: the Psalmist uses the plaintive tone of a pious exile, as in Ps. cxxxvii.

3.

Oh happy they, whose fix'd resort
Is the dear circle of Thy court!

They ne'er forget Thy praise :
Happy, whose hearts in Thee embrace
Their hope, their strength! whose footsteps trace
Thy temple's hallowed ways!

4.

As through the wilderness they go,*
Soft dews descend, sweet fountains flow,
Their thirsty course to cheer,
From stage to stage, from strength to strength,
Till all on Sion's mount at length
Before their God appear.

5.

LORD of all power, Thine Israel's Friend!
Oh, with indulgent ear attend,
And crown my heart's request!
Thou Guardian of Thy chosen race,
Look on Thine own Messiah's face,
And see Thy servant blest!

*The original expression seems to be equivalent with our own, "vale of tears;" *Bacah*, mourning, similarly applied with *Bochim*, weepings; see Judg. ii. 1—5.

6.

One sabbath in Thy courts is worth
 More than a thousand days of earth ;
 And gladlier far would I
 Thy temple's humblest office bear,
 Than, LORD, a guilty splendor share
 With those who Thee deny.

7.

Thou art a shield, a sure defence ;
 A sun, whose soul-felt influence
 Doth heavenly peace restore :
 Glory and grace dost Thou bestow ;
 Grace, while Thy people dwell below,
 And glory evermore.

8.

There's not a varied blessing, LORD,
 But Thou, all-bounteous, wilt accord
 To those who cleave to Thee :
 Then happy he, Thou King of hosts,
 Who in Thy grace devoutly trusts,
 And happy none but he !

PRAISE OF THE DIVINE GOODNESS.

 Psalm ciii.

WAKE, my soul! all else forsake!
 Every power within me wake!
 Every energy I ask :
 Fly to this delightful task!
 Wake, my soul, to bless the **LORD**!
 Bless His holy name! record
 All His mercies, none forget!
 —That incalculable debt!—
 If thou canst not half recal,
 Still forget, forget not all!

Where, oh where wilt thou begin?—
 He forgives thee all thy sin ;
 He with healing power appeases,
 Yea expels, thy dire diseases ;
 He delights the life to save,
 Which at first His goodness gave ;

Bids thee countless comforts prove,
 Crowns and circles thee with love ;
 Opes thy mouth, and fills with food ;
 So that, endlessly renew'd,
 Heavenward, as with eagle's wings,*
 Thine immortal vigour springs !

Still the LORD, in all His ways,
 Truth and sanctity displays ;
 Still, for those whom wrongs oppress,
 Executeth righteousness.
 He to Moses oft of old
 Did His glorious mind unfold ;
 And the sons of Israel well
 May His works of wonder tell.
 Oh how good the LORD doth prove !
 Slow to anger, swift to love !
 Soon His wrath He lays aside ;
 'Tis not long He loves to chide ;
 Where true penitence begins,
 He forgives, forgets our sins ;

* Alluding perhaps to the fine image, Deut. xxxii. 11. and alluded to, Isai. xl. ult. the renewal after *moulting*.

Nor requites us, when we swerve,
As our treacheries deserve.

See, above this earth how high
Yonder canopy of sky!
Oh, so measureless His grace
Toward the souls that seek His face.
Stretch from east to west thy glance,
See how wide the heaven's expanse!
Oh, so far from those He loves
He their pardon'd guilt removes.
As a father o'er his child
Yearns compassionate and mild;
So to us, and oh! much rather,
Is the LORD a heavenly Father;
Full of tenderness to all
Who on Him for succour call;
Knowing—He that *made* us must—
And remembering, we are dust.*

As for man, his days but pass
Like the transitory grass;

* This sentiment receives a new propriety and force, when applied to *Him*, who knows our frame by *experience* as well as by *creation*. See Heb. ii. 17, 18. and iv. 15, 16.

He but flourishes and fades
 Like the flower that decks the glades:—
 Bloom'd the flower when morn arose;
 Ere another evening close,
 Comes a gale,—its bloom is o'er,
 Ne'er its place shall know it more:
 But, to children's children sure,
 LORD, Thy promises endure,*
 Sure to all that love Thy will,
 And Thy covenant fulfil.

God, the universe His own,
 Hath in heaven prepar'd His throne.
 Bless Him there, ye sons of light,
 Ye, pre-eminent in might,
 Ye that wait upon His word,
 All ye angels,—bless the LORD!
 Bless Him, in your glorious regions,
 All ye ministering legions,
 That to do His pleasure haste!—
 Bless Him, all His creatures plac'd
 Wheresoe'er He bears controul!
 Bless JEHOVAH, thou my soul!

* So Isai. xl. 6—8. 1 Pet. i. 24, 25.

THE DELIVERANCE OF ISRAEL.

 Psalm. cxiv.*

1.

WHEN Israel, triumphant with glory and spoil,
 Left, tyrant of Egypt, thy desolate soil;
 And, vainly pursued by thy charioted host,
 The captives, like conquerors, march'd from thy
 coast;

2.

'Twas then that in Judah God planted His throne,
 And there in His temple His glory made known;
 'Twas then that o'er Israel He stablish'd His sway,
 And Himself was their King, and His people
 were they.

* Milton seems to have been particularly struck by the sublime spirit of this little ode, as he has versified it both in Greek and English. Cowley introduces it in his *Davideis* , as the melody with which his hero charms away the evil spirit of Saul. A critic, in the *Spectator*, No. 461, remarks that the author of this psalm *begins* with a description of certain supernatural *effects*, and then suddenly introduces the Almighty *cause* which accounts for these phenomena; producing, by this artful reserve, a sublime impression on the astonished and satisfied mind.

3.

Old Ocean beheld their resistless career,
 And his ruffian-like billows, in wonder and fear,
 Stood motionless, noiseless, and pil'd huge and high
 A crystalline rampart, while Israel went by.

4.

And when through the desert the squadrons had
 pass'd,
 And paus'd on the margin of Jordan at last,
 Jordan felt their approach, and, arrested by dread,
 Retreated precipitate back to his head.

5.

Shook each mountain around, shook each permanent rock,
 Like a flock in alarm;—like the young of that flock,
 Each hillock danc'd lightly;—great Sinai with fear
 Was convuls'd to her base, as her Maker drew near.

6.

What ail'd thee, old Ocean, to pile up aghast
 That billowy wall, while the multitude pass'd?
 And, thou Jordan, what ail'd thee, that, master'd
 by dread,
 Thy stream, though reluctant, recoil'd to its head?

7.

Why quak'd you, ye mountains, ye permanent rocks,
 Like flocks in amaze?—like the lambs of those flocks,
 Why danc'd you, ye hillocks? while Sinai with awe
 To her solid base shook, when her Maker she saw!

8.

Aye, tremble, thou Earth! 'twas the presence of
 God:

Let Nature, with Israel, acknowledge His nod!
 Sands gush into lakes, where His footstep He prints,
 And forth, where He bids you, start fountains from
 flints!*

* Horeb is a mass of *granite*, better adapted to yield *fire* than *water*.—Dr. A. CLARKE.

THE DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE & OMNISCIENCE.

 Psalm cxxxix.*

1.

YES, Thou hast search'd me, **L**ORD, and known
 My secret heart, with all her powers ;
 My haunts, or social, or alone ;
 My rising or my resting hours ;
 My thoughts, ere yet they reach my soul ;
 My path, my bed, my countless ways :
 —Thou read'st, Thou register'st the whole ;
 There's nothing that escapes Thy gaze.

2.

Needs not a word the mind to' unfold ;
 Silence is eloquence to Thee :
 Thou dost, at one broad glance, behold
 Whate'er has been, whate'er shall be :
 For Thou hast form'd me ; Thou, **O** **L**ORD,
 On every part hast laid Thy hand :
 —Oh height of knowledge, unexplor'd !
 Skill, that I ne'er can understand !

* See Bp. Horsley's Version and Notes.

3.

Where may I 'scape Thy Spirit? where
 Thine all-pervading presence fly?
 Climb I to heaven? 'Tis Thou art there!
 Plunge into Hell? I meet Thine eye!
 Then shall I take the wings of morn,
 And light beyond the utmost main?
 Thy swifter hand my flight will scorn,
 And there surprise me, there detain.

4.

But, haply, darkness from Thy sight
 May yet pavilion me around:
 —Instant, the darkness turns to light;
 With Thee what darkness can be found?
 Darkness and light are one to Thee,
 The midnight gloom, the noontide blaze:
 —Then whither, whither shall I flee
 From Thine inevitable gaze?

5.

My vital substance Thou didst form;
 Thou, by a perfect art and care,
 Within the womb, secure and warm,
 Didst the whole embryo man prepare.

Fearfully, wonderfully wrought,

Let me Thy power, Thy praise disclose ;

But oh, it passes speech or thought,

As well my soul, that proves it, knows!

6.

Yes, to Thine eye 'twas all reveal'd,

This sage anatomy of mine,

Though yet as in a tomb conceal'd,*

With this its covering, broider'd fine.†

Thine eye the shapeless mass survey'd,

Thy pencil in Thy prescient book

The pattern of my frame pourtray'd,

Ere part by part its fashion took.

*The womb of the mother, by a delicate choice of expression, is termed "the lowest parts of the *earth*," in allusion to the original formation of man from the *dust*. Job expresses himself similarly in those words; "naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither;" *i. e.* to the parental womb of *earth*.—"Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return."—

†"Curiously wrought." Bp. Lowth has some fine observations on this striking metaphor in his *Prælections*, where he has given the entire psalm in an energetic Latin version: "Tua pinxit acus mirabile textum!" (see Notes on "The Omnipresence of God," line 205)

7.

And oh, when, o'er the course I've trod,
 Memory looks backward year by year;
 Thy thoughts of love to me, my God,
 How vast, how sunless, they appear!
 Fain would I tell them o'er;—'tis vain;
 Sooner were told the sea-side sand:
 I sleep,—I wake,—but still remain
 With Thee, within Thy shadowing hand.

8.

Hapless, Thou glorious LORD, who scorn
 Thy goodness, or Thy power oppose!
 Oh, let me shun their path forlorn,
 And rank with mine my Maker's foes!
 But search me, Thou; and all that works
 Here in this mazy mind, survey!
 Prove me, if aught of evil lurks;
 And guide me in Thy perfect way!

April, 1820.

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOSPEL, AND THE
MAJESTY OF GOD.

Isaiah xl.*

OH, comfort ye My people! saith your God,
Speak ye to Salem comfort! bid her know
Her warfare all fulfill'd, her guilt aton'd!
Tell her that blessings from JEHOVAH'S hand
Await her, past compare with all her woes!

Hark!—in the wilderness His path prepare!
—He speaks;—amidst the desert pioneer
A highway for our God! be every vale
Exalted, every mount and hill brought low,
The tortuous straight, the rugged smooth: for now
The glory, hid for ages, of the LORD,
Forth shall it burst; the nations all around
Shall see the great salvation of our God!
—His mouth the bright futurity hath seal'd.

* See Bp. Lowth's Version.

Proclaim! the voice commands: the prophet waits
 The proclamation, while the voice proceeds:
 'All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
 E'en as the floweret of the field: the grass
 Withers, the floweret fades: alone the word,
 The promise of our God, unchang'd endures
 For ever.'——

Oh thou messenger of joy
 To Sion, take thy station on the height!
 Thou messenger of joy to Salem, lift
 Thy voice, uplift it fearlessly; announce
 To Judah and her cities, 'Lo, your God!
 —Against the mighty, lo! JEHOVAH comes;
 Comes, and victorious, brings with Him the crown
 Of His great work, the recompense assur'd.
 He, like a faithful shepherd, cheers His flock
 With pasture; bears imbosom'd in His arms
 The lambs, and gently leads the nursing ewes.

Who, in the hollow of His hand, contain'd
 The waters; measur'd with His span the heavens;
 The hills, the mountains, balanc'd in His scales;

And comprehended all the dust of earth
 As in a tierce?—Oh who, His counsellor,
 Hath catechis'd the Spirit of the LORD,
 Pointing the path of science to His quest?
 —Behold the nations, in His eye, as drops
 That trickle from the bucket, or as dust
 Scarce in the scales perceptible! the isles,
 Behold, He lifts them as an atom's weight!
 And Lebanon with all his wealth of woods
 Fails for the fire, with all his living tribes
 Fails for the fitting sacrifice: to Him
 The nations all are vanity, are nought,
 Are less than nothing!— — —

Whom will ye compare
 With Him; where find similitude for God?
 The workman casts a molten form; the smith
 With gold o'erlays it, and with silver chains:
 He, whom his penury forbids to bear
 Costlier oblation, singles from the grove
 Some tree whose grain resists decay, and hires
 The' artificer whose cunning hand may shape
 An image, fixed erect.—Ne'er will ye think?

Ne'er understand? have ye not oft been told,
 From the beginning? hath not the grand truth,
 E'er since the birth of Nature, been proclaim'd?
 'Tis He that on the circle of the world
 Sits in His peerless majesty: 'tis He,
 To whom the' inhabitants of earth appear
 As grasshoppers: He that outspreads the heavens
 E'en as His veil, the tent in which He dwells:
 'Tis He that, in a moment, brings to nought
 The mightiest princes! not a plant, a seed,
 Leave they behind; unrooted from their soil!
 Let but His blast have touch'd them, oh, how soon
 They wither; by the whirlwind borne away,
 Like the light stubble!—Whom, then, will ye name,
 Whom (saith the Holy One) second or like
 To Me?—Uplift your eyes aloft, and ask
 Who hath created all ye there behold!
 He marshals forth those number'd hosts, and calls
 Each by its name: the vastness of His power
 Holds them in being's harmony; not one
 Lost from the myriads!

Why then, Jacob,—why
 Complain'st thou, faithless Israel, that thy cause,

Tho' sad, escapes thine unregarding God?
 Ne'er hast thou known, ne'er heard, that He, the
 LORD,
 Creator of the universe, Himself
 The' Eternal,—faints not, is not weary? He
 Invigorates the feeble, cheers the faint.
 E'en the selected youths amidst the race
 Wax weary oft, and fail: not so who trust
 JEHOVAH: they from strength to strength mature;
 They, like the moulting eagle, still put forth
 New feathers in the pinions of their faith,
 Wherewith to spurn the dust, and heavenward soar;
 They, sharers in the triumph of their God,
 Still march unfainting, still unwearied run.

Aug. 1820.

THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH, IN THE ACCESSION
OF THE GENTILES.

Isaiah lx.

ARISE and shine, sad Salem! for thy light
Is come, and lo, the glory of thy God
Is risen upon thee! Darkness o'er the earth
Sits brooding; darkness, palpable and gross,
Covers the nations; but on thee the **LORD**
Shall rise, His glory shall break forth on thee:
The Gentiles in thy light shall walk, their kings
Bask in thy brightening sunrise. Lift thine eyes
Around thee; how they gather, how they haste!
They haste to thee, haste from afar, the sons
And daughters nurtured at thy side! with joy
And mingling wonder shall thy heart o'erflow,
Thrill'd and dilated; while, around thee pour'd,
The' abundance of the nations, and the wealth
Of ocean, crowds. The countless multitude
Of camels and of dromedaries, led
By Midian, fills thee, floodlike. Sheba's sons

Troop with their gold, their incense, and their
hymns,

In rapturous adoration. All the flocks
Of Kedar shall be gather'd unto thee,
To thee Nebaioth's tributary rams :
All on Mine altar shall be pil'd, and rise
Accepted, while My glorious house I crown
With glory past compare.

But who are these,

(So at the sight shall wondering Salem cry)
That, like a cloud, come flying, or as doves
Flock to their windows?—Yes, the isles on thee
Shall wait, and Tarshish, foremost, with her ships,—
To bring thy sons, tho' distant, and with them
Their gold, their silver,—treasures hallow'd now
In honour of JEHOVAH, Israel's God ;
For He hath given thee glory ! yes, the sons
Of strangers shall rebuild thy ruin'd walls,
To thee their kings bow ministrant : for still,
Though in My wrath I smote thee, will I turn,
Still with Mine arms of love embrace thee round.
Peace with her open gates shall guard thy fanes,

Ne'er closing day or night ; while, center'd there,
 Pours the vast confluence of the nations, there
 The pomp of all their kings : the nation, king,
 That serves not thee, shall perish in his pride ;
 All such are doom'd and desolate. To thee
 The glory of old Lebanon shall bend,
 Thine all his verdant wealth, fir, box, and pine ;
 To beautify My sanctuary,—to 'emblaze
 The place where My celestial footsteps rest.
 Sons of thine old oppressors bow submiss
 Before thee, and who dar'd despise thee once
 Kneel at thy feet, and learn to hail thee now
 (Magnific title) City of the LORD,
 Sion of Israel's Holy One !—

No more

Hated, rejected, visited by none,
 As erst ; I raise thee to eternal fame,
 The joy of ages.—Thou shalt suck the milk
 Of nations, at the breast of royalty
 Nurtur'd ; and thou shalt know in Me the LORD ;
 In Me, the Mighty One of Jacob, know
 Thy Saviour, thy Redeemer. Days of gold

Shall smile, expelling the fierce brazen age ;
 And what was iron shall to silver turn,
 To iron what was stone, what wood to brass.
 Of justice shall thy senators be nam'd,
 Of peace thy soldiers. Tumult in the land
 Shall never more be heard, nor waste, nor woe ;
 On all thy walls Salvation shall be grav'd,
 On all thy portals Praise. No more the sun
 Shall make thy transient day, the moon no more
 Lend thee her waning brightness ; but the LORD
 Shall shine thine everlasting light, thy God
 Thy changeless glory. Thus shall end thy days
 Of mourning : all thy children righteous made,
 Never to leave their heritage, but grow
 Plants of My hand, My workmanship, My praise :
 Thus shall the little embryo gradual swell,
 To mighty myriads multiplied :—for I,
 The LORD, will speed it, when the time is full.

Aug. 1820.

NEW TESTAMENT.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Matt. vi. 9—14.

OH Thou, our Father! thron'd in heaven!
 Deep reverence to Thy name be given!
 Thy kingdom hastening come! Thy will
 In earth, as heaven, let all fulfil!*
 The bread by which we daily live, †
 Daily dispense!—as we forgive
 Those who against ourselves transgress,
 Forgive us, Lord, our trespasses!
 Nor lead us in temptation's way!
 But rescue from Satanic sway!
 For Thine the kingdom, Lord, the power,
 And glory; Thine, for evermore!

* One half of this comprehensive model of prayer, that is, the three petitions first prescribed, together with the concluding doxology,—relate to the advancement of the Gospel in the world.—EDWARDS.

† *επιουσιον*, essential, substantial, that which sustains the essence or substance.—See Schleusner.

VAIN ANXIETY REPRESSED.

 Matt. vi. 25—34.

TRUST the Lord! —'tis wisdom's part:—
 Why, with vainly anxious heart,
 Muse what nurture, to sustain
 Mortal nature, ye may gain?
 Why solicitous inquire,
 For your body what attire?—
 Bread, or being, which is less?
 Which, the body, or the dress?
 Sure, the means by which to live,
 He, who gave the life, will give.—

See the simple fowls of heaven!

Not to them the art is given
 Seed to sow, or harvest reap,
 Or in barns collect and keep:
 Yet for these your heavenly Father
 Kindly caters: and much rather,

Will not He His children cherish?
 How should they be left to perish?
 Why should fear their bosoms harrow?
 Is not man above the sparrow?—
 Who by thought an inch can add
 To the stature which he had?

Then, what raiment ye shall wear,
 Why forecast with vexing care?
 See the lilies, how they grow!
 Beautiful in virgin snow,
 Scattering carelessly their graces
 O'er the solitary places!
 They nor studious toil nor spin,
 Texture, finely wrought, to win!
 —Yet not he, so bright in story,
 Solomon, with all his glory,
 (Spoil of utmost lands and seas)
 Was array'd like one of these!—
 If then God such clothing yield
 To the flowerets of the field,
 —Flowerets, which perhaps to-day
 Wear their exquisite array,—

But to-morrow all their bloom
(Turn'd to fuel) flames consume ;—
Think, oh, think, that heavenly Father,
Shall not He, and how much rather,
Clothe yourselves with tender care,
—Too, too faithless as ye are !

Ask not then, with forethought vain,
What ye next may need or gain,
Food or raiment to supply,
Nature's claims to satisfy ;
Things like those, with wishes weak,
Children of the world may seek :
Well paternal wisdom knows
Ye have need of things like those.
Wiser ye, reserve your heart
First to seek the better part ;
God's own kingdom to possess,
His redeeming righteousness.
First the things of heaven pursue ;
There your master wish is due ;
—Safe and sure that all beside
Shall, if needful, be supplied.

—Take, then, take no thought, no sorrow,
 For the cravings of to-morrow!
 Rather let to-morrow's care
 For its own demands prepare:
 To the day sufficient still
 Its inheritance of ill.

June, 1820.



PRESENT SUFFERINGS CONTRASTED WITH
 FUTURE GLORY.

—
 Rom. viii. 18—23.
 —

1.

WHAT are the sufferings of this mortal state,
 - -I've weigh'd them all—light momentary woes,
 Against the' exceeding, ever-during weight
 Of glorious bliss, which heaven shall soon disclose!

2.

Lo, how the' oppress'd creation all round,
 With aching eyes and vehement desires,*
 To see the sons of God with glory crown'd,
 To share their bright apocalypse,† aspires!

* αποκαταδοκια † αποκαλυψιν

3.

For sin hath triumph'd over all below ;
 And Nature, by her Arbiter's behest,
 The victim lies of vanity and woe,
 Reluctant,—struggling for her forfeit rest.†

4.

Nor vain her hope : for yet shall Nature, heal'd,
 Shake off corruption, spurn its yoke and rod ;
 Yet to the glorious liberty reveal'd,
 Shall start, exultant, of the sons of God !

5.

Hark to that universal groan around !
 The whole creation, agonis'd in throes !‡
 Heaven has for ages heard the sigh profound,
 The labour for delivery and repose !

† A fine illustration of this sublime, but somewhat obscure passage, is given by President Edwards, in his “ Call to United Extraordinary Prayer,” part 2. sect. 4.

‡ *συστεναζει και συνωδινει*. Virgil has a similar exclamation in that mysteriously singular poem, the *Pollio* :

“ Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum !
 Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo !”

6.

It hath not ceas'd e'en now : nor only grieve
 The subject world; *we* too must wait and weep;
 We, who the Spirit's heavenly pledge receive,
 (The first-fruits of the harvest heaven shall reap,)

7.

Groan in this corporal tent, this toilsome stage,
 With hope deferr'd, expecting, while we must,
 The' adoption to our deathless heritage,
 The clear redemption from our frame of dust.

July, 1820.



THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPHANT THROUGH THE
 LOVE OF GOD IN CHRIST.

Rom. viii. 31—ult.

VAST display of heavenly favour!
 How shall words its wonders show?—
 With **J**EHOVAH for our Saviour,
 Who can prove our final foe?

Will not He, who could deliver

At our need His only Son,

Be of every good the giver ;

After *this*, withholding none ?

Who shall breathe a condemnation,

Who a charge, 'gainst *His* elect ?

Shall the God of our salvation,

Pledg'd His clients to protect ?

Or shall He who died ? who, rather,

Rose, redeeming, from the dead ?

He who, seated with the Father,

Lives to plead for whom He bled ?

Who, or what, our hearts shall sever

From the love of Christ our Lord ?

Shall distress, shall peril, ever ?

Famine, nakedness, or sword ?

Come the worst of ills,—so glorious

That inheritance above,

We are more than all-victorious

Through our Saviour's changeless love !

Yes; nor destinies eternal,
 Nor vicissitudes of time,
 Powers celestial, nor infernal,
 Depth profound, nor height sublime;
 Death, nor life, nor aught created,
 From our God shall sever one,
 (Confident we feel it, state it)
 One He loves in Christ His Son!

Aug. 1823.



THE CHANGE OF THE BODY.

1 Cor. xv. 51—ult.

BEHOLD, a glorious mystery I disclose!—
 Not in death-slumber shall we all repose,
 But all, or quick, or quicken'd from their trance,
 Suddenly, in the twinkling of a glance,
 All shall be chang'd, at the last trumpet's call,
 —The trumpet, that shall loudly summon all,—

While, to corruptibility estrang'd,
 The dead shall rise,—and we shall all be chang'd!
 Then shall the saying, that was written, be,
 ' Death is destroy'd,—devour'd by Victory!
 —Where is thy victory, oh Grave?—thou king
 Of terrors, Death, oh where is now thy sting?—
 What is the sting of Death, but Sin?—the awe
 And strength of Sin, what is it but the Law?
 But thanks to God, and glory! His dear Son,
 Jesus,—for us the victory hath won!



THE SAINT SUPPORTED IN TROUBLE BY THE
 PROSPECT OF CELESTIAL GLORY.

2 Cor. iv. 16—ult.—v. 1—9.

1.

SHALL the saint,

Midst his trial, feebly faint?—

No; his outward man may perish!

He a heart-felt hope can cherish,

Inly brightening day by day,
 Past decay.

2.

Oh how brief,
 Oh how moment-like, his grief
 Works a weight of bliss supernal,*
 Inexpressible, eternal,
 Making light his heaviest fears,
 Toils, or tears!

3.

Faith, sublime
 O'er the sphere of sense and time,
 Eyes the' invisible as present :
 Well she knows how evanescent
 All but what, conceal'd on high,
 Ne'er can die.

4.

Yes, we trust,
 When this tenement of dust

* No version can render any justice to the energetic beauty, the astonishing grandeur, of the original; in which the language, scarcely less than the sentiment, bears the impress of Divinity.

Sinks dissolv'd ; the' unbodied spirit
 Shall a deathless frame inherit,

Workmanship of power Divine,
 Heavenly shrine.

5.

Sin-born woe

Bids us groan, while here we go :
 Still our deep desires are swelling
 Tow'rd that many-mansion'd dwelling ;
 So we be not, when unbound,
 Naked found.

6.

In this tent

Still we pine, as prest and pent :
 Not that nature fain would sever
 From her covering ; but for ever*
 Fain be cloth'd ; her mortal strife
 Lost in life !

7.

'Tis our God

Forms us for that bright abode ;

* This passage, both as relating to a mysterious subject, and as expressed in metaphorical language, is somewhat difficult : I have aimed at the most natural interpretation.

He, whose hallowing inspiration
 Yields its pledge, its prelibation.*

Hence our hope, tho' foes assail,
 Ne'er can fail.

8.

Well we know,
 We, who dwell in flesh below,
 Linger absent from our Father:
 Here 'tis faith, not sight: and rather
 Would we quit our earthly cell,
 There to dwell.

9.

There, in sight
 Faith is lost,—in God's own light!
 There to win His blissful favour,
 (Whether here, O glorious Saviour,
 Still we wait, or join Thee there,)
 —This be all our aim and care,
 This, our prayer!

* ————— “We feel desires
 That give assurance of their own success,
 And that, infus'd from heaven, must thither tend.”—COWPER.

Aug. 1823.

THE DIVINE PANOPLY.

 Ephes. vi. 10—18.

BE cloth'd, my brethren, with your Saviour's might,
 Arm'd with the panoply of God for fight!
 Thus o'er infernal wiles shall ye prevail:
 —For oh, not fleshly foes the soul assail;
 'Gainst powers, 'gainst principalities we strive,
 'Gainst those, the lords of darkness, who contrive
 All evil in this world; to whom 'tis given,
 Spirits of hell, to war with heirs of heaven!*
 These are your foes: o'er these to gain the day,
 Assert the ground, and bear the dread affray,—

* *εν τοις επουρανιοις*, *in the heavenlies*: an expression which occurs four times in this Epistle, and no where besides in the same form. It has been generally referred, in this instance, to the *aëreal heavens*, as supposed by the Jews to be inhabited by the *evil* angels. (See Eph. ii. 2.) But, from the analogy of its application in the other places, (where it is connected with spiritual blessings, with Jesus Christ, and with the *holy* angels, Eph. i. 3. ii. 6. iii. 10.) I cannot but refer it to a higher element than the *air*; even the sphere of spiritual and celestial blessings, the Christian Church, so often emphatically denominated by our Lord, “the Kingdom of *Heaven*.”

Seize your celestial armour! be your loins
 Girdled with truth; secure from fiercest foins,
 Your breast-plate be the righteousness of God;
 Your feet with gospel preparation shod.
 While in your left the shield of faith ye clench,
 Covering complete, hell's fiery darts to quench;
 Grasp in your right the Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
 Quick, powerful, piercing; e'en the heavenly Word!
 Last, be the helmet of salvation, round
 Your conqueror brows, the hope of glory, bound!
 And prayer your every exercise pervade;
 Ethereal temper, ever-present aid!



THE TERRORS OF THE LAW, CONTRASTED WITH
 THE GLORIES OF THE GOSPEL.

Heb. xii. 18—24.

NOT to SINAI, with Israel of old, are ye call'd,
 That earthly, that palpable mount, which appall'd
 With darkness, and clouds, and tempestuous night,
 And a fire, like a furnace, that glar'd on the height;

And a trumpet, whose summons grew loud and
more loud,

And a voice, at whose accents the terrified crowd
Shrunk back, and entreated to hear it no more,
For they could not endure the dread meaning it
bore.

And if but a beast to the mountain drew near,
That beast must be ston'd, or transfix'd with a spear;
And well might the view scare the people assembled,
When Moses declar'd he exceedingly trembled!—

Oh no! 'tis not *yours* thus to witness with awe
The terrible signs that prefigur'd the Law!
—Far different to *you*, in the gospel of grace,
A Father, a Saviour, discloses His face!

Ye to SION are invited,
Scene of love, by Jesus trod;
Ye in Salem dwell delighted,
Heavenly City of our God,*

* Here, as in other passages, there appears an almost undefinable intermixture of the present privileges, and the future

Join the' innumerable legions
 Of the high angelic race,
 Oft commission'd from their regions
 On sweet ministries of grace ;

Join the general congregation
 Of the first-born, heirs of light ;
 —In the volume of salvation
 Every name is written bright.

Yea, to God, the Judge eternal,
 Ye approach with holy trust ;
 And to those, in bliss supernal,
 Perfect spirits of the just :

Yea, to Him, the Mediator
 Of that covenanted plan,
 Lovelier than the first, as later ;
 Ye are come :—to God in man !

glories, of the Christian Church. In the same style the Apostle asserts ; “ we *are* saved in hope ;—our citizenship *is* in heaven ;—God *hath* made us sit in heavenly places in Christ ;—we *are* come ”—even to angels and to Jesus. The Patriarchal, Legal, Evangelical, and Celestial Economies are here exhibited in their essential and final identity ; and we form a glorious idea of the Univeral Church, “ the communion of saints,” Israelitish or Christian, militant or triumphant.

Come to that dear blood of Jesus,
 Sprinkled on the heart, which speaks
 Better things than Abel's; frees us
 From the curse that justice wreaks;
 —Better things than Abel's offering;
 Since those sacrifices old
 Did but shadow forth the suffering
 Of the Lamb we now behold.*

* It is not quite certain whether the Apostle meant to contrast the blood of Jesus with that of *Abel* himself, which cried for *wrath* upon his murderer,—while the blood of Jesus cries for *mercy* even upon his crucifiers: or whether he meant to contrast (according to the leading design of this epistle) the blood of *Abel's sacrifice*, acceptable as it was, and the earliest on record,—with the infinitely more precious blood of the Lamb of God, by faith in which *Abel's* was accepted. Both senses are natural and beautiful, and both are therefore attempted in the paraphrase. In favour of the latter interpretation, though less obvious, much may be plausibly urged, whether we attend to the meaning, (compare ix. 13, 14.) or to the original expression. Παρα τον Αβελ, scil. non το αιμα, sed τον ραντισμον: nec pertinet τον ad hominem Abel; nam cap. xi. 4. πλειονα θυσιαν Αβελ παρα Καιν; sine articulo. Vide *Poli Synopsis* in loc. Yet whoever will consult the masterly Owen on this passage, will probably perceive that we must acquiesce in the common idea, as justly suggested by the historic mention of “the voice of *Abel's* blood crying from the ground unto the Lord.”—See Gen. iv. 10.

THE CHOIR OF CHRISTIAN GRACES.

 2 Pet. i. 5—7

AS your queen, let Faith advance,
 Leading on the' harmonious dance ;
 Parent of the sister graces,
 All resplendent in their places ;
 Fortitude, to guard the rest ;
 Knowledge, with expanded breast ;
 Patience, triumphing o'er pain,
 Temperance, o'er pleasure vain ;
 Piety, whose eye sublime
 Reads eternity in time ;
 Kindness, that in every other
 Yearns to recognise a brother ;—
 While, to close and crown the rear,
 Last, not least, let Love appear,
 Glowing with celestial fire,
 Loveliest of the lovely choir!*

* The idea of a choral band is suggested by the original: *επιχορηγησατε εν τη πισει την αρετην, &c.* The word

THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN.

 Revelation vii. 9—ult.*

HERE my vision chang'd:—I view'd
A surpassing multitude,

αρετη seems to denote Christian courage, the *virtue* then so peculiarly needed. “*Ut virtus à viro, sic αρετης ab Αρης Mars.*” *Scap. Lex.* In our own language, *manliness* most exactly corresponds with the term.

* This exquisite description, in its primary and prophetic import, has been generally referred by expositors to the immense, unrecorded multitude of Christian converts, who had suffered “great tribulation” during the three centuries of persecution, which preceded the first tranquil state of the Church under Constantine.—The last accessions to that multitude had been, in the preceding verses, *Judaically* described as one hundred and forty-four thousand sealed out of the twelve tribes of Israel; a large definite number being probably used to represent a yet larger indefinite.—The entranced Apostle makes a pause, amidst his crowded and too often gloomy visions, to contemplate the delightful spectacle of those martyred myriads, as already translated to their state of *immediate* felicity in heaven.—Such a passage, thus reasonably interpreted, atones for the melancholy deficiency of Church historians in almost every other record of those early and interesting ages, than the detail of their corruptions and contentions.

Such as man could ne'er describe,
 Of each nation, tongue, and tribe.*
 Round the Lamb they all unite,
 Cloth'd in robes of spotless white;
 Round the throne adoring stand,
 Victor-palms in every hand:
 Burden of their pealing songs,
 —' Our salvation all belongs
 To the Infinite I AM,
 To our God, and to the Lamb!
 While the angels, and the band
 (As around the throne they stand,)
 Of the elders, and the four†
 Spirited with eyes all o'er,

* The primitive spread of the Gospel over the Roman empire, which was then supposed to comprehend "all nations," (compare Acts ii. 5, Rom. i. 8, Col. i. 6.) was an earnest and a type of its ultimately universal diffusion over the entire earth: and the apocalyptic prophet rises above the limitation of his original idea, into language adapted to the most exalted anticipation of the *whole* Church of the redeemed, as united in eternal glory.

† The *twenty-four elders* probably represent either the ministers or the members of the universal church, in allusion to the twenty-four courses of priests instituted by David, or to the twelve patriarchs of Judaism superadded to the twelve apos-

Down upon their faces all
 In adoring rapture fall;
 Still resounding in their strain,—
 —‘ Hallelujah! yea, amen!
 Blessing, glory, wisdom, power,
 To our God, for evermore!’—

“ What” (I wondering ask’d) “ are they,
 What and whence,—in white array ?”
 —“ See”—an elder answer’d—“ those,
 Recent from severest woes,
 Who have wash’d their robes, and whiten’d
 (Once how stain’d, tho’ now so brighten’d!)
 In the Lamb’s redeeming blood.
 —Therefore* at the throne of God

tles of Christianity.—Various objections attend the various interpretations of the *four living creatures*, which evidently allude to the cherubim of Moses and Ezekiel, and to the seraphim of Isaiah; and, after all our inquiries, we arrive at the humble conclusion, that neither angels, ministers of the Church, nor the Divine Persons, sufficiently correspond with this mysterious symbol.—See the note of Scott, and Parkhurst’s Hebrew Lexicon on the article, *Cherubim*.

* Therefore.” An important emphasis rests on this word here. They had written their faith in the blood of martyrdom; but it was for the sake of far *other* blood than this, that they

Their's that beatific station ;
 That eternal ministration,
 In His temple, their employ ;
 While His presence they enjoy.
 Never shall they hunger more,
 Never thirst ;—their wants are o'er :
 Never more upon their head
 Shall the sun his fierceness shed.
 Still the Lamb, enthron'd, shall feed them,
 Still to living fountains lead them ;
 And for ever God shall clear,
 Every eye from every tear."

were admitted into the presence of God.—It will be difficult to find an answer to the following just and natural demand of the wise and pious Scott. “ How could such an idea ever enter the human mind, as that of washing linen garments in *blood*, and so rendering them *white* ; apart from the doctrine of the atonement, and the efficacy of faith in that atonement, to cleanse the soul from sin ?” (Compare Isai. i. 18.)

July, 1820.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

 Rev. xxi. 1—6.

1.

THEN it burst, the glorious view,
 In the Spirit as I lay;
 Heavens and earth created new,
 For the first were pass'd away :
 Sea was none, with billowy roar
 Severing shore from kindred shore :
 But, refulgent as a bride
 For her husband beautified,

2.

Forth from heaven and God descending,
 Lo, the Holy City came,
 Glories past expression blending,
NEW JERUSALEM her name !
 Hark, a voice from heaven ;—“ our God
 Plants with men His blest abode ;
 They, His hallow'd people ; He,
 He, their present God shall be !

3.

God's own hand from all their eyes,
 Wipes for ever every tear :
 Death is dead,—no more to rise ;
 Pain and sorrow disappear.”—
 Hark He speaks,—the First, the Last ;
 “ See the old creation past !
 A new universe begun !
 Write the changeless truth.—’Tis done !”
July, 1820.



THE CLOSING VISION.

Rev. xxi. 10, &c.—xxii. 1, &c.*

1.

“ **NOW,**” (the angel cried) “ as Moses
 Erst the brow of Pisgah trod,
 See the scene yon mount discloses,
 See the city of our God !”

* Powerful reasons may be produced for applying these two concluding chapters of the inspired volume to the *heavenly* world exclusively ; as perfectly distinct from that millennial state of the Church on *earth*, which had been introduced

2.

There it lay, lay full before me ;

—Such a vision who can paint ?

Such infinitude of glory !

—Fancy fails, and words are faint.

3.

Jasper, there, and emerald gleaming,

Chrysolite and sapphire blaze ;

• Battlements with rubies beaming,

Gates with amethystine rays !

4.

Yet no temple rose before me,

Yet no glory shone above ;

—All was temple, all was glory,

All in all was God and love !

5.

Lo, the stream of life, resplendent

More than clearest crystal, flow'd,

in the preceding chapter as *previous* to the resurrection and the judgment ; events, to which this new creation is *subsequent*. Yet the language of these chapters, in unison with deep and various arguments, justifies a belief in the *materiality* of the heavenly world, however inconceivably refined and glorified beyond the present state ; as well as in a real *analogy* (however immense the difference) between the *new* creation and the *old*. (See 1 Cor. xv. 40, &c.) Analogy, indeed, may be regarded as a principle which pervades the universe.

Pouring blessedness transcendent
 From the fount, the throne of God!

6.

Lo, the tree of life! it flourish'd
 Where that river fed its roots;
 E'en its leaves with healing nourish'd,
 While it bore unnumber'd fruits.

7.

There no more of sin-born curses:
 With the LORD, and with the LAMB,
 Face to face each saint converses:
 Every forehead bears His name.

8.

“Come! ye citizens invited!”
 Let the Spirit's call be heard:
 “Come!” the Saviour's Bride delighted
 Echoes round the gracious word.

9.

“Come!”—repeat it countless voices;—
 “All that thirst, yea all that will!
 Freely drink, whoe'er rejoices,
 From the Fount of life his fill!”

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF THE
REV. CORNELIUS NEALE, M. A.

*Late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; who departed this life,
Aug. 8th, 1823.*

“ O MIHI POST ULLOS NUNQUAM MEMORANDE SODALES!
PENE MIHI PUERO COGNITE PENE PUER!”—OVID. TRIST.

1.

'TIS made, the' ineffable transition,
That fix'd so oft thy solemn mind!
Thy faith is realis'd in vision;
Thy groaning hope—'tis cast behind!
And thine the lovely death which frees us
—Not forces—from the scene we trod,
To rest imparadis'd with JESUS,
Imbosom'd in the love of GOD!

2.

Well, in thy laurell'd youth, I knew thee ;
 When op'd that deep and beauteous mind ;
 When Fancy first, then Science, drew thee ;
 And Milton, Newton, *there* combin'd !*
 But oh, how soon can Heaven transfigure !
 —Gales of the SPIRIT wak'd thy soul,
 And fill'd it with celestial vigour :
 The SAVIOUR GOD absorb'd thee whole !

3.

Where Science, *now*, with Fancy vying ?
 Their glories fade in dim eclipse.
 —Lo, in cold huts, the poor, the dying,
 Catch Heaven's own manna from thy lips !
 Thus hast thou fall'n, a joyous martyr
 To Him who bath'd thee in His blood ;
 Joyous for Him all else to barter,
 All else how little, for thy GOD !

* Like the admirable Martyn, he attained the mathematical pre-eminence of Senior Wrangler. Of his poetical genius he has left several beautiful monuments, besides the volume justly appreciated by Dr. Drake in his *Winter Nights*, No. 15. During the last three years of his life, in which he entered the ministry, all his thoughts and exertions were consecrated to Religion, and the pursuits of Christian beneficence.

4.

And sweet, if sad, the contemplation
 To her who widow'd weeps awhile,
Waiting in faith her glad vocation,
 To hail thee with seraphic smile.
We too, dear friend,—whose youthful union
 Mingled so oft our earthlier lays,—
Rejoin'd in purified communion,
 May hymn Redemption's endless praise.

NOTES

ON THE POEM ENTITLED "THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD."

Line 52.—"If God be not an immaterial being, then matter may be the cause of all the motions in the material world. But matter is a mere passive thing, of whose very essence it is to be endued with a *vis inertię*, which presents itself in all our observations and experiments upon matter, and is inseparable from it even in idea." HARTLEY ON MAN.

Line 76.—"As time, and its exponent, the succession of ideas, is a thing which relates merely to finite beings; so space and place relate, in their original sense, to material ones only; nor can we perceive any relation which they bear to immaterial ones, nor, consequently, to the Divine existence." Ibid.

Line 81.—"Divinę particulam aurę." HOR.

Line 100.—"Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Ætherium sensum, atque auręi simplicis ignem." VIRG.

Line 105.—See this sentiment illustrated in a sermon of Saurin, "Sur l' Immensité de Dieu." "Prouver que Dieu est un Esprit, et prouver qu' il n'occupe

point de lieu, (du moins selon la manière dont notre imagination se le représente,) selon nous, c'est établir la même thèse."

Line 145.—See Rom. viii. 23, 26. 2 Cor. v. 4, 8. and xii. 2, &c. Coloss. ii. 5, &c.

Line 152.—"But, while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."

SHAKSPEARE.

Line 155.—Ephes. ii. 2. "The Prince of the power of the *air*:" and (according to some interpreters) vi. 12. "the spirits of wickedness in *heavenly* places." The Hebrews called the atmosphere of earth the first heaven; as the starry region was the second, and the habitation of the blessed the third, or, "the highest." The incident referred to, is related 2 Kings vi. 17.

Line 191.—While we are far from impiously and absurdly identifying the Deity with the Universe, or supposing (like certain pagan philosophers and modern infidels) that God is merely the *soul* of matter, and that He exists as such in the same manner in which the human soul exists in its union with the body; yet, from the mysterious manner in which the human soul exercises a dominion over the body, we may derive no improper, though an imperfect, illustration of the omnipresent agency of the Infinite Spirit in Nature; nor, perhaps, is it easy to express that agency better

than it has been expressed by some of those pagans, who embraced the doctrine of Pythagoras:

“Principio, cœlum et terras———

Spiritus intùs alit, totamque, infusa per artus,
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.”

ÆN. VI.

——— “Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.”

GEORG. IV.

“Il y a un sens très juste, selon lequel on peut dire que l’univers entier est le corps le la Divinité. En effet, comme j’appelle mon corps cette portion de matière que je porte, que je remuë, que je promène comme bon me semble ; aussi Dieu agit par sa volonté sur toutes les parties de l’univers.” SAURIN.

Line 196.—JEHOVAH SABAOTH: a title illustrated Gen. ii. 1. “The heavens and the earth were finished, and all the *host* of them.”

Line 205.—Ps. cxxxix. 15. “My substance, curiously wrought.”—“The two words (remarks Bp. Horsley) describe the two principal parts of the human body; the bony skeleton, the foundation of the whole; and the external covering of muscular flesh, tendons, veins, arteries, nerves, and skin; a curious web of fibres.”—“The process (says Bp. Horne) is compared to that in a piece of work wrought with a needle, or

fashioned in a loom." The Hebrew word is elsewhere introduced to express embroidery variegated with colours and figures. Judg. v. 30. Ps. xlv. 14. — See a note on the above expression, p. 147.

Line 212.—“ The’ inexplicable union and division
Of soul and spirit.”————

Compare Heb. iv. 12. with 1 Thess. v, 23. When the Apostle, in the former of these passages, speaks of “ dividing asunder the soul and spirit;” he evidently distinguishes between the soul and the spirit of man: and when, in the latter, he specifies “ spirit, soul, and body;” he presents us with an inspired and perfect epitome of our whole nature, our *entire inheritance*, *ολοκληρον υμων*, which deserves an attentive inspection.

The Hebrew terms, *nephash* and *ruach*, which the Greek Scriptures render *ψυχη* and *πνευμα*, and the English *soul* and *spirit*, are frequently used as convertible terms, and signify the same thing; but when they are distinguished, as in these passages, each manifestly requires a distinct meaning. The Apostle represents man as possessing a *triune* nature, as consisting of three parts, the body, the soul, and the spirit. The body is that part of man which God “ formed of the dust of the ground:” to this He made an important addition, when He “ breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a *living soul*;” (Gen. ii. 7.) the same appellation, which had been applied to

all the inferior animals, when their Creator said, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature;" Heb. *living soul*. (Gen. i. 24.) The *soul* of man, therefore, strictly so called, seems to be the principle of his sensitive or animal life, the seat of his sensations, appetites, and passions. Thus the body of the first man, animated with the breath of life, is termed *σωμα ψυχικον*, a *sensitive* or *animal* body; in distinction from the *spiritual* body, in which the saints shall be raised at the last day. (1 Cor. xv. 44, 46.)

But man, besides his terrestrial body and his animal soul, possesses another and a far more noble principle, denominated *spirit*; in the natural and moral powers of which he is clearly distinguished from the brute creation. The formation of his *spiritual* part is described, when it is asserted that "God created man in *his own* image." (Gen. i. 27.) As neither his corporeal frame, nor the soul that animates it, both which he inherits in common with the brutes, can be conceived to constitute any part of the Divine image; he must bear this image in his *spirit*; that part of his nature, which is the seat of intellect, rationality, and conscience; by which he is fitted to know, love, and enjoy his Maker; to preside over the lower creation; and to govern the animal part of his own constitution.

"The breath of life," (Gen. ii. 7.) or rather, as the original expresses it, "of *lives*," may be designed to include both the animal soul, and the human spirit, as

here distinguished. This is probable from the peculiar solemnity with which it is stated, respecting *man* alone, that "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of lives." It is probable, also, that the *soul*, as here understood, is the connecting link between the *spirit* and the *body*, or that the union of the thinking principle with the material vehicle is the cause of *life*.

"To comprehend," says the acute Macknight, "the distinction between *soul* and *spirit*, which the sacred writers have insinuated, the soul must be considered as connected with the body, and with the spirit. By its connection with the body, the soul receives impressions from the senses; and by its connection with the spirit, it conveys these impressions, by means of the imagination and memory, to the spirit, as materials for its operations."—But whatever truth may be in this, or how intimate soever may be the union of the soul and the spirit; as the Scriptures clearly reveal a distinction between them, our belief of that distinction ought in no degree to depend on our being able fully either to explain or comprehend it. It is, however, a matter of observation and experience, that the animal part of man may be greatly afflicted, while his spirit or mind is happy; and, on the other hand, that his mind or spirit may be severely distressed, while nothing immediately affects his animal part. This evinces an unquestionable distinction between the sensitive soul and the rational spirit of man.

Jesus Christ, in his human nature, is said to have “resigned his *spirit*,” and “commended it into the hands of his Father,” at the moment in which he “laid down his life,” his animal *soul*.

The preceding is, in all probability, the correct interpretation of the terms, *soul* and *spirit*, as distinguished from each other in apostolic language. To penetrate the distinction which subsists between the animal and the intellectual soul, so incomprehensibly as both are united in the human person; must be felt to be an exquisite instance of the “quick and powerful” nature of “the sword of the Spirit, the word of God.” Yet, as the subject is metaphysical and mysterious, one or two other interpretations, at least plausible and interesting, may be not improperly added.

From those passages, (as especially 1 Cor. ii. 14, 15) in which the *animal* man ($\psi\upsilon\chi\iota\kappa\omicron\varsigma$) is contrasted with the *spiritual*, some may be ready to infer that, by *soul*, we are to understand the common faculties of human nature, including natural reason; by *spirit*, that new, supernatural sense of the heart, which the Divine Spirit communicates to the regenerate man, the “new creature.” To this interpretation the most obvious objection is, that the Apostle, when he specifies “soul and spirit” as parts of the human compound, evidently designs to express our universal nature; whereas “spirit,” according to this interpretation, is

no common property of the race, but the peculiar distinction of regenerate men.

Others, again, may suppose the term "spirit" to designate the *heart*, the seat of feelings and affections; a province of our nature, perceptibly distinct from the province of the *mind*, of thought and intellect, to which, according to this view, the term "soul" is restricted: the former being situate in the *præcordia*, the latter in the *cranium*. The perfect discrimination of "soul and spirit," thus understood, is an apt evidence of that Omniscience which, co-existent with Omnipresence, alone can analyse the whole mystery of man. (Heb. iv. 12.) Yet perhaps it will be difficult to produce any instance, that such are the distinctive uses of these two terms in the apostolic pages.

Line 229.—The scene, to which these lines allude, is Nightingale valley in Leigh woods. So again, *l.* 250.

Line 241.—The sentiment that the Creation adumbrates the Deity, is illustrated in the Chevalier Ramsay's Principles of Religion, book ii. prop. 21; a work in which extraordinary genius and grandeur are combined with much eccentricity and error.

Line 262.—"Concevons l' Immensité de Dieu, non comme un attribut particulier, si j'ose ainsi dire, de la Divinité, comme la bonté, la sagesse; mais comme l'étendue ou l'infinité de plusieurs autres. L' Immen-

sité de Dieu est cette propriété universelle qui fait que Dieu se communique à tout, qu'il se répand sur tout, qu'il est grand mobile de tout." SAURIN.

“ L' esprit de l' homme doit son existence à un Etre supérieur, à une cause étrangère, qui ne lui donne que les idées que bon lui semble, et à qui il a plû de lui cacher des mystères sans nombre. Mais Dieu, Dieu non seulement ne doit pas son existence à une cause étrangère, mais tout ce qui existe lui doit son être. Ses idées ont été les modèles de tout ce qui est, et il n'a qu'à se contempler soi-même pour le connoître parfaitement.” Ibid.

“ When men have entered sufficiently into the ways of piety, God appears more and more to them in the whole course and tenour of their lives; and, by uniting Himself with all their sensations and intellectual perceptions, overpowers all the pains, augments and attracts to Himself all the pleasures. Every thing sweet, beautiful, and glorious, brings in the idea of God, mixes with it, and vanishes into it. For all is God's; He is the only cause and reality; and the existence of every thing else is only the effect, pledge, and proof of His existence and glory. Let the mind be once duly seasoned with this truth and its practical applications; and every the most indifferent thing will become food for religious meditation, a book of devotion, and a psalm of praise.—All other affections will point to the love of God, like so many lines

terminating in the same center: for they are all impure and idolatrous, except when considered as the methods appointed by God to beget in us the love of Himself; they must all be tried and purified by the fire of His love, and pass thereby from human to Divine."

HARTLEY ON MAN.

"Our idea of the Divine character is continually receiving fresh accessions, is continually growing more extended and refulgent, by having transferred upon it new perceptions of beauty and goodness; by attracting to itself, as a center, whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. It borrows splendour from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe."

R. HALL.

Line 277.—"The mountains melted,—even *that* Sinai." Judg. v. 5. So Ps. lxxviii. 8.

Line 292.—"Stood vast Infinitude confin'd."

PARADISE LOST, b. iii. v. 711.

Line 296.—The union of Locality and Immensity is appropriated by our Saviour in those words: "No man (Gr. no being) hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which *is* in heaven." John iii. 13.

—————"He also went

Invisible, yet stay'd; such privilege

Hath Omnipresence." PARADISE LOST, b. vii. v. 590

Line 301.—There is every reason to believe, with the more spiritual divines, that all the appearances of the LORD, and the Angel of the LORD, recorded in the Old Testament, were appearances of the Son of God, “the image of the *invisible* God,” thus anticipating his incarnation.

Line 309.—Solomon: see 1 Kings viii. 27.

Line 312.—Isaiah lvii. 15. lxvi. 1, &c.

Line 314.—Omnipresence, in common with all the other attributes of Deity, is expressly predicated of Jesus Christ, and this in the same terms in which it is assigned to Jehovah. “ALL IN ALL,” the incommunicable character of God, (1 Cor. xv. 28.) is the distinction of Jesus Christ. (Eph. i. ult. iii. 10. Coloss. iii. 11.) A more emphatic expression of Omnipresence cannot be conceived: it is the “*Jovis omnia plena*,” christianised. And it is remarkable that, just as Jehovah repeatedly proclaims by Isaiah, our Lord assures his followers in the same peculiar tone of universal perception and influence, “I am *with* you.” Compare Isaiah xli. 10. —xliii. 5. with Matt. xviii. 20.—xxviii. ult.

Line 349.—It is thus that we restore to the proper object those beautiful expressions, which an idolatrous enthusiasm has too often misapplied to the creature: “*Heu, quantò minus est, cum reliquis versari, quàm Tui meminisse!*” (Shenstone’s inscription.) “*In solis*

Tu mihi turba locis!" (Propertius.) "Nunquam minùs solus, quàm cùm solus."

(SCIPIO, in Cic. de Oratore.)

Line 365.—See 1 Cor. v. 3. Coloss. ii. 5. 1 Thess. ii. 17. Heb. xii. 22, 23.

Line 380.—Allusion to Job xxviii. 14.

Line 403.—Ps. lxxiii. 25.

Line 431.—"Igneus est ollis vigor." VIRGIL.

Line 474.—"There is a spiritual body:" (1 Cor. xv. 44.) a body, to the life of which the presence of the spirit alone is necessary; a body, of which all the members, and organs of sensation, will be perfectly adapted to the spiritual objects and exercises of heaven.

Line 480.—"Knowledge shall vanish away; Charity (Love) never faileth." (1 Cor. xiii. 8.)

Line 486.—"I saw no temple therein;—and the city had no need of the sun:" &c. (Rev. xxi. 22, 23.)

Line 501.—"Which things the Angels desire to *look into.*" (1 Peter, i. 12.) The original word is the same which is applied to the disciple *stooping forward* to examine the dark sepulchre of our Lord. It has been supposed to allude to the attitude of the symbolical cherubim, stationed at each end of the mercy-seat within the Holy of Holies.

Line 504. —Ps. viii. 5. and Heb. ii. 7, 16. “He took not on him the nature of Angels,” &c. This sense of the words, which is sanctioned by Owen and Parkhurst, appears more agreeable to the context than that which our judicious translators have referred to the margin: “He taketh not hold of Angels,” &c. Our Saviour describes the redeemed in glory, as *ἰσ’αγγελοι*, “equal or similar to Angels.” (Luke xx. 36.)

Line 532. —“By Horeb wandering,” &c.

PARADISE LOST, b. i. v. 7, 10.

Line 538. —“Far from the height,” &c.

“Into what depth,” &c.

Ibid. b. i, v. 24 & 91.

FINIS.

THE
VISIONS OF PATMOS:

A PROPHETIC POEM,

Illustrative of the Apocalypse;

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.

BY

THE REV. THOMAS GRINFIELD, M. A.

Late of Trinity College, Cambridge.

“Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear, the words of THIS PROPHECY.”—REV. i. 3.

“Si ea sit, quam dixi, PROPHETIÆ ipsius indoles; exinde satis intelligi potest, quanto cum suo emolumento PŒSI adjutrice et administrâ utatur.”—LOWTH. Prælect. xx.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR J. HATCHARD & SON, PICCADILLY;
AND J. CHILCOTT, WINE STREET, BRISTOL.

1827.

P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem is the result of an attentive study of the last and most important book of Sacred Prophecy, aided by the labours of the most judicious interpreters. The Visions of the Apocalypse, so sublime in their character, and recorded in a style so highly figurative, have a peculiar, though neglected, claim to be exhibited in a poetic form.

The author has made it his object to interweave with the inspired imagery an outline of those historical expositions which, to his judgment, appeared the most probable. While no interpreter has been implicitly followed; the differing views of Mede, Bp. Newton, Woodhouse, Scott, and others, have been alternately consulted, and often combined: and it is hoped that a con-

siderable portion of instruction is here provided for those who, by the new and popular aspect of a Prophetic Poem, may be allured to a most interesting study, which they might have declined if presented in the customary form of a long and learned dissertation.

The Introduction and the Notes will be found to contain a collection of materials, important to the illustration of the Prophecy, both in its general plan, and especially in its more obscure or more interesting parts.

The Poem is supposed to be uttered by a missionary, who visits the isle of Patmos in his voyage to Palestine, and devotes a day to the contemplation of these Visions, in the cave, called the Grotto of the Apocalypse,* where the Apostle is imagined to have received them.

* See Dr. E. D. Clarke's Travels.

INTRODUCTION.

§ I. *Analysis of the Visions, as represented in the Poem.*

PART I.

AFTER the introductory scene, or stage of the visions, has been exhibited; (ch. iv. and v.) a series of seven seals is opened in succession. This may be regarded the first act of the prophetic drama. The seals, as they are here illustrated, disclose the rise of Christianity, and the successive judgments inflicted on the Roman empire during the period of its Pagan and persecuting character; until, under the sixth seal, the subversion of Paganism, and the establishment of Christianity in that empire, are represented in language expressive, in its ultimate reference, of the great day of judgment, and of the final exaltation and repose of the Church. (ch. vi. and vii.)

After an appropriate pause of silence; the seventh seal introduces a series of seven trumpets,

which may be considered as the second act of the drama. Of these, the former four pourtray, as we here suppose, the rapid desolations of the Western empire, after it became *nominally Christian*, by the Goths, Huns, Vandals, and Heruli, &c. (ch. viii.)

The three remaining trumpets having been ushered in by the name of woes; under the fifth and sixth of these trumpets, or the first and second of these woes, the scene is shifted from the West, in order to exhibit the rise and progress of the Mahomedan imposture: and, as the first woe, the irruption of the Saracens into the Eastern empire; as the second, the destruction of that empire by the Turks, are vividly pourtrayed. (ch. ix.)

At this point of the visions, while the seventh trumpet, or third and last woe, is yet expected; a little book, not sealed like the larger volume of the seven seals, is introduced with great solemnity, as an important *episode* in the mysterious drama.* (ch. x.) Its contents, as here interpreted, relate to the long depressed, yet

* A corresponding pause or digression seems to have been interposed between the sixth and the seventh seals. (ch. vii.)

ultimately victorious condition of the true Church in the West, during the period of the two preceding Eastern woes. (ch. xi. 1—14.)

After this episode, the seventh trumpet sounds its third woe in a brief and general manner, as the particulars are reserved for an enlarged description in a subsequent part of the visions. It intimates, however, in few words, the tremendous destruction of the enemies of God, the triumphant establishment of His kingdom on earth, the general resurrection, the last judgment, and the destinies of eternity to the righteous and the wicked. (ch. xi. 15—ult.)

PART II.

“Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.”—**VIRG.**

The Prophet, having thus arrived at the end of the terrestrial, and the opening of the eternal state, instantly reverts to the period from which his visions had originally commenced: he contemplates the newly-risen Church of Christ, as furiously but vainly persecuted by Pagan Rome, and preserved by Divine superintendance during the long predetermined continuance of her

affliction.* (ch. xii.) He is then presented with a vivid hieroglyphical portraiture of the papal Roman empire, both in its secular and its ecclesiastical form. (ch. xiii.) As if to console him after this appalling exhibition, he is next favoured with a view of the true followers of Christ, as preserved during the period of corruptions and oppressions; while the rise and progress of the Protestant Reformation, and the judgments in reserve for the antichristian empire, are emphatically announced.† (ch. xiv.)

The successive execution of those judgments is represented, in the following vision, by the effusion of seven vials full of the Divine wrath.‡ (ch. xv. and xvi.) And, that the “great city,” whose destruction was about to be copiously and awefully celebrated, might be rendered distinct and palpable; a more minute delineation of her features is

* This vision appears to correspond, in respect to the period which it embraces, with the disclosures of the six former seals.

† The visions of these two chapters (xiii. and xiv.) appear to synchronise with the contents of the little book, or with the discoveries of the fifth and sixth trumpets, of the first and second woes.

‡ Of these vials, the former six are here supposed to be discharged under the latter part of the sixth trumpet, or second woe; while the seventh is reserved to open the seventh trumpet, and to constitute the last woe.

here interposed, as a kind of *digressive* or *parenthetic* enlargement on that which had been already given. (ch. xvii. compared with ch. xiii.) This is succeeded by the triumph of the Church anticipating the destruction of papal Rome, and by that destruction as accomplished by the omnipotence of Christ. (ch. xviii. and xix.) The extinction of antichristian powers is crowned by the exclusion of infernal influence for a long predetermined period, during which the *rising* saints participate with their Lord the reign of righteousness on earth. This blissful state, however, is at last disturbed by the return of Satanic agency, and the renewed efforts of Satanic agents. The rebellion is permitted but for a short space: the sudden and final destruction of Satan, the general resurrection, the last judgment, and the destinies of eternity, once more conduct the visions to the same point at which the former series had closed.* (ch. xx.)

The scene is here transferred from the *present* to the *new* creation; and the celestial state is painted in more than millennial imagery. (ch. xxi. and xxii.)

* The visions portrayed in chapters xviii. xix. and the former part of xx. are evidently coincident with the period of the seventh trumpet, as briefly sketched at the close of chapter xi.

§ II.—*Table of parallelisms or correspondences, as here supposed to exist between the visions of the former, and those of the latter series.**

I. The crowned conqueror going forth on the white horse, under the first seal, (vi. 2.) appears to correspond, in respect both to the person and the period, with the man-child, born of the woman, and destined to rule the nations. (xii. 5.) The same conqueror re-appears, more completely armed, and more gloriously arrayed, for his final triumph over the beast and the false prophet, in a future part of the visions. (xix. 11—16.)

II. The judicial desolations of the *Pagan* Roman empire, represented by the five following seals, (vi. 4—ult.) appear to correspond with the war of Michael against the dragon. (xii. 7.)

III. The overthrow of the empire, after it became nationally *Christian*, represented by the four

* The writer may perhaps be permitted to remark, that this Table has not been constructed without that deliberation, and is not presented without that diffidence, which the subject so singularly demands.

former trumpets, (viii. 6—12.) appears to correspond with the expulsion of the dragon.* (xii. 9.)

IV. The sounding of the sixth trumpet, or the first woe; (ix. 1.) the commencement of the Gentiles treading the holy city, (xi. 2.) and of the witnesses prophesying in sackcloth; (xi. 3.) the flight of the woman into the wilderness; (xii. 6.) and the rise of the two beasts; (xiii. 1, 11.) all appear to receive their date from the same era.

V. The continuance of the Gentiles in the holy city; of the witnesses in sackcloth; of the woman in the wilderness; (xii. 14.) and of the ten-horned beast in his power; (xiii. 5.) has been justly distinguished by MEDE† as the cardinal four-fold

* “The first four trumpets describe the removal of that power which, in the days of Paul, had prevented the developement of *the man of sin*; (2 Thes. ii.) namely, the western imperial dignity of Rome.”—FABER.

† “Primus mihi synchronismus crit nobilis istius quaternionis vaticiniorum.”—CLAVIS APOCALYPTICA. This work, published in 1628, may be regarded as containing the “Principia” of prophetic science; while its modest and philosophic author claims to be distinguished as the NEWTON of the prophetic system, and presents an edifying contrast to the self-confident precipitation of some later expositors. His merit is well portrayed by Bishop Hurd: Introduction to the study of the Prophecies, Sermon X.

—“Sagacious Mede, whose deep research,
Unwearied, on the banks of classic Cam,

synchronism of the Apocalypse; being repeatedly defined as the prophetic period of a time, times, and half a time; forty-two months; or 1260 days.

VI. The period, comprised by the fifth and sixth trumpets, or the two former woes, (ix.) appears to be nearly parallel with this central era of apostacy: the scene of these two woe-trumpets being in the East; that of the four events, above distinguished as characteristics of this apostatic era, in the West.

VII. The 144,000, sealed as the Israel of God, after the persecutions of *Pagan Rome*, (vii. 1—8.) re-appear as the 144,000 virgin attendants of the Lamb, after the persecutions of *Papal Rome*. (xiv. 1—5.) They may be regarded as substantially the same with the witnesses in sackcloth, and with the woman in the wilderness; in other words, with the true Church of Christ.

VIII. The latter part of the sixth trumpet or second woe, (ix. 20, 21.) and the latter part of the great period of apostacy, (xi. xii. xiii.) appear to

Discover'd first the 'Apocalyptic key,
Golden, synchronical; whose curious parts,
In admirable order fitting well,
Unbarr'd the gate of Prophecy, the porch
Of mystic Revelation!"—PALINGENESIA: a Poem. 1824.

coincide with the stages of the Protestant Reformation, supposed to be represented by the three proclaiming angels. (xiv. 6—13.)*

IX. Of the seven vials of wrath, emblematic of successive judgments on the antichristian empire, (xvi.) the former six appear to be discharged under the latter part of the sixth trumpet, (ix. 20, 21.) and of the 1260 years; continuing also during the first additional period of thirty years, as specified by Daniel: (Dan. xii. 11.) while the seventh vial, or *last* plague, seems to coincide with the opening scene of the seventh trumpet. or *last* woe; (comp. x. 6. xi. 19. xvi. 17, 18.) and, perhaps, also with the *last* additional period of forty-five years as specified by Daniel. (Dan. xii. 12.)†

* Possibly, however, as the virgin attendants of the Lamb are introduced *after* the period of papal persecutions, these angelic heralds may describe, in triumphant anticipation, that prosperity of the Gospel, and those judicial visitations on its foes, which are reserved for the prophetic intervals of thirty and forty-five years, subsequent to the period of 1260 years.

† “Ergò quinque ad minimum phialarum effunduntur ante desitum sextæ tubæ clangorem; credo etiam quòd sexta: phiala verò septima, quæ consummationis est, proinde concurret cum initio tubæ septimæ, quæ itidem consummationis est.”—MEDE. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that others, with Bp. Newton, Scott, Faber, and Woodhouse, regard all the vials as comprised within the period of the seventh trumpet, or as containing the ingredients of the third or *last* woe.

X. The harvest and the vintage (xiv. 14—20.) may be not improbably supposed to correspond in their period with that of the vials; (xvi.) the harvest, with the former vials, the latter part of the sixth trumpet, and the added thirty years of Daniel; the vintage, with the last vial, the opening of the last woe-trumpet, and the added forty-five years of Daniel.

XI. The fall of the mystic Babylon, as copiously described and celebrated in chapters xvii, xviii, and xix, appears to coincide, with the gathering of the vintage, the effusion of the last vial, the sounding of the last woe, and the final ante-millennial interval of forty-five years.

XII. The revival and rise of the slain witnesses,* at the close of the second woe, just before the announcement of the seventh trumpet that “the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ;” (ch. xi. 11—15.) appear to correspond with the first resurrection of the slain witnesses, as introducing the millennial reign of Christ on earth. (ch. xx. 4—6.)

* The three days and a half, during which these witnesses lie dead, (ch. xi. 7—12) have been identified by some with the three times and a half, or 1260 years. (See Lowman, Guyse, &c.)

XIII. The first and the last resurrection of the dead, the millennial and the celestial exaltation of the saints, together with the final rebellion and destruction of the enemies of God, as explicitly described in chapter xx. appear to have been more indistinctly announced in the epitome of the seventh trumpet, or third woe. (xi. 15—ult.)*

XIV. The Prophecy having thus arrived, in both its parts, at the termination of events relative to the Christian Church on earth; the twenty-first and twenty-second chapters seem to be appended to the whole, as a general conclusion, at once of this prophetic book, and of the Divine testimonies to which it belongs. Accordingly there appears to be nothing in the former part strictly correspondent with this conclusion; unless we except the sublime digression introduced as the sequel of the sixth

* Though the seventh trumpet is denominated, from its *introductory* judgments, the third WOE; yet, in its *prevailing* character, it resembles an antitype of the sabbatic “trumpet of the JUBILEE;” (Levit. xxv. 8.) or “the great trumpet,” which Isaiah announces (xxvii. ult.) as destined to be “blown in that day when the children of Israel shall be gathered one by one.” By some, perhaps, it may be deemed more reasonable to suppose that this final trumpet of awful and glorious annunciation terminates its appropriate period at the point where a new scene is introduced in the millennial reign of Christ on earth.

seal. (vii. 9—ult.) Some, however, with Mede, have deemed it more reasonable to regard this concluding description as an illustrative enlargement on the millennial state. (Compare Isai. lxxv. lxxvi. and 2 Pet. iii.)

§ III.—*General Remarks.*

The former series of visions having conducted us to the end of all things; a second series commences, parallel with the preceding, and designed as an expository supplement. The former part having been more crowded with successive events, and more chronologically definite in its method; the latter part is less artificial or systematic in its arrangement, and more diffuse on certain important subjects, while others are wholly omitted. In the former part, which is executed in the manner of rapid and summary sketches, the prophetic history proceeds in a direct order through the several Seals and Trumpets, interrupted only by the introduction of the Little Book between the sixth and the last Trumpet; while, with the exception of that episode, it presents the affairs of the *empire* as connected with the Church:—in the latter part, a series of more enlarged and finished

pictures exhibits the varied destinies of the *Church* itself. The former part having chiefly described the *secular* circumstances of Christianity; the latter retraces its progress with regard to its *ecclesiastical* concerns.

The style and imagery of these visions, combining magnificence with simplicity, are formed upon the model of the Hebrew prophets; especially Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and Zechariah. There is, also, a pervading allusion to the circumstances, both of the *Jewish worship*, and of the *Jewish history*. The more remarkable events of Providence, in its ancient dispensations to the Church, are frequently recalled to the mind, as *types* and *samples* of the predicted futurities.

Hence a constant comparison of the corresponding features of the Old Testament with the passages of this book, to which they appear analogous, is a very serviceable clue in our attempts to find our way through the mazes of these visions. Another and a not less necessary guide to the exact interpretation of this Prophecy must be sought in the comparison of its corresponding parts among themselves. Having thus, in the *first* place, studied its internal style and structure, we must institute a farther comparison, between the features of the

Prophecy, and those of its progressive developement and interpretation in Providence: in the facts of History, so far as they have been connected with the vicissitudes of the Christian Church, we must explore the substance of the visionary prospects here presented.

It was to be expected that the oracles of God would close in a style of more than their ordinary grandeur; and that, if they closed with a series of visions exhibited by the Son of God to the most favoured of His Apostles, those visions would surpass the majesty and importance of all preceding Prophecy. And the fact will be found to justify the most enlarged expectation. To adopt the eloquent language of a living author, distinguished alike by the intellectual and Christian expansion of his mind: "The writer of the Apocalypse, endowed with a genius equally simple and sublime, mingles with ease among the worshippers before the throne, communes with beings of the highest order, and surveys the splendours of the celestial temple with an eye that never blenched.—Few have been found capable of preserving a perfect sobriety and composure in the midst of the stupendous scenery which he displays; where the curtain rises and falls so often, where new creations so rapidly succeed each other, accompanied by

myriads of the angelic order, and by the sound of trumpets and voices and thunderings and earthquakes." All Revelation, especially all prophetic Revelation, is replete with wonders: but that which is pre-eminently distinguished as **THE REVELATION OF JESUS CHRIST** to His servant John, as it is the last, is the most wonderful portion of the book of God: most wonderful in its method and its machinery; in its correspondences and its transitions; in its harmonies and its intricacies; in its comprehensiveness and its minuteness; in its union of devotional with prophetic significancy; in its bright obscurity, and its regular confusion.

The whole may be regarded as a synopsis of Ecclesiastical History, glancing with a sententious rapidity over the prominent outlines of a subject so extensive and multifarious, from the first age of the Christian Church to the opening of the celestial economy. It is a sublime personification of the Providence of God, from which the dark veil that long enveloped it has been slowly and partially withdrawn by the hand of Time and by the labours of consecrated Learning; but the perfect disclosure of its mysterious features is reserved for the unclouded illumination of Eternity.

The following is a list of the changes made in the
 second edition of the book. The changes are
 indicated by the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z, AA, AB, AC, AD, AE, AF, AG, AH, AI, AJ, AK, AL, AM, AN, AO, AP, AQ, AR, AS, AT, AU, AV, AW, AX, AY, AZ, BA, BB, BC, BD, BE, BF, BG, BH, BI, BJ, BK, BL, BM, BN, BO, BP, BQ, BR, BS, BT, BU, BV, BW, BX, BY, BZ, CA, CB, CC, CD, CE, CF, CG, CH, CI, CJ, CK, CL, CM, CN, CO, CP, CQ, CR, CS, CT, CU, CV, CW, CX, CY, CZ, DA, DB, DC, DD, DE, DF, DG, DH, DI, DJ, DK, DL, DM, DN, DO, DP, DQ, DR, DS, DT, DU, DV, DW, DX, DY, DZ, EA, EB, EC, ED, EE, EF, EG, EH, EI, EJ, EK, EL, EM, EN, EO, EP, EQ, ER, ES, ET, EU, EV, EW, EX, EY, EZ, FA, FB, FC, FD, FE, FF, FG, FH, FI, FJ, FK, FL, FM, FN, FO, FP, FQ, FR, FS, FT, FU, FV, FW, FX, FY, FZ, GA, GB, GC, GD, GE, GF, GG, GH, GI, GJ, GK, GL, GM, GN, GO, GP, GQ, GR, GS, GT, GU, GV, GW, GX, GY, GZ, HA, HB, HC, HD, HE, HF, HG, HH, HI, HJ, HK, HL, HM, HN, HO, HP, HQ, HR, HS, HT, HU, HV, HW, HX, HY, HZ, IA, IB, IC, ID, IE, IF, IG, IH, II, IJ, IK, IL, IM, IN, IO, IP, IQ, IR, IS, IT, IU, IV, IW, IX, IY, IZ, JA, JB, JC, JD, JE, JF, JG, JH, JI, JJ, JK, JL, JM, JN, JO, JP, JQ, JR, JS, JT, JU, JV, JW, JX, JY, JZ, KA, KB, KC, KD, KE, KF, KG, KH, KI, KJ, KK, KL, KM, KN, KO, KP, KQ, KR, KS, KT, KU, KV, KW, KX, KY, KZ, LA, LB, LC, LD, LE, LF, LG, LH, LI, LJ, LK, LL, LM, LN, LO, LP, LQ, LR, LS, LT, LU, LV, LW, LX, LY, LZ, MA, MB, MC, MD, ME, MF, MG, MH, MI, MJ, MK, ML, MM, MN, MO, MP, MQ, MR, MS, MT, MU, MV, MW, MX, MY, MZ, NA, NB, NC, ND, NE, NF, NG, NH, NI, NJ, NK, NL, NM, NN, NO, NP, NQ, NR, NS, NT, NU, NV, NW, NX, NY, NZ, OA, OB, OC, OD, OE, OF, OG, OH, OI, OJ, OK, OL, OM, ON, OO, OP, OQ, OR, OS, OT, OU, OV, OW, OX, OY, OZ, PA, PB, PC, PD, PE, PF, PG, PH, PI, PJ, PK, PL, PM, PN, PO, PP, PQ, PR, PS, PT, PU, PV, PW, PX, PY, PZ, QA, QB, QC, QD, QE, QF, QG, QH, QI, QJ, QK, QL, QM, QN, QO, QP, QQ, QR, QS, QT, QU, QV, QW, QX, QY, QZ, RA, RB, RC, RD, RE, RF, RG, RH, RI, RJ, RK, RL, RM, RN, RO, RP, RQ, RR, RS, RT, RU, RV, RW, RX, RY, RZ, SA, SB, SC, SD, SE, SF, SG, SH, SI, SJ, SK, SL, SM, SN, SO, SP, SQ, SR, SS, ST, SU, SV, SW, SX, SY, SZ, TA, TB, TC, TD, TE, TF, TG, TH, TI, TJ, TK, TL, TM, TN, TO, TP, TQ, TR, TS, TT, TU, TV, TW, TX, TY, TZ, UA, UB, UC, UD, UE, UF, UG, UH, UI, UJ, UK, UL, UM, UN, UO, UP, UQ, UR, US, UT, UY, UZ, VA, VB, VC, VD, VE, VF, VG, VH, VI, VJ, VK, VL, VM, VN, VO, VP, VQ, VR, VS, VT, VU, VV, VW, VX, VY, VZ, WA, WB, WC, WD, WE, WF, WG, WH, WI, WJ, WK, WL, WM, WN, WO, WP, WQ, WR, WS, WT, WU, WV, WW, WX, WY, WZ, XA, XB, XC, XD, XE, XF, XG, XH, XI, XJ, XK, XL, XM, XN, XO, XP, XQ, XR, XS, XT, XU, XV, XW, XX, XY, XZ, YA, YB, YC, YD, YE, YF, YG, YH, YI, YJ, YK, YL, YM, YN, YO, YP, YQ, YR, YS, YT, YU, YV, YW, YX, YY, YZ, ZA, ZB, ZC, ZD, ZE, ZF, ZG, ZH, ZI, ZJ, ZK, ZL, ZM, ZN, ZO, ZP, ZQ, ZR, ZS, ZT, ZU, ZV, ZW, ZX, ZY, ZZ.

THE
VISIONS OF PATMOS.

PART I.

I stood on Patmos, tranc'd in thought profound :
'Twas rude and lonely Nature all around.
While classic pilgrims throng'd Athenian piles,
I turn'd to thee, thou holiest of the isles !
What though, unsought, thou lurk'st on ocean's breast,
Where the fierce pirate comes, thine only guest ?
Yet here, unroll'd to JOHN's prophetic eye,
All Time, in mystic visions, glided by !

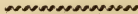
Here, ere my bark her sacred course pursues,
Here let me sit, and o'er those visions muse,
Lone in this cave, the same where he, perchance,
Darted through unborn Time his inward glance.
And lo, the Lord's own day !* From age to age
I'll trace the Church, in guidance of *his* page ;
And read, reviewing scenes by heaven forecast,
The prophet's future in the' historian's past.

But oh, what mist and darkness yet eclipse
Thy piercing light, inspir'd Apocalypse !

* Rev. ch. i. 10.

Trembling, along thy labyrinth I lock,
 And weep, with John, that none can ope the book.*
 Oh, for a heavenly hand, those depths to' unfold!
 —What though long centuries, thrice six, have roll'd,
 How dim the twilight, o'er thy scenery thrown,
 Though every seal its secrets now hath shown,
 And the last trump hath heard its signal to be blown!

Ye seven recorded Churches! though no more
 Ye gild, like sister stars, yon eastern shore;
 How can I tread the temple of my theme,
 Nor mourn *your* glories, vanish'd like a dream?
 Pathetic monitors, that all must lose
 The' entrusted light they prize not, nor diffuse!
 Thou, faithful Philadelphia, sole art found,
 Like the lone column left, where Ruin reigns around!



THE INTRODUCTORY SCENE.

† HARK, a deep voice calls, trumpet-like; “come, see!
 Rise hither, while I show thee things to be!”
 Instant, enrapt, I share the Prophet's trance:
 —What sudden glories burst upon my glance!
 A vista glimpse of heaven's interior shrine!—
 Profane not, words, the Majesty Divine,

* Ch. v. 4.

† Ch. iv.

That, sun-like, fills yon rainbow-circled throne ;
 Where the redeem'd, in mystic emblem shown,
 Their strains of love, with angel myriads, pour,
 And, in eternal ravishment, adore !
 The thunders, lightnings, and that sea of glass,
 That crystal hyaline,—with awe I pass ;
 Nor on those seven mysterious lamps, that blaze
 Around the throne, dare fix my blasted gaze.

† Lo, on the throne, in dark excess of light,
 Sits ONE who grasps a roll within His right,
 Seal'd with a sevenfold seal, inscrib'd all o'er
 With mazy lines no science can explore.
 And hark, an angel, to the' expectant crowd,
 Herald himself, and champion, cries aloud ;
 "What hand unseals the book, whose seals are seven ?"—
 He call'd,—none answer'd ;—silence was in heaven !
 Silence, how deep, how dread !—for on that book,
 In heaven, or earth, or hades, none might look.
 I wept. "Oh, weep not !" one exclaim'd ; "but hope !
 There is, there is, who well that book can ope !"
 Soon broke the silence : pealing raptures rise :
 "Lion of Judah, come !" symphonious heaven replies ;
 "Come, Root of David ! burst the sevenfold seal !
 Unlock the leaves, that far events reveal !" —
 Joyous I heard ; and, midst the' adoring train,
 Saw, on the throne, a Lamb as newly slain :
 Seven emblematic horns His matchless might,
 Seven eyes express His all-pervading sight.

Glorious He rose, and unpretentious took
 From God's own hand that fearful, fateful book.
 Swift, at the view, each saint his harp prepares ;
 His golden vial each, replete with odorous prayers.
 Hark, a new song they rapturously sing :
 " Worthy the Lamb ! through heaven their accents ring ;
 " Worthy to loose the sevenfold seal ! to claim
 All power, all blessing, wisdom, wealth, and fame !
 'Tis He that lov'd us, bath'd us in His blood,
 Rob'd us in priestly white, and crown'd us kings to God !"
 While myriad, myriad angels peal the strain ;
 " Worthy the Lamb ! the Lamb, that once was slain !
 To Him, to God, let heaven, earth, hades, all
 The choral universe, in prostrate worship, fall !"



HERE, ere my venturous footsteps tread the maze
 Of crowded scenes that met the Prophet's gaze,
 Let me a moment linger, and behold
 The vast idea which those scenes unfold !
 I seem to o'erhear, in ecstasy sublime,
 The' Eternal Synod read the fates of Time !
 To scan thy book, impenetrably seal'd,
 Where the whole embryo future lies reveal'd,
 All-prescient Providence !—Thy will directs,
 Thy wisdom, through its every link, connects
 The' interminable chain of causes and effects !
 All in Thy purpose *is*, that e'er *shall be* ;
 The order'd future shines, as past, to Thee :
 All, that confusion seems, but forms a part
 Of one grand system, wrought with perfect art.

Wonderful Counsellor ! 'tis Thou alone,
 Imbosom'd with Thy Father, hast foreshown
 The hoards of destiny ! to Thee is given,
 Great King of kings, all power in earth and heaven !
 But chief Thy Church absorbs her Lord's concern :
 Whate'er from Prophecy's dark rolls we learn,
 Points to that central theme : her joys, her woes,
 First triumphs, midway glooms, and glorious close,
 All are forecast, foreshadow'd, in the page
 That marks her march, through each successive stage :
 The checquer'd scenes, these oracles rehearse,
 Are brief bold outlines of her weal or curse,
 Sketch'd from the secret book, that plans the universe.



THE SEALS.

* AND see, He comes, great Master of the seals :
 Each in its turn His touch obedient feels.
 The foremost yields : it opes a beauteous sight :
 A warrior crown'd, on charger spotless white,
 Rides conquering and to conquer :—Thou, great Lord,
 Thou, in the first fair triumphs of Thy word !
 Ride, Prince of peace, ride on ; wield gloriously Thy
 sword !
 Make willing captives in Thy day of power,
 Countless as dew-drops in the morning hour !

* Ch. vi.

—'Tis past. Too soon, degenerate from the first,
 A different steed, a different warrior, burst:
 Huge is his sword; of fiery glow his steed.
 Lo, peace extinct: contentions dire succeed:
 Pagan and Jew in mutual carnage feel,
 Feel, and inflict, the guilt-avenging steel.
 Nor less the Church fierce heresies divide,
 And mar the beauty of Messiah's bride.

Break the third seal. A steed of sable hue,
 A rider balancing the scales, I view:
 I hear him, Famine's harbinger, announce
 The price of grain, and weigh the jealous ounce.
 Beckoning the meagre fiend to waste the foes
 That waste His Church, in wrath Messiah goes.
 Or say, does Truth's worse famine meet our search,
 Eating the vitals of that sickly Church?
 —The fourth seal breaks: what heavier ills assail?
 Avaunt, dread form! A courser, deadly pale,
 Bears the grim king of terrors; in whose train
 Four ghastly plagues come revelling o'er the slain:
 They thicken, darken, and, at heaven's just call,
 Oh guilty Rome, precipitate thy fall!
 The blood of martyr'd myriads, *thou* hast shed,
 Asks the ripe vengeance on thy monstrous head.
 I hear their souls, a disembodied throng,
 Cry from beneath the altar, "Lord, how long!
 Hear'st Thou our blood?"—White robes their sainted
 style:
 And, "wait," (a voice thus cheers them) "wait awhile,

Till to their rest ye hail your brethren kill'd,
 Till the red cup of recompense be fill'd !"
 Era of martyrs, or by Pagan rage
 Slaughter'd, or following in each Papal age.

Such the last open'd seal.—The sixth is broke :
 Sudden, the lights of heaven are quench'd in smoke !
 The sun in sable sackcloth hath attir'd
 His glorious face, the moon in blood expir'd !
 And, as the fig-tree showers like hail her fruit,
 When the fierce whirlwind shakes her to the root ;
 The stars fall headlong !—like a shrivell'd scroll,
 See the spread firmament departing roll !
 Each isle, each mountain vanish'd !—wide around,
 A fateful earthquake rocks the rending ground !
 —See the vast empire in its far-felt fall !
 Her heroes, kings, her mightiest, meanest, all,
 Smit with a heaven-bred panic, midst the shock,
 Call on the mountains, on each bowell'd rock,
 " Crush us, or cover, from Thy blasting ire,
 Almighty Lamb ! from God's own glance of fire !"
 See the dread day of visitation come !
 Who shall abide ?—not *thou*, devoted Rome !
 —Oh day, prophetic of that mightier doom
 Which all the foes of heaven shall gather and consume !

* But, midst these horrors, opes a lovely scene ;
 The scatter'd clouds leave heaven awhile serene :

Angels of peace descend, with purpose kind,
 Each ruffian blast, that ravag'd earth, to bind.
 "Seal Israel, now;" I hear a voice proclaim;
 "Seal, of each tribe, twelve thousand with My name!"
 Let the dread storm, that guilty nations crush'd,
 Glide harmless o'er the Church, and into smiles be hush'd:
 So, while the sword of wrath o'er Egypt wav'd,
 The seal of blood those favour'd first-born sav'd.
 'Tis done. Long years of sacred suffering cease;
 Smiles the glad Church, and breathes unwonted peace;
 Peace, which imperial Constantine bestows,
 Fostering her friends, o'erwhelming all her foes;
 Type of a nobler scene, her bright millennial close. }
 For *germinant* is Prophecy, and shoots,
 Age after age, in like but larger fruits.

Here, in my trance, I rose from earth: I view'd
 Heaven opening, with its countless multitude,
 Cull'd from each nation, every tongue and tribe;
 A host, what mortal utterance can describe?
 Rob'd as in snow, around the throne they stand,
 Around the Lamb; palms in each conqueror's hand:
 And hark, they crown Him with eternal praise.
 —"Who," I exclaim'd, "these hallelujah's raise?"
 —"Thou seest" (my bright companion answer'd) "those
 Who, tried in persecution's fiery woes,
 Wash'd and made white their vestures in His blood.
 For this, they circle thus the throne of God,
 Day without night, and in His shrine adore,
 No more to sorrow, thirst and toil no more!

The Lamb enthron'd shall lead them, ever near,
 To living streams ; with heavenly pasture cheer ;
 And God from every eye wipe off its every tear." }



THE TRUMPETS.

* HERE the sixth roll its glorious vision clos'd.
 A pause of solemn silence interpos'd,
 Ere with the seventh last seal, before me stand
 Seven angels ; each his trumpet in his hand.
 And soon another, as I gaz'd in thought,
 Fire in a golden censer, priest-like, caught ;
 Blending, with incense on the altar strown,
 The prayers of saints on earth, that tow'rd the throne
 Rose like an exhalation sweet : again
 With fire the censer he replenish'd ; then
 Pour'd it on earth, significant : when lo,
 Midst thunders, lightnings, and dread sounds of woe, }
 The' ethereal trumpeters began to blow !

The first hath sounded. A portentous flood
 Of hail, and torrent fire, and mingled blood,
 Wastes the third part of earth, enormous Rome :
 —Fierce Alaric and his Goths ! they come, they come !
 The dense, dark cloud, long gathering in the North,
 On Danube's frontier pours its thunders forth !

Worse plague than Pharaoh's realm endur'd, when rush'd
The dreadful hail, and all its verdure crush'd.

—Sounds the next trump; and headlong, at the blast,
A red volcano, on the billows cast,

Turns a third part to blood. How swift behind,
The scourge of heaven, the terror of mankind,
Hastes, with his vultures, Attila the Hun!

Not yet the work of devastation done.

—The third is blown. A star, of fiery gleam,
With baleful bitter taints each fount and stream;
Wormwood its name: 'tis Genseric, with his host
Of Moors and Vandals, pour'd from Afric's coast.

—No pause, no rest: the fourth shrill signal, hark!

See the third part of heaven eclips'd and dark!

The' unwieldy empire, prostrate, gasps for breath,
And strugglingly, and slowly, yields to death!

Theodoric, with his Ostrogoths, is come!

And poor Ravenna rules eternal Rome!

Yet some may deem that here the' afflicted Church,
Not sinking Rome, demands our wise research;
May deem, these first four trumpeters portend
The woes that early on that Church descend.

An angel, here, that through the midst of heaven
Came flying,—not himself among the seven,—
Cried, with thrice-thrilling accent, WOE, WOE, WOE!
So sad the voices, yet reserv'd to blow.
Spare me, ye hurrying Plagues! less thickly roll!
Visions of horror, "crowd not on my soul!"

* The fifth stern herald blew his boding blast :
 Shuddering I heard. What star from heaven is cast
 Headlong to earth ? he bears dark Tophet's key,
 And opes the' abyss. A cloud of sulphur, see,
 Forth issuing, blots the sun, and taints the skies !
 While from the smoke a host of locusts rise ;
 Dreadful to man, and arm'd with scorpion sting :
 Yet, in their flight, they spare each verdant thing
 Of nature : none their venom'd mischief feel,
 Save those whose brow bears not t'ue heavenly seal.
 Five mystic months, thrice fifty days of years,
 'Tis theirs to torture, with their scorpion spears,
 Not crush, their victims : see, the sufferers gasp
 For death, as life ; but death still mocks their grasp !
 Locusts, in form like martial chargers found ;
 Their heads, with golden-coloured turbans crown'd ;
 Manly their wisker'd front ; with woman's hair ;
 Their white teeth, glittering, give the lion's glare
 To their swarth visage : mail'd their breasts in steel :
 Whirring their wings, as countless chariots wheel
 In furious onset ! scorpion-like, their sting
 They leave behind them rankling. Theirs a king,
 Dark angel from the' abyss of sulphurous flame,
 Abaddon, or Apollyon, fatal name !
 —The' Arabian prophet, with his locust crew,
 Shadow'd in mystic portraiture how true,
 Their steeds, their fiery force, their turban'd tresses,
 view !

Issuing from forth their native East, they whelm,
 Thrice fifty years, half Europe's eastern realm.
 Oh, curst invasion of Messiah's reign
 By Mecca's Antichrist, by arts and arms profane!
 Or deem'st thou swarming heresies pourtray'd,
 That, like a locust plague, the Church invade?

But on! we pause not. One woe-vision past,
 Two yet remain: and hark, another blast!
 —How slow the history rolls! the prophecy, how fast!
 "Loose the four angels, in Euphrates bound!"
 From midst the golden altar rose the sound,
 While the sixth herald blew. Let loose, they scour
 Their course prescrib'd,—a year, month, day, and hour.
 Mark what a host of horsemen, at their word,
 —Two myriad myriads,—(I the number heard,)
 Ravage a third of earth! Their corslets view,
 Variously gay with hyacinthine blue,
 Or fiery red, or brimstone's yellow hue!
 Furious their steeds, as lions, in the' affray:
 Fire, smoke, and brimstone mark their slaughterous
 way,
 A triple curse; where'er they speed, they slay.
 Their deadly might is in their mouth and tail;
 What force or art against it can avail?
 Terror before them, Pestilence behind!
 —Yet those who 'scape them, blasphemous and blind,
 Learn not repentance; nor, midst all, disown
 The worshipp'd forms of silver, wood, and stone,

Their saints, or demons, deified ! nor leave
 Their sorceries that, for miracles, deceive ;
 Nor cease their murderous persecutions, aw'd,
 Mysteries impure, or avaricious fraud !



Now, History, come ; present thy faithful glass ;
 Mirror the plagues of Prophecy that pass !
 Point where the Turks, when wild crusades no more
 Repress their daring, from Euphrates pour
 The might of four proud sultanies ; outdone
 All the supplanted Saracens begun.
 The period of their rising, spreading power,
 Mark'd in prophetic style ; the year, month, day, and
 hour.

Their cavalry, a many-colour'd cloud ;
 Their new-devis'd artillery, thundering loud,
 And belching fire ;—I see, I hear it all !
 Till, Constantine, thy second Rome must fall.
 Now, first, those hell-wrought tubes of death devour ;
 Monsters, whose mouth and tail compose their power !
 —Yet, unadmonish'd by these eastern woes,
 The western sister no repentance knows,
 But plies her arts accurst, till heaven shall rouse her
 foes.



THE LITTLE BOOK.

* HERE, as I gaz'd, a peerless angel spann'd,
 With sovereign stride, the ocean and the land :
 A cloudy veil his dazzling form o'erspread ;
 ' His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head !'
 A small, unfolded roll His right hand bore :
 His thrilling voice was like the lion's roar :
 Seven thunders, at that voice, their silence broke :
 " Seal," he exclaim'd, " whate'er those thunders spoke !
 Seal it as yet, nor in thy page rehearse !"
 —Then, by the God that made the universe,
 Lifting to heaven his kingly hand, he swore
 (I hear him yet) that Time shall be no more !
 Soon as the seventh angelic trumpet blows,
 God's whole consummate mystery shall close :
 He, by His elder seers, the glorious end foreshows.† }
 —Here, from that angel's hand, I trembling took
 (So was I bade) the small unfolded book ;
 I took, I ate it : to my lips, the scroll
 Was honey ; wormwood, to the secret soul.
 Pleasant, awhile, its wonderous scenes to know ;
 But bitter, soon, to ruminate their woe.
 —" Now go !" he said ; " thy Prophecy resound,
 Once more, to nations, kings, to earth's remotest bound !"

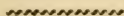


Oh, for a hand to mark the wildering maze
 I yet must pass, and clear my clouded gaze !

* Ch. x.

† Dan. xii. 6—13.

Smooth was the path, while travelling o'er the past ;
 History on Prophecy her radiance cast :
 But soon, Futurity, I pierce thy glooms,
 Where no historic lamp my steps illumens.
 Lo, how the guides, now baffled, disagree !
 Such mists of doubt envelop all to be ;
 So partially we know, so dimly forward see !
 The vision's self is, like the future, seal'd,
 Till in the' event the portrait shines reveal'd.
 So, by the moon's faint light, we scarce descry
 Forms, which the sun gives obvious to the eye ;
 Trees are as men, and men as trees : we grope
 Our shadowy way, and check despair with hope,
 Devious and doubtful ; till the day-spring ope.



* " Measure the temple now !" the angel cried ;
 And straight a reed for measurement supplied :
 " Mete but the holier part !—the circling court,
 Where crowds of Gentile worshippers resort,
 Leave all unmeasur'd !—since, by pagans trod,
 Too long must mourn the city of our God.
 Mark what a tract of dolorous length I fix ;
 Months, of prophetic style, thrice twelve and six :
 Or thus in mystic days that term explore,
 (Each day a year,)—twelve hundred and threescore.
 Far as that melancholy tract shall reach,
 My witnesses, these twain, in sackcloth preach :

These, as the two fair olive-trees, record ;
 These, the pair'd lamps that burn before the Lord : }
 Such antient symbols theirs, in His prophetic word.* }
 Great power have they with heaven : their prayers exhale
 Fire from their mouths, when baffled foes assail :
 They, like the Tishbite, stay the genial rain ; †
 The streams, like Anram's son, with blood they stain, ‡
 Smiting the guilty world with plagues at will :
 —But, when their destin'd witness they fulfil,
 A murderous monster from the' infernal realm
 Rises, to war against them, and o'erwhelm.
 So must those martyrs, vanquish'd victors, die !
 So, a brief season, must their corpses lie,
 Crush'd in thy street, thou city vast and vile,
 Sodom or Egypt nam'd in mystic style !
 Murderess of Christ Himself !—The sons of earth
 Trample their sacred dust ; and, with fell mirth,
 Shout o'er the silenc'd prophets, who so long
 Tortur'd with keen reproofs the rebel throng.
 But the third day their martyr'd Lord arose ;
 Nor the third year shall long have seen its close,
 Ere heaven revisit them with vital breath ;
 They start refulgent from their transient death :
 Beckon'd aloft, they mount, like him of old, §
 Rapt in a cloud : their foes, abash'd, behold.
 In that bright hour, an earthquake rent the ground,
 While a tenth part of that curst city found

* Zech. iv. 11—14. † 1 Kings xvii. 1. James v. 17. ‡ Exod. vii. 20.
 § 2 Kings ii. 11. Acts i. 9.

Its fatal shock : seven thousand fell : the rest,
Aw'd by their doom, Thy glory, Lord, confess'd.

Past the mid woe ! the sixth dread signal past !
Another hastes ; the seventh, the final blast !"

Hark, as it sounds, what shouts of joy record
Thy kingdoms, earth, the kingdom of the Lord !
Hark, how all heaven pours, jubilant, the strain ;
"Thy realm for ever lasts, Thine own Messiah's reign !
Blessings, omnipotent sole God, to Thee,
Who art, and wert, and ever art to be !
Eternal blessings !—Thou hast claim'd Thy throne !—
Thee would the rebel nations dare disown,
How vainly !—*Now* Thy day of wrath arrives ;
Day, when Thy Church, when all the world, revives !
When Thou, enthron'd in judgment, glorious Lord,
Ruin, to those that ruin'd, wilt accord ;
To martyrs, prophets, saints, their infinite reward !" }
Lo, thunders, lightnings, mix'd with crashing hail,
Usher the last great scene ! The temple's veil
Is rent ; the mystic ark no more conceal'd ;
And all the' interior sanctuary reveal'd.



Now those two mourning witnesses explore ;
Those number'd years,—twelve hundred and threescore :
Measure the sanctuary, whose court is trod
By pagans ; measure with historic rod :
Trace, through her long eclipse, the glimmering Church }
of God !

Late hast thou seen her oriental woes ;
This little roll, well interpos'd, foreshows,
 Through the same gloomy term, her western fate ;
 Till the seventh trump announce her last, her happiest
 state.

While Saracens, while Turks, profane their East ;
 Lo, westward scowls that hell-born papal beast !
 At once they rise ! from that curst day I mark
 The sackcloth pair, the cycle drear and dark.
 —Oh History ! why, so watchful to record
 All crimes, corruptions, cruelties abhorr'd,—
 So silent here ?—Yet, joyous, we descry
 Some scatter'd stars amidst the' o'erclouded sky.
 Two witnesses the law prescrib'd : we view
 Two witnesses for heaven,—enough, tho' few :
 These are the little flock, amidst a wolf-like crew ;
 The sacred lamps, unquench'd in coldest gloom ;
 The bush, still burning, which no flames consume.

Bear witness, in your sackcloth, ye that bled
 By myriads, or to glens and mountains fled ;
 Ye poor Waldenses ! veterans, ne'er subdued !
 Survivors of the race before the flood !
 (That flood of guilt and error, doom'd to' o'erwhelm,
 Age after age, the Church's western realm :)
 With sacred charm, your wild retreats I trod,
 Ye venerable champions of our God !
 —Talk they, fair Athens, of thy hallow'd ground ?
Here nobler inspiration breathes around !—
 Martyrs of Albi, too, that, meekly bold,
 Triumph'd in suffering !—ye, Bohemians old,

Link'd with Moravians, whose transmitted name,
 And faith, and lamb-like spirit, lives the same
 In filial "Brethren," still through later time
 "United," though dispers'd in German clime,
 And native England; where their northern vale
 My boyhood nurs'd;—Moravian Fulnec, hail!—
 Nor polar Greenland, nor parch'd Afric's cape,
 Their love's unwearied energy escape.

Pleas'd, from afar *your* names I here survey,
 As through deep shades they dart a beauteous ray,
 Ye tuneful morning-stars of Mind's returning day,
 Dante, Petrarca! since ye dar'd record
 Rome, papal Rome the Babylon abhorr'd.
 And you, ye dreadless warriors, arm'd with light,
 Wickliff and Huss, that chas'd incumbent night!
 And thou, immortal Luther, with thy host
 Of heroes, (each his country's brightest boast,)
 A host thyself!—ye, too, that since have stood
 Firm againt Rome, and writ your faith in blood!

Nor ah, as yet, (though martyrs bleed no more,)
 The lingering gloom of prophecy is o'er:
 Wears not the Church her sackcloth mantle still?
 Waits she not yet her witness to fulfil?
 Yet to be sternly silenc'd by her foes,—
 Till sufferings, brief though keen, her trial close?
 Then, while the papal monster pines and dies,
 She from her transient death shall glorious rise;

While o'er her foes judicial thunders brood,
 Her temple, long defac'd, shall shine renew'd ;
 And,—every nation to Messiah given,—
 The brightening earth shall vanish into heaven !



PART II.

THE WOMAN AND THE DRAGON.

* JUST here, methought, the wonderous visions clos'd ;
 When, as in musing silence I repos'd,
 Crown'd with twelve stars a woman I behold,
 Rob'd with the sun, the moon beneath her roll'd :
 Ripe for the birth, she groan'd in labouring pangs :
 Lo, a new wonder ; with wide-yawning fangs
 A huge red dragon, eager to devour
 Her hapless offspring, in its natal hour !
 Seven heads the monster bore, and each was crown'd ;
 Ten clustering horns rose germinant around.
 His tail a third part of the stars had hurl'd
 From heaven to earth, and half o'erwhelm'd the world.



What means the vision ?—soon it meets my search :
 Rob'd with her heavenly sun, I view the Church :
 That twelve-fold crown, her apostolic wreath ;
 She leaves the low sublunar world beneath.

—What hideous form scares her averted eyes ?
 'Tis Satan, in imperial Rome's disguise,
 Whose antient sevenfold government at last
 Into ten fragmentary states is cast.
 A third part of the nations own her power ;
 And, Herod-like, she hastens to devour*
 The promis'd seed.—Assail'd with hostile scorn,
 Behold, the child is given, the son is born ;
 Vigorous in infancy, nor midst his foes forlorn. }
 'Tis his, the dragon's head beneath him trod,
 To rule the nations with resistless rod, † }
 And rise, triumphant, to the throne of God :
 Who but the world's great Shepherd ; He that rose,
 First-born of countless brethren, o'er His foes
 To claim the glorious empire all His own,
 And with His people reign, assessors of His throne !
 —But see the woman, to the desert fled ; ‡
 There, in her place appointed, to be fed
 (E'en as that raven-nurtur'd seer of yore)
 Prophetic days, twelve hundred and threescore :
 Or see the Church, in her afflicted state,
 Mark'd by those sackcloth witnesses of late.

War, war in heaven ! 'Gainst Michael and his might
 The dragon and his host wage desperate fight,
 Desperate, and vain. Their place in heaven, as erst,
 Knows them no more ; quell'd, banish'd, and accurst !
 And hark, that shout ;—“ The' infernal monster slain,
 Salvation ! God and His Messiah reign !

* Ps. ii. 9. Rev. ii. 27. † Matt. ii. 16. comp. Ex. i. 16. ‡ Matt. ii. 13.

He that deceiv'd the nations, and accus'd
 The brethren,—now his serpent head is bruis'd !
 Strong in the blood of Jesus, and His word,
 They fought the foe, nor e'en their life preferr'd,
 Dying to conquer !—Joy, ye heavens ! but woe,
 Woe to the inhabitants of earth below !
 For the fell dragon, in his vengeful ire,
 Comes down, ere yet his fated term expire !"

That vengeful ire too soon the woman knew ;
 And, plum'd by heaven with eagle wings, she flew
 Where in the desert heaven prepar'd her seat ;
 There to be hid, there nurtur'd, in retreat,
 ' A time, and times, and half a time.' Explore
 That mystic period, by prophetic lore ;
 In years, it spells—twelve hundred and threescore. }
 Not so she scap'd the serpent ; he pursued ;
 And, fain to o'erwhelm her in her solitude,
 Disgorg'd a flood. Past hope, the softening ground
 Drank the fierce torrents, as they rush'd around,
 (A heaven-sent aid) and help'd her in her need.
 But still against the remnant of her seed,
 The faithful midst the false,—her foe enrag'd
 Muster'd fresh force, and deadlier warfare wag'd.



Thine answering voice, oh History, I hear ;
 I see thine images reflected clear.
 Christ and His saints urge that victorious fight
 'Gainst falling Satan and his pagan might.

Lo, eagle-like the Church still upward springs,
 Borne on the parted empire's shadowing wings,
 Eastward and West. Lo, from the North descend
 Floods of barbarian foes ; and Satan hopes her end ;
 But hopes in vain : they quench the Roman rage,
 And spare that Church, reserv'd, through many an age,
 To dwell as in the desert of her woe,
 And bear long conflict with her baleful foe.

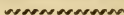


*THE TEN-HORNED AND THE TWO-HORNED
 BEAST.*



* My vision chang'd : methought I trod the verge
 Of ocean, and, from out its heaving surge,
 Awe-struck beheld a monstrous form emerge :
 Ten clustering horns, ten kingly crowns he wore ;
 His sevenfold head inscrib'd with blasphemy all o'er.
 The form was leopard-like ; the feet a bear's ;
 The ravening mouth, like the grim lion, glares.
 That huge red dragon gave him to display
 Imperial splendour, and extended sway.
 Gash'd with a fatal wound, his topmost head
 Seem'd, as I gaz'd, reviving from the dead.
 The nations watch'd and worshipp'd, all amaz'd,
 The dragon, and the monster he had rais'd :
 And who (they cried) is like that monster ? who
 Shall dare resist him, or his power subdue ?

Hark how he lifts his impious voice on high
 In swelling words, and dauntless blasphemy !
 God, nor His temple, nor His name, he spares ;
 Nor saints, nor angels, mock'd with guilty prayers !
 Though to his reign its boundary heaven shall fix,
 Months of symbolic days, thrice twelve and six ;
 'Tis given him long the groaning Church to' assail,
 And o'er the passive tribes of earth prevail.
 All at his throne idolatrously bend,
 All but the Lamb's elect : yet, yet his reign shall end ;
 He, too, shall bleed, by whom the martyrs bled,
 And his captivity be captive led.
 Hearken, ye suffering saints ; and here, oh here,
 Let well-tried faith and patience most appear !



Again, with History's retrospective glass,
 Pause we to mark the ten-crown'd monster pass.
 Rome ! 'tis thy western empire, CHRISTIAN styl'd,
 But, in that name, with blasphemy defil'd !
 Ris'n amidst billowy tumults of the world,
 (A sea of nations into ruins hurl'd !)
 Split to ten kingdoms ; and, in power accurs'd,
 Resembling those terrific monsters, erst
 By Daniel us'd to paint those elder realms
 Which Rome, with her unwieldy weight, o'erwhelms.
 Satan had rear'd her in her pagan pride ;
 And, when her old imperial title died,
 He heal'd the death-blow ; and, in Charlemagne,
 Bade the crush'd empire wake to life again.

Or deem we that she felt the mortal stroke,
 When her proud neck first wore the Christian yoke?
 And was the transient, seeming death-blow heal'd,
 When papal despotism usurp'd the field?
 Lo, while she mocks the majesty of God,
 How vassal nations tremble at her nod,
 How groans the Church beneath her ruthless rod!
 Yet shall that long predestin'd period close
 Her guilty reign, and bring the saints repose.



Now mark yon second monster! mark his birth,
 Silent and stealing, as a plant, from earth!
 Lamb-like his aspect, with a twofold horn;
 But dragon-like his tongue of wrath and scorn.
His, the first monster's massive might to wield,
 And bid the prostrate nations homage yield.
His, to display mock miracles, and call
 Fire from the clouds, amidst the gaze of all;
 'False prophet,'* imitating in his fraud
 The Tishbite seer. The nations, lur'd and aw'd,
 Fashion an image for the beast, whose head,
 Gash'd in its topmost crown, had ris'n as from the dead.
He gives that monster's image life and breath,
 Utterance and power; and menaces with death
 All that refuse prostration at its throne,
 Nor deify a creature of their own!
 All, of all ranks, must wear that monster's brand,
 Like brutes or bond-slaves, in their brow and hand

* Ch. xvi. 13.

All are shut out from commerce, who disclaim
 His tyrant mark, his number, and his name.
 Here, here is wisdom : if thou hast it, scan
 The monster's name, the number of a man :
 Mysterious name, whose added letters fix
 The sum, six hundred, six times ten, and six.



And who is here ? this second monster, who ?
 In him, the Romish hierarchy we view.
 Her name and semblance is the Lamb's : her birth,
 Noiseless and gradual, as a plant's from earth.
 But dragon-like her utterance, like the beast's ;
 Two-fold her horn,—her two-fold class of priests.
 Her fiery fulminations on her foes,
 Her frauds and lying wonders,—who but knows ?
 Imperial sway, reviv'd as from the dead,
 She wields ; and frames an idol for her head :
 Who, but the papal tyrant, meets our search ?
 At once the God and creature of his Church !
 All must endure death, banishment, or loss,
 Who dare disclaim her sacrilegious *cross*.
 —Would'st thou expound her enigmatic name ?
 Number'd in Greek, *LATEINOS* is the same :
 It points her man, her worship, and her realms ;
 Its numerals prove (the wonderous proof o'erwhelms)
 The sum, six hundred, six times ten, and six ;
 Where, papal Rome, thy growth mature we fix.

THE LAMB ON MOUNT SION.

* LONG have dark clouds the mystic scene o'ercast :
Sweet streaks of sunrise dimly dawn at last.

I look'd, and lo, a Lamb, as newly slain,
—Amidst the tens of thousands in his train,
Seal'd in their foreheads with His Father's name,—
Stood on Mount Sion. Hark, their glad acclaim !
Loud as the voice of rushing waters round,
Or mighty thunders in their far-felt sound ;
Yet sweet as countless harpers ! Theirs a song
New, and known only by that hallow'd throng,
Sung at the throne of God. For these are they,
Virgins of Christ, who, where He points the way, }
Faithful pursue, nor other lord obey ;
Guileless in act, in spirit, and in word ;
Redeem'd from earth, its first-fruits to the Lord.

'Twas here a hastening angel caught my sight,
Bearing the' eternal gospel in his flight
Through the mid heaven, to sound it far and wide,
Where'er earth's many-languag'd sons reside.
“Fear GOD !” he cried ; “give glory to the Power
That made the world ! for lo, His judgment-hour !”
—Hark, the next herald :—“From her high estate,
Fall'n, fall'n is Babylon, the gay, the great ;

She that allur'd the' inebriate tribes to drink
 Her wine of guilt and wrath, on ruin's brink !"
 —Scarce has he ceas'd ; his follower calls aloud ;
 " Whoe'er pays homage to that monster proud,
 Lamb-like in show ; before his image bows ;
 And bears the mystic brand upon his brows ;
 Shall drain the dregs of heaven's unmingled ire,
 Hurl'd, before angels, into sulphurous fire !
 The smoke of that fierce torture still ascends ;
 Nor day, nor night, the restless anguish ends !
 Here, in their patience shine the saints ! here shine
 Who keep the faith of Christ, and love the law divine !"
 Hark, an emphatic voice from heaven ;—" record
 The precious truth ! 'tis utter'd by the Lord :
 Blessed the dead, who safe in Him repose ;
 Their works attend them, resting from their woes !"



Scan we the' advancing vision. Late, with awe,
 The rising form of Antichrist I saw :
 Now, amidst papal errors lingering night,
 See the slow, struggling dawn of gospel light !
 The Lamb begirt with thousands ! see Him stand,
 Lord of the Church, amidst His faithful band,
 E'en in the drear'est age ! the first-fruits, lo,
 Of the rich harvest, yet reserv'd to grow !
 How pure, how lovely, midst a Church how vile,
 They sing their own sweet song !—nor serpent guile,
 Nor foul desire, their virgin souls defile.

—Mark, too, those angels brightening midst the storm ;
 Symbolic heralds of the great REFORM !
 Foremost, the faithful Vaudois dare proclaim,
 Against idolatry, the' Eternal name :
 Next, at Bohemian Huss and Jerome's call,
 A bolder legion antedate thy fall,
 Foul Babylon !—till Luther's dauntless train
 Reverberate back thy thunders with disdain ;
 All that retain thy mark, denounce accurs'd ;
 And,—purgatory's hideous dream dispers'd,—
 Bid, on the dying saint, *immediate* glory burst.

THE HARVEST AND THE VINTAGE.

SUCH was the cheering vision : soon succeed
 Scenes of mysterious awe, which who shall read ?
 Here, where our own eventful age draws near,
 Dim and more dim the shadowy views appear :
 'Tis Prophecy unbodied and unborn :
 The prospect glimmers in the twilight morn :
 All, as in mist, and undefin'd, we see ;
 It wants the seal of warm reality.
 Yet, to its close we'll trace the' unfinished plan.
 —Lo, yon white cloud ; and, like the Son of man,
 Yon glorious form there seated, crown'd with gold :
 A keen bright sickle in his right behold :
 And hear yon angel from the temple cry ;
 " Earth's harvest-hour is come ; thy sickle ply !"

He heard ; amidst the billowy harvest steep'd
 His sickle ; and the rich, ripe earth was reap'd.
 —Scarce had he pass'd ; a second met my sight ;
 He also arm'd with sickle keen and bright :
 One from the altar brought him fire ; and “look,”
 He call'd, “earth's vintage asks thy reaping-hook !
 Gather the grapes, ripe-clustering !” —At his word,
 That reaper seiz'd his sickle, nor deferr'd :
 Gathering the grapes, he cast them to be trod
 In the great wine-press of the wrath of God,
 Without the city.—From that wine-press flood
 E'en to the chargers' nostrils rose the blood ;
 Nor less than twice three hundred furlongs span
 The tract, o'er which the gory deluge ran !



A Harvest, and a Vintage,—what are these ?
 Scenes of dismay my prying fancy sees,
 Hovering o'er Babylon !—The Harvest, first :
 What means it, but that ten-horn'd monster curst,
 Rome's papal *empire*, in her ripe offence,
 Reap'd by Thy sword, avenging Providence ?
 Unless we fitlier deem each pagan land
 White for the missionary reaper's hand.

The Vintage, as in autumn, soon succeeds :
 Err we, or soon the two-horn'd emblem bleeds ?
 Rome's papal *Church*,—prophetic Sodom's vine ;
 Her clusters, gall ; death-poison, all her wine ;

Ripe in heaven's wrathful wine-press to be trod
 Apart, *without* the city of our God.
 A dire destruction ! where, methinks, I see,
 Trampling a sea of blood, the heaven-sent cavalry !
 Whether in Palestine that fatal field
 (None else than Armageddon) be reveal'd ;
 Or, likelier yet, its sanguine horrors whelm,
 Devoted Rome, thy hierarchal realm !
 For lo, the prophet's measure marks exact
 Two hundred miles the length of either tract.
 Yet wait : let Time, let Providence explain :
 Wait ; and perchance some glimmering light obtain }
 From the next opening scene :—attend the' eventful }
 strain !

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 THE SEVEN VIALS.

\* RAPT in my trance, I saw a strange portent ;  
 Seven angels, on dread ministration sent,  
 Each with his golden vial, to disclose  
 Heaven's wrath, consummate in the seven last woes.  
 I saw a sea of crystal mix'd with fire ;  
 (Type of tranquillity midst judgments dire) }  
 Where the crush'd monster's foes, a countless quire, }  
 That scorn'd his name, his mark, and image,—trod  
 And triumph'd, harping with the harps of God !  
 Hark ; as old Israel, midst a crystal heapt  
 Of billows, march'd along the passive deep,

\* Ch. xv.

† Exod. xiv. 22.—xv. 1, 20.



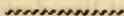
Shouting o'er Egypt and her Pharaoh slain ;  
 Hark, how, the Lamb's and Moses' blended strain  
 Chanting, their nobler triumph these record !  
 " Hail, King of saints ! omnipotent sole Lord !  
 Wondrous Thy works, and righteous, we proclaim :  
 Who would not fear Thee, who adore Thy name ?  
 Thy name, thrice holy, hence let all adore !  
 For now Thy judgments shine ; Thy foes are now no  
 more !"

But see, heaven's temple opens !—rob'd in snow,  
 Girdled with gold, those seven dread angels go :  
 While, issuing from the Holiest, awful gloom  
 Wraps the whole sanctuary. Let none presume  
 Rash entrance, till those vials are distill'd,  
 And those seven wrathful destinies fulfill'd.

\* Hark, a deep voice : " Go, seven stern heralds, go !  
 Pour on the earth your cups of seven-fold woe !"  
 —See, on the land, the first his chalice pour !  
 Its dire effusion smites with noisome sore  
 All who to that curst monster's image bow,  
 And bear his brand upon their bond-slave brow.  
 —Sea-ward the next inverts his cup : the flood  
 Turns, at its gush, a death-like mass of blood,  
 All life extinct !—The streams, of purple glow,  
 Feel and confess the third red vial's flow :  
 And, while the angel of the waters cries,  
 A spirit from the temple thus replies ;

“ Righteous are all Thy works, eternal God !  
 Well hast Thou wrought ! they merited Thy rod !  
 Blood of Thy saints and seers they lavish'd erst ;  
 Well hast Thou given them blood, to saturate their  
 thirst !”

—Thick, fast, and fierce they follow. On the sun,  
 Lo, the fourth angel bids his vial run,  
 Scorching the guilty tribes with fiery glow ;  
 While at the dread Dispenser of their woe  
 The sufferers hurl defiance, nor His rod  
 Tremblingly kiss, nor homage pay to God.  
 —Stroke upon stroke, like Egypt's plagues of yore !—  
 Mark the fifth minister of vengeance pour  
 His baleful cup, full on the monster's throne !  
 How deep the gloom ! how desolate the groan !  
 Frantic, their tongues in blasphemy they gnaw,  
 Nor, midst their tortures, learn repentant awe !



What are the scenes that scare my shuddering glance ?  
 Is it thine atheist empire, bloody France ?  
 Hath History yet the tearful page unroll'd ?  
 —No angel comes, the dread design to' unfold !  
 Yet, through the mist, methinks I dimly see  
 Thy horrors, France ! thy tyrant anarchy ;  
 Smiting all Christendom with noisome sore ;  
 Turning (as 'twere) the sea, the streams, to gore ;  
 Scorching the victim nations as with fire :  
 I see, I see,—by heaven's judicial ire,—  
 Blaspheming e'en in death, the papal beast expire !

—'Tis dimness all. These vials *yet* may flow  
 Through Daniel's after-term of wrath and woe,  
 Those number'd years, those threescore, ten, and five,\*  
 When conquering Michael with his foes shall strive,  
 Till the last age of Time, the blessed reign, arrive. }



Now the sixth angel hastens to discharge  
 His wrath-cup on the proud Euphrates' marge ;  
 Draining (as Cyrus drain'd in elder day)  
 That flood, to ope for eastern kings a way.  
 —Mysterious emblem, left for Time to' expound :  
 Whether, invaded at its eastern bound,  
 'Tis Roman Babylon, in ruin cast ;  
 Or that the Turkish woe (which at the blast  
 Of the sixth trumpet open'd erst, when rose  
 The horsemen of Euphrates) finds its close ;  
 Nor yet, Euphrates, art thou drain'd, for lo,  
 The Church, still weltering in that Turkish woe :  
 Whether, Mahommed fall'n, the royal band  
 Of Israel re-assert their long-lost land ;  
 Or orient princes, like the Magi, bring  
 Their hallow'd treasures to their Saviour King.



Is the sixth vial spent? Not yet. I saw,  
 Forth from that old infernal dragon's maw,

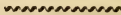
\* Dan. xii. 1, 7, 11, 12.

Forth from the' imperial monster's mouth of scorn,  
 And thine, false prophet, lamb with two-fold horn,—  
 Saw the foul spawn of Antichrist proceed,  
 Three loathsome spirits, like the croaking breed  
 That swarm'd o'er Egypt; spirits, loos'd from hell,  
 Working their lying wonders, to compel  
 The kings of earth to that great battle-day,  
 When GOD Himself marshals the dread affray  
 At ARMAGEDDON, (such in Hebrew styl'd)  
 Field of His foes, in one grand burial pil'd!  
 —There, papal fraud, arm'd with imperial might,  
 Each by infernal malice urg'd,—unite  
 In one vast enterprise 'gainst heaven, whose call  
 Musters the' unconscious host, to meet their final fall!  
 —Swift, silent, like a thief, I come! beware!  
 Happy, who 'gainst that dreadful hour prepare!  
 Like priests unslumbering in their night-watch dress,  
 Lest foul surprisal shame their nakedness!

See, brimm'd with wrath, the seventh last vial run  
 O'er the whole air! and hark, the shout, "'Tis done!"  
 Lo, thunders, lightnings, voices, and the shock  
 Of a huge earthquake, bid the nations rock\*  
 Through all their cities!—Midst the general groan,  
 Split in three parts, the mighty Babylon  
 Comes before GOD for visitation dire,  
 And drains the wine-dregs of His fiercest ire!  
 Fled is each isle; the mountains are not found:  
 The strong convulsion changes all around!

\* Comp. ch. xi. 13, 19.

Cast by the Lord, portentous hail-stones rush'd,  
 As erst on Egypt, and the rebels crush'd :  
 Yet, in their doom impenitent, they curs'd  
 The Power, whose righteous terrors o'er them burst.



THE FALL OF BABYLON.

\*AN angel here, whose radiance, as he pass'd,  
 A bright horizon far around him cast,  
 Lighted from heaven, thus triumphing aloud :—

“ Fall'n is that city, profligate and proud !

Fall'n from her high estate

IS BABYLON THE GREAT !

Fall'n with her antient type, the sister of her fate !

Deep in the dust her towering head is bow'd !

She, whose glory fill'd the world,

Now to the' abyss of ruin hurl'd !

She, to whom the kings would bow,

Become the haunt of horror now !

The den of spirits fierce and foul !

Where serpents hiss, hyænas howl ;

Where grisly satyrs dance, where shrieks the doleful  
 owl !

She, with her adulterous charms,

Lur'd the nations to her arms :

In purple harlotry array'd,  
 Her gold, her jewels, she display'd ;  
 And bade the victims, from her glistening bowl,  
 Drink in delicious death, with fond inebriate soul :  
 While from her lap, with gay profusion stor'd,  
 Wealth on commercial avarice she pour'd.

Hark to that solemn call !

“ Haste ye, My people ! from that Sodom haste !\*  
 Lest into kindred guilt ye fall,  
 Lest of like plagues ye taste !”

For heavenward, lo, her mountain trespass climbs,  
 And God hath register'd her crimes.

High though she fill'd the cup of ill  
 For others ;—*hers* yet higher fill !

And, by her zenith of departed pleasure,  
 Her depth of shame, her sad transition, measure !  
 —What though, disdainful of her widow'd fate,

She boast her queen-like state !

Sudden, beneath her day of doom,

She sinks in death-like gloom !

Sudden, the scepter'd lords of earth,

That woo'd her wantonness erewhile,

To mourning turn their guilty mirth,

Scar'd by the sulphur of her funeral pile !

In speechless pale amaze,

Like men that view their city in a blaze,

At shuddering distance, lo, they gaze !

\* Comp. Isai. xlviii. 20.—lii. 11.



No more her streets with crowded commerce smile :  
 Her merchants weep : no more the stranger buys  
 Her various merchandize.

Who shall that merchandize unfold ?

Purples, and pearls, and silks, and gems, and gold !  
 Vessels of every form and substance known ;  
 Pure ivory, fragrant cedar, Parian stone !

Each incense, ointment, odour sweet ;

The prime of olives, vines, and wheat !

Steeds, chariots, herds, and flocks !—and then, oh then,  
 The BODIES, and the SOULS, of MEN !

'Tis gone,—whate'er mov'd wonder or desire !

And, as of yore they wail'd o'er prostrate Tyre,\*

Her countless seamen pour the loud lament,

(Their eyes with tears, their heads with dust besprent,)

“ Woe, woe, for her, the great, the gay !

Ah, who was like her in her day ?

Her, who her merchant sons enrich'd !

Her, who the' adoring world bewitch'd !

How, as in one brief hour, her all is pass'd away !

—Therefore, in your joyous regions,

Joy anew, ye sainted legions !

Prophets and apostles ! high

Swell the hymn of ecstasy !

Since with dread requital, lo,

God hath visited your foe !

Lo, yon angel comes to cast

On the deep a mill-stone vast !

\* See Ezek. xxvi. and xxvii.



Hark, with thundering crash it fell!—  
 Not a trace is left to tell  
 Where it sunk!—" and Babylon,  
 Like this emblematic stone,—  
 " She," he shouts, " shall sink; like this,  
 Swallow'd in the black abyss!"\*

Death reigns, where all was life before!  
 The din of revelry is o'er;  
 The charm of music, heard no more;  
 The voice of martial horn, or melting lute!  
 The busy hum of man is mute!  
 The sound of grinding mill,  
 Or labouring craftsman, still!  
 No more, with many-sparkling light,  
 Her lamps, like stars, add joyance to the night;  
 The night, how dark and drear!  
 No more of midnight's festal cheer.  
 The mirth of bridegroom and of bride  
 Hath into lone sepulchral silence died!  
 —With such damn'd wiles the nations she bewitch'd!  
 With such foul trades her merchant sons enrich'd!  
 So horrible her guilt!  
 So vast the vengeance due for blood she spilt!  
 Blood of the saints, through many an age conceal'd;  
 —At last, the crimson ocean glares reveal'd!

† Hark how heaven's high world rejoices  
 With its tuneful host of voices!

\* Comp. Jer. li. 63, 64.

† Ch. xix.

HALLELUJAH rolls around !  
 Like the pealing dash of ocean,  
 Like the thunder's deep commotion,  
 HALLELUJAH they resound !  
 Glory to GOD, from all above, below !  
 His righteous wrath hath crush'd the' adulterous foe !  
 Glory to GOD, almighty victor crown'd !  
 —Joy ! the Lamb's own bridal day  
 Joy ! His bride in white array !  
 His saints, refulgent in the dress  
 Of His redeeming righteousness !  
 Happy, for ever happy, they !  
 Guests at His nuptial feast !  
 Such Heaven's eternal word."—The angel ceas'd.



*THE CONQUEROR OF THE BEAST AND THE  
 FALSE PROPHET.*

HE ceas'd : enraptur'd with his wonderous lore,  
 Prone at his feet I fell, as fain to' adore :  
 " Not so ;" he rais'd me with reproving tone ;  
 " I am thy brother ; worship GOD alone !  
 Still the prophetic spirit must record,  
 With thee, the glories of thy Saviour Lord."

Lo, where that Saviour comes ! as on my view  
 Heaven opening shows a steed of snow-white hue,  
 Bearing a Warrior, styl'd, the Faithful and the True !  
 Deep and incomprehensible His name :  
 His crowns were manifold ;—like points of flame,

His dazzling eyes ;—His vesture bath'd in blood ;  
 And mark His name inscrib'd, THE WORD OF GOD !  
 —Heaven's white-rob'd armies, on their snowy steeds,  
 Follow the glorious Captain where He leads.  
 Forth from His mouth a keen ethereal sword  
 Issues, apt emblem of His conquering word.  
 He smites the nations with His iron rod ;  
 And gives their haughtiest rebels to be trod  
 In the dread wine-press of the wrath of GOD. }  
 His vesture, o'er the sworded thigh, records  
 His title, KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.

The vision pass'd ; another straight begun.  
 Hark, a shrill angel, central in the sun,  
 Beckons aloud the winged tribes of air ;\*  
 “ Haste, to the vengeance-feast of GOD repair !  
 Ye vultures, eagles, haste !—the flesh of kings is there ! }  
 The flesh of kings and heroes, vainly brave ;  
 Rider and horse, the tyrant and the slave ?” —  
 A rich, but grim repast !—The' imperial beast  
 Musters his myriads, to supply that feast,  
 'Gainst the crown'd Hero on the charger white ;  
 Musters in vain !—Beneath celestial might  
 Falls the proud monster, with his two-horn'd mate,  
 The false-tongued prophet, partner of his fate ;  
 Him who beguil'd, with many a lying spell,  
 All that before that monster's image fell.  
 Soon are they both, in one combustion dire,  
 Cast living to the lake of living fire !

\* Comp. Ezek. xxxix. 17—20.

While, by the Conqueror's blade, their host are given  
To gorge the gathering nations of mid heaven.

A moment's pause. Oh dread, deciding day,  
Which in the prophet's glass I here survey!  
Day, when MESSIAH lays His patience by,  
And clothes Him with indignant majesty;  
Summons His foes, wide-scatter'd, to their fall;  
And, with one sweeping judgment, whelms them all!  
While the glad Church their finish'd ruin sings,  
And heaven's whole temple with loud triumph rings;  
And a far purer, happier scene comes on,  
Than ever yet o'er earth's long darkness shone!  
Yes, wait; though cloud and storm the noon o'er cast;  
Wait! the sweet evening smiles in gold at last!

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*THE THOUSAND YEARS, AND THE LAST
JUDGMENT.*

* LIGHTING on earth, a new bright herald see,
Arm'd with hell's adamant chain and key:
See him the dragon seize with iron grasp,
And bind, a thousand years, the' infernal asp,
Hurl'd headlong to the bottomless abyss,
Fast lock'd and fetter'd, *there* to howl and hiss,
Nor lure the victim nations as before,
Till, when the bright millennial calm is o'er,
Loos'd for his last brief term, he mars the earth once
more.

Lo, thrones are rear'd,—with saints on every throne !
 Judges they sit, and earth's dominion own.
 Resurgent, lo, the spirits of the dead,
 —Of all that for the name of Jesus bled,
 All that the monster's image dar'd disdain,—
 Live with their Lord those thousand years, and reign.
 Not so the rest : *they* rise to life no more,
 Till the long sabbath of the saints is o'er.
 The first, illustrious resurrection this :
 Oh happy saints, who taste its holy bliss !
 O'er such the last dread Death no power may gain :
 They, priests of GOD and CHRIST, share His terrestrial
 reign !

But ah, that halcyon reign must yet be past !—
 Satan, let loose, must ravage earth at last ;
 Must urge the' apostate nations, wide dispers'd,
 —Magog and Gog, by antient seers rehears'd,*—
 Yet against heaven to congregate their might :
 —Thick as the sea-side sand, they join the fight !
 They darken, like a thunder-cloud ; and hem,
 Camp of the saints, belov'd Jerusalem,
 Hem thee around ! when fire from heaven devours,
 Sudden as lightning, those infatuate powers :
 He, too, that urg'd them,—Satan,—finds his doom,
 Where unconsuming tortures still consume,
 Fall'n Antichrist, thy host, in dread sulphureous gloom !
 —Triumph, ye saints !—*there* perish all your foes :
 For ever, *there*, earth's wild commotions close.

* Ezek. xxxviii. and xxxix.

See, on yon mighty throne of dazzling white,
 ONE, from whose face, insufferably bright,
 Vanish the heavens and earth!—*their* day is o'er;
 Nature is gone; her place is found no more!
 See the dead universe revive, and stand
 At GOD's tribunal, rang'd on either hand:
 See the books open'd,—Conscience and the Law;
 And oh, another; tempering grace with awe,
 The book of Life!—From these the cited dead
 Hear each his acts rehears'd, his judgment read.
 —Ocean restor'd the prisoners of his wave;
 Hades and Death their captive millions gave:
 All, all were sentenc'd: Death and Hades, cast
 Deep in the' undying gulph:—oh worst, and last,
 And sole surviving Death,—the first for ever past!
 All, unrecorded in the book of bliss,
 Sunk in that fiery, fathomless abyss!



Mysterious visions of the closing world!
 Yet soon, (futuraity's dim curtain furl'd,)
 Destin'd to burst, and change our faith to sense,—
 Evolv'd by thee, prophetic Providence.
 A day of thine is as a thousand years:
 And lo, six mystic days of toil and tears
 Have o'er this groaning system well-nigh pass'd;
 The seventh, sabbatic morning dawns at last;
 The rising Sun of righteousness renews
 The rising, shining saints, like countless sun-bright
 dews.

—Come, age of glory, glad our aching eyes !
 Pictur'd so oft in bright prophetic dyes !
 But first, thou seventh dread vial, *thou* must run ;
 First must be work of righteous wrath be done ;
 And heaven's red vintage reap'd, and ARMAGEDDON }
 won :

The last convulsions of long-labouring earth
 Must fit her first for that celestial birth :
 Ere reign the Church, triumphant e'en below ;
 And her full joy obliterate all her woe.—
 Oft have the curious vainly question'd here,
 How, when, and where the Lord shall re-appear ;
 Whether departed saints on earth shall gain
 New life, and here with CHRIST millennial reign.
 —Oh, let me but Thy kingdom, Saviour, share !
 Why should I anxious muse, how, when, or where ? }
 Enough that all are blest, that all are holy, there !

Is it then earth ? or earth transform'd to heaven ?—
 Yet ask not !—Nature still retains her leaven :
 Man still is man : apostate still, his race
 Must give sad proof of renovating grace
 Needed through every age,—nor least the last.
 Who but must weep that promis'd sabbath past ? }
 That parting page of Time, with sudden gloom o'ercast !
 What though the soul of piety, when fled,
 Gain'd a millennial rising from the dead ?
 Ah, wak'd once more, the old rebellion strives,
 And thy dead spirit, Antichrist, revives !

—Yet weep not long ! lo, vanish'd all the gloom,
 Vanish'd, e'en Time !—'tis come, the day of doom,
 Opening Eternity !—but fancy faints,
 Awe-struck and dumb ; nor mortal utterance paints }
 The glory bursting full on earth's last suffering saints.
 In the rich contrast of its lights and lines,
 Now, Providence, thy panorama shines !
 While the great Master, mingling dark and bright,
 Charms, with the' harmonious whole, the judging sight.
 And oh, what visions, in the' eternal clime,
 Eclipse the fairest retrospect of Time ! }
 Visions that close thy page, thou Book of GOD sublime ! }



THE NEW JERUSALEM.

* HERE on my gaze those dazzling visions burst ;
 A new creation rising ;—past the first ;—
 New heavens, and heaven-like earth ; where sea no more,
 Sever'd, intrusive, shore from kindred shore !
 And there, refulgent as a peerless bride,
 On the glad spousal morning beautified
 For her lov'd lord ; from opening heaven she came,
 That holy city, New Jerusalem !
 And hark, what voice shouts with exulting swell ;—
 “ GOD with His people, GOD Himself, will dwell ; }
 Will be their present GOD,—and they His Israel !
 He wipes all tears for ever from their eyes ;
 Pain is no more ; and Death for ever dies.” }

Hark, from the throne He speaks, the FIRST, the LAST ;
 " 'Tis done : the former universe is past :
 Thou seest the new creation there begun :
 Write from My voice the changeless word :—'tis done.—
 Free is the Fount of Life to all that thirst ;
 But all that love their guilt, with living death are curs'd."

An angel here, an angel of the seven
 Charg'd with those seven last plagues of wrathful heaven,
 Bore me aloft in spirit, to behold
 The bride, the Lamb's own city ; as, of old,
 The patriarch, ripe for death, from Pisgah's height
 Cast o'er the promis'd land his wistful sight : }
 Oh, what a scene was mine, unutterably bright !
 There walls of chrysolite and ruby blaze ; }
 There battlements of jasper charm the gaze ; }
 While beryl, sardonyx, and topaz, blend their rays ! }
 And gates of massive pearl, like silver, gleam ;
 And streets of gold, like glass, transparent beam ;
 And sapphire, emerald, amethyst unite
 Their exquisite diversities of light !
 No temple there around, no sun above ;
 All sun, all temple there, where all is GOD and Love !
 There the redeem'd, through day that knows not night,
 Rest or expatiate in their fields of light :
 Nought of pollution taints the' immortal air ;
 But gather'd to that center, treasur'd there, }
 Is all that Earth could yield of glorious, good, and fair. }

Let me not ask if *this* be Heaven. Oh, yes,
 'Tis Heaven, in *more* than Earth's millennial dress !

So, in the summer lake's unruffled face,
The mirror'd stars, the bright blue sky, we trace.

* Rapt as I gaz'd, the guiding seraph show'd
Where, clear as crystal, Life's own river flow'd
Forth from the throne of GOD; then bade me view
The tree of immortality that grew
Where the fair stream for ever bath'd its roots,
With leaves of healing full, and amaranthine fruits.
There, face to face, with GOD the saints converse;
No cloud is there, no lingering sin-born curse:
His name resplendent on their brows they bear,
And His eternal reign, His blissful service, share.

All this I heard, I saw, with wonder dumb;
When hark, once more He speaks; "Behold, I come!
All, all the GOD of prophets hath reveal'd,
'Tis sure, 'tis instant; let it not be seal'd.
Still let the wicked work his wicked will,
The friend of holiness be holy still:
Hastening I come, the FIRST, the LAST, the LORD;
I come to each; and with Me My reward.
Thrice happy they, who hear My voice, and heed!
On fruits of immortality to feed,
And dwell in paradise, to them is given;
While all the sons of guilt are far to darkness driven.
'Tis I, the Root and Branch of David's tree,
The glorious Day-star of Eternity,
I, JESUS, thus have sent, to show thee scenes to be!

Come, then ; 'tis God's own Spirit speaks to all :
 Come ; 'tis the Saviour's bride repeats the call :
 Come ; be that call by happy myriads heard,
 While each to each reverberates the word :
 Come, all that thirst for mercy, all that will ;
 Drink at the Fount of Life, and freely drink your fill !—
 And I, behold, I come ! expect the day
 Suddenly, swiftly ; while ye watch and pray !"
 —'Tis the last farewell accent ; Heaven is dumb :
 Answer, each heart, " Amen : come, Saviour, hastening
 come !"



CONCLUSION.

'Tis o'er : the vision vanishes !—I lay
 Tranc'd in its wonders all the lonely day ;
 And, hurrying through the heaven-illumin'd page,
 Crowded in few brief hours each past, each future age !
 Nor strange if, dubious oft-times and confus'd,
 The Prophet's hieroglyphics I perus'd ;
 While the dim twilight History's lamp displays
 Scarce seem'd to guide me through the' eventful maze :
 Nor strange if clear-eyed reason oft-times fail'd
 Midst the stupendous scenery that prevail'd ;
 When still the curtain rose and fell so fast,
 And, swift as meteors, new creations pass'd ;
 And, angel following angel,—earthquakes, thunders,
 Voices, and trumpets, usher'd thickening wonders !—

Starting to earthly consciousness, I found
 Rude rocks, and silent nature, all around ;
 And only caught from far the wave's retiring sound :
 And where, so late, prophetic tumult rag'd,
 Where opening heaven had all my soul engag'd,
 PATMOS return'd, sequester'd and serene ;
 And, wistful, o'er the disenchantèd scene,
 I gaz'd, as one emerging from a world
 Where, in the trance, my spirit had been hurl'd.
 The' Egèan evening fell ; the sun's last smile
 Linger'd in rose-light o'er the holy isle :
 Vainly poetic pencil might aspire
 To paint that sea of crystal mix'd with fire ;
 JOHN'S own embodied vision !*—Lovely rise
 The sister isles, in amethystine dyes :
 While, in the' horizon, Asia, bluely pale,
 Whispers to memory's ear the mournful tale
 Of those seven churches, once divinely bright,
 That,—sunk in ruin's, now, and error's night,—
 Preach from their dust the doom of heaven's neglected
 light.

Pathetic contrast ! Man, man only, vile,
 Where *soul-less* nature wears her sweetest smile !

Yet look beyond ! This long, this dark eclipse,
 —Scatter'd by thee, divine APOCALYPSE,—
 Is past. The Church in perfect beauty shines,
 Loveliest at last : I see the dawning signs.

* Ch. xv. 2.

Long has the' expected scene approach'd : and lo,
 The seventh last trump,—e'en now I hear it blow.
 Years of millennial glory, soon ye roll ;
 And GOD'S predestin'd mystery finds its goal !*
 E'n now, as kindling stars, like islets bright,
 Wake from their darkness into life and light,
 Till, all around, the' ethereal ocean smiles ;
 Lo, from their antient gloom those cluster'd isles
 That *star* the blue Pacific, born anew,
 In swift succession brighten on the view !
 As those that watch for morning ; † as the band,
 Weary of waves, that look for promis'd land
 With hope's prophetic gaze ; so, LORD, Thy saints
 For the bright age Thy closing volume paints
 Look with uplifted head and glistening eye,
 As conscious *their* redemption draweth nigh." ‡
 Scatter'd, e'en now, the seed, the sower, spread
 THE CHRISTIAN RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD :
 While, through the vast and visionary vale,
 The dry bones rustle to the wakening gale ; §
 And, cloth'd with flesh, and animate with breath,
 People, a countless host, the rescued realms of Death !
 And *here*,—what visions greet my glad surprise ?
 New saints at CORINTH, new EPHESIANS rise :
 Fair GREECE, emancipate from TURKISH thrall,
 Shines forth, far lovelier than before her fall !

* Ch. x. 7.

† Ps. cxxx. 6.

‡ Luke xxi. 28.

§ Ezek. xxxvii. 1—10

Each isle, a new-born paradise, where meet
Brethren of CHRIST, in fellowship how sweet !
E'en PATMOS, for her JOHN no more a sad retreat !

Thou, too, for whom my hallow'd course I bend,
(Great Lord of missions, Judah's cause befriend !)
Thou, widow'd SALEM,—smiling from thy tears,
Rais'd from the ruins of two thousand years,—
Shalt hear the call, long slighted, though Divine ;
“ Arise ! thy light is come ; arise, and shine ! ” *
Shalt see thy children, clustering, as of yore,
To weep their pierc'd MESSIAH, and adore ! †
E'en now, prelusive to the gracious shower, ‡
Fall the first drops :—'tis SION's promis'd hour ;
For Christians, wak'd to pity, hear her groans,
Favour her dust, and fondly eye her stones. §
Near is her rise ; and if (as well her Paul
Pleaded her cause) so fruitful e'en her fall,
Oh, what shall be that rise, less than the rise of all ? ||
While the fierce TURK, to meek repentance won,—
The false, foul tribes of mystic BABYLON,—
The fir'd fanatic, hypocrite disguis'd,
Cold formalist, or infidel baptis'd,—
And oh, the myriads of each PAGAN clime,
That walk in darkness from the birth of Time ;—
All, as from one vast temple, joy to raise,
One sacrifice of prayer, one choral song of praise !

* Isai. lx. 1.

† Zech. xii. 10.

‡ Ps. lxxviii. 9.

§ Ps. cii. 13, 14.

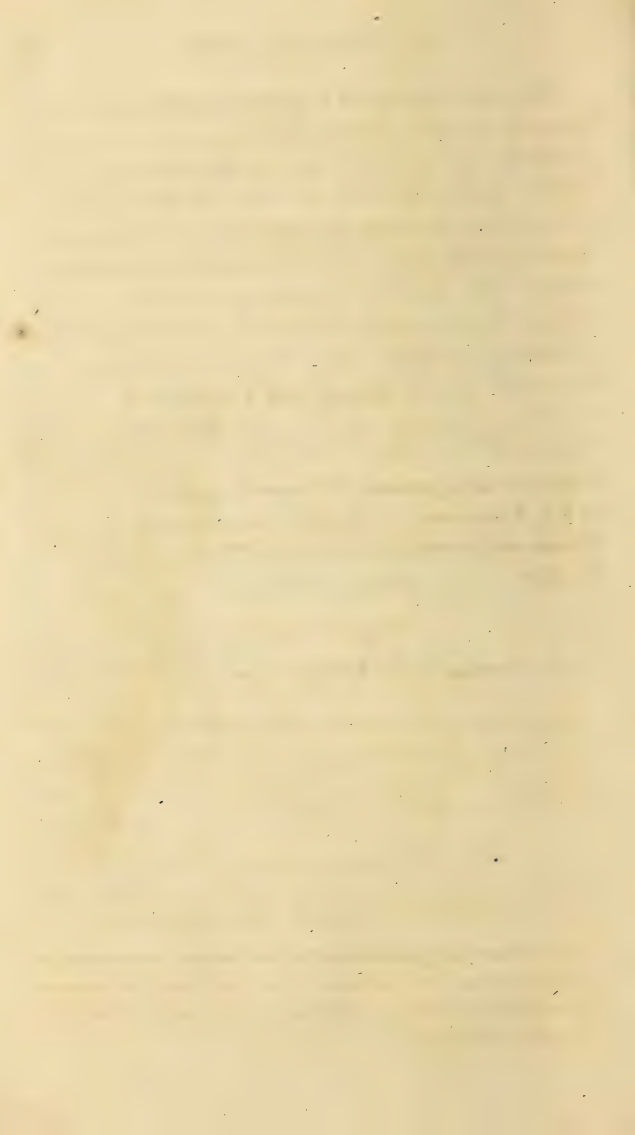
|| Rom. xi. 12, 15.

Haste, last best age of Prophecy, be born!—
 LORD, for its old hereditary thorn,
 Clothe the dry waste with myrtle, rose, and pine,
 That all may see the hand, and own the glory, Thine! *
 Hear'st Thou the labouring world for ages groan? †
 Hear'st how Thy saints their suffering Church bemoan?
 Where is Thy zeal, Thy sounding bowels where?
 Oh, rend Thy heavens,—Thy bosom'd right-hand bare! ‡
 —Sword of the Spirit, wake! thou word of light,
 Go, travelling in the greatness of Thy might! §
 And Thou, MESSIAH, win Thy conquering way!
 Why should Thy chariot-wheels thus long delay?
 See the bright standard of Thy cross unfurl'd!
 Assert, Thine own, the kingdoms of the world! ||
 Till the whole sphere of Earth and Time be given
 To vanish in the' Eternity of Heaven!

* Isa. xli. 19, 20.

† Rom. viii. 22.

‡ Isa. lxiii. 15. and lxiv. 1. Ps. lxxiv. 11. § Isai. lxiii. 1. || Rev. xi. 15.



NOTES.

Page 3, line 6.

“ Where the fierce pirate comes, thine only guest.”

An interesting account of Patmos is given in the Travels of Dr. E. D. Clarke. “ Pirates,” he says, “ swarm around Patmos, and on account of its many ports it is much infested by them.”

Page 4, line 14.

“ Thou, faithful Philadelphia, sole art found.”

Modern travellers represent four Christian Churches still remaining in Philadelphia, and above two hundred houses inhabited by Christians. “ Philadelphia,” says Gibbon, “ is still erect ; a column in a scene of ruins.”

Page 7, line 14.

“ And see, He comes, great Master of the seals.”

The writer has endeavoured to interweave the *ecclesiastical* with the *secular* interpretation of the seals and the trumpets. The most comprehensive is generally the most probable application of Prophecy.

Page 8, line 20.

“ Four ghastly plagues come revelling o’er the slain.”

The infidel historian of “the Decline and Fall,” often proves an unconscious and energetic commentator on the apocalyptic seals and trumpets. “A long and general famine, followed by epidemical diseases, contributed, with other causes, to the furious plague which, from the year 250 to 265, raged without interruption in every province, every city, and almost every family, of the Roman empire: During some time 5,000 persons died daily in Rome; and many towns that had escaped the hands of the barbarians, were entirely depopulated. There is reason to suspect that war, pestilence, and famine had consumed, in a few years, the moiety of the human species.” —GIBBON, Chap. 10.

Page 10, line 14.

“ For germinant is Prophecy, and shoots.”

“In sorting the Prophecies of Scripture with their events, we must allow for that latitude which is agreeable and familiar to Divine Prophecies; being of the nature of their Author, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, and therefore they are not fulfilled punctually at once; but have a *springing and germinant* accomplishment throughout many ages, though the height and fulness of them may refer to some one age.” —BACON on the Advancement of Learning; Book 2.

To this just and fine observation of our great philosopher, it may be added that the foundation of this complex import and successive accomplishment of prophecy, lies in that analogy of procedure which pervades and characterises the Divine administration of human affairs. Accordingly a particular judgment often serves as a type or sample of a class of kindred events, which may be gathered from distant scenes and periods. This similarity in the features of Providence, as

exhibited in different ages, enables the prophet so to adapt his style to the succession of objects in his view, as to paint the near and subordinate event in terms that emphatically represent the ulterior and more important. The germinations of Prophecy arise out of the correspondences of Providence; analogy furnishing a more sublime and comprehensive principle of association, than the mere circumstance of time, “*Id sæpenuerò habet Prophetia, ut plures eventus, tempore disjunctos, simul prospiciat, et per diversos veluti gradus ad extremum præcipuumque exitum perveniat. Hanc ob causam notiones universales maximè sequitur, easque communibus imaginibus exprimit; quippe quæ totam Divini consilii comprehensionem includere possint, singulasque rerum progressionem comitari; ad propinquiorem aliquam metam faciliè referendæ, sed ad ultimi finis magnitudinem et pondus exæquandam accuratiùs adnumeratæ atque appensæ.*”—LOWTH. Prælect. 20.

If the writer might be permitted, with all the deference due to superior authorities, to express his own opinion respecting the most prevailing error of those who have appeared as interpreters of the Apocalypse; he would place it in a disposition to restrict various passages too definitely to single events, without an adequate allowance for the comprehensive amplitude, and successive evolution, of their real import.

Page 11, line 18.

“*Of hail, and torrent fire, and mingled blood.*”

The historian has borne his undesigned testimony to the truth of Prophecy, in allegorical language, similar to that which the prophet had employed. “*On the decease of Theodosius, A. D. 395, the northern cloud, which had so long been gathering, discharged itself.*” And again: “*The dark cloud, which was collected along the coasts of the Baltic, burst in thunder upon the banks of the upper Danube.*”—GIBBON.

Page 12, line 28.

“Visions of horror, crowd not on my soul!”

“Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!”

GRAY's noble ode, *THE BARD*, in which these lines occur, is itself a kind of secular Prophecy, which borrows, instead of anticipating, the light of History.

Page 13, line 11.

“Five mystic months, thrice fifty days of years.”

“If these five months be taken for prophetic months, or one hundred and fifty years, it was within that space of time that the Saracens made their principal conquests. Read their history and you will find that their greatest exploits were performed between the year 612, when Mahommed began publicly to propagate his imposture, and the year 762, when the caliph Almanson built Bagdad, to fix there the seat of his empire.”—*BP. NEWTON.*

Page 15, line 12.

“Mark'd in prophetic style; the year, month, day, and hour.”

“It is wonderfully remarkable that the first conquest, mentioned in history, of the Othmans over the Christians, was in the year of the Hegira 680, and of Christ 1281. Compute 391 years” (the amount of a year, month, and day, taken prophetically) “from that time, and they will terminate in the year 1672; and in that year Mahommed the fourth took Camenic from the Poles, and forty-eight towns and villages were delivered up to the sultan, upon the treaty of peace. Whereupon Prince Cantemir hath made this memorable reflection;—‘This was the last victory by which any advantage accrued to the Othman state, or any city or province was

annexed to the antient bounds of the empire.' Agreeably to which observation, he hath entitled the former part of his history *the growth*, and the latter *the decay, of the Othman Empire.*"—BP. NEWTON. Above one hundred and fifty years have elapsed, and still the Turks have subdued no new state; for a considerable period, their power has been evidently in its decline.

Page 16, line 5.

"*A small, unfolded roll His right hand bore.*"

"*A little book βιβλαριδιον*, different from the *book, βιβλιον*, mentioned before. It was indeed a *codicil* to the larger book, and properly cometh under the sixth trumpet, to describe the state of the *western* church, after the description of the state of the *eastern*: and this is with good reason made a separate prophecy, on account of the importance of the matter. In the former part of the 11th chapter, from the 1st to the 14th verse, are exhibited the contents of this little book."—BP. NEWTON.

It is not without repeated deliberation that the writer adheres to the above arrangement, in preference to that of those expositors who extend the materials of the little book to the close either of the 13th or the 14th chapter; or those who, in company with Mede, regard all that follows its introduction as part of its contents, and thus make it larger than the seven-sealed volume.—The very remarkable circumstance of the contemporaneous rise of the eastern and the western Antichrist, sufficiently intimates the time *near* which the grand era of corruptions commences, and consequently that *near* which it terminates. The rise and progress of Mahommedism have been sketched under the two preceding woe-trumpets: the rise, progress, decline, and destruction of Popery are chiefly reserved for the subsequent part of the visions; and here, in this *episode* of the little book, we learn the destinies of the western church, or rather of the *only* faithful church, during the long and melancholy period considered.

The mighty angel who introduces the little book, and who utters its contents, (chap. x. 1. xi. 1.) must naturally be supposed to close his part, and to retire from the scene, where the seventh angel sounds in his turn. (chap. xi. 15.) The order of the prophet is similar, in this instance, to that of the historian or poet, who often, after pursuing one department of his subject, returns to exhibit another parallel in time with the former. This arrangement in no degree interferes with the fundamental synchronisms of Mede; while it avoids the impropriety of assigning a disproportionate magnitude to a *very small roll*, (for the word is a double diminutive); and also the necessity of dividing the sixth trumpet between the two books. This book appears to be characterised as *little and open*, in express distinction from the original book which had been *larger and sealed*. And there seems to be a certain correspondence between the introduction of this episode before the seventh trumpet, and the solemn pause, accompanied with the sublime digression, which had preceded the opening of the seventh seal. (chap. vii.) The events predicted in the 12th and 13th chapters, are evidently prior to those with which the little book in the the 11th chapter had opened: a circumstance which renders it improbable that those chapters should be included in the separate and intervening roll.

“I am decidedly of opinion,” says Scott in a luminous note on chap. x. 2—4. “that the little book contains only the first 14 verses of the 11th chapter; being coincident, as to the state of things in the west, with the state of the eastern empire as predicted in the 9th chapter.”

“The seventh and last trumpet was now expected: but a new and enlarging scene opens under the sixth trumpet, and before the end of the second woe. The famous period of 1260 days is now presented to view. The usurped dominion of the Mahommedans, disclosed under the sixth trumpet, is continued throughout; but there is another antichristian usurpation which belongs to the same period, and which is to be produced as contemporary with it.”—WOODHOUSE.

Page 16, line 14.

“*God’s whole consummate mystery shall close.*”

As the *mystery of iniquity* (2 Thess. ii. 7.) is the triumphant working of Satan; so the *mystery of God*, which is finished under the seventh trumpet, appears to be the triumphant reign of godliness. And *the time*, which shall then be *no more*, seems to denote the period of corruptions so often defined in Prophecy; “the time, times, and half,” reaching to “the time of the end.” (Compare Dan. xii. 6—13. where the angel takes the same kind of solemn oath, referring to the same period.) The verb *ενηγγελσε*, *declared good tidings*, though obscured in our version, emphatically alludes to the millennial blessedness more fully unfolded in a subsequent part of the visions.

Page 17, line 26.

“*My witnesses, these twain, in sackcloth preach.*”

The ground-work of this allegory is to be sought in the history of Moses and Elijah: they fled into the wilderness before the face of idolatrous kings: they protested against magicians and idolaters: in an age of general depravity, they preserved and revived the light and power of religion: they appear to have been both raised immediately beyond the dominion of death: they re-appeared at the transfiguration, as types of a glorious resurrection. Two distinguished witnesses have been combined in their sacred commission, on several former occasions: Moses and Aaron; Elijah and Elisha; Zerubbabel and Joshua; all bearing their testimony in a depressed state of the Church.

Page 18, line 23.

“*They start refulgent from their transient death.*”

Bp. Newton enumerates several remarkable instances, in which there was a suppression of the Church’s testimony for

three years and a half, the space of time supposed to be here prophetically designated; instances, to which others have since added the solemn suspension of public worship which consummated the horrors of the French Revolution: this last, however, can scarcely be admitted as a suppression of the genuine testimony. "It may please an over-ruling Providence," as Bp. Newton observes, "so to dispose events, that the afflictions of the Church may in some measure run parallel one to another, and all the former efforts of that tyrannical and persecuting power called the *beast* may be the types and figures of this his last and greatest effort against the witnesses." The most approved conjecture seems to be that which refers this sudden, brief, and public triumph of Antichrist, succeeded by a rapid and glorious revival of the prostrate Church, to the eve of the millennial day: a dark but a short introduction to a scene of unexampled beauty and blessedness, like the valley of the shadow of death ushering the individual christian into the celestial Paradise. Some, however, may be disposed to follow Lowman and Guyse in the opinion that the three mystical days and a half correspond with the three times and a half; (ch. xii. 14.) a day being supposed to stand for a year of 360 days or years, and the import of the passage to be this; that, "while the witnesses shall fulfil their testimony," they shall be slain by the beast: as the woman was to remain in the wilderness, and the beast in power 1260 days, so the witnesses were to prophesy and to be persecuted during the same time: but after this variously designated period, they shall revive, rise, and ascend to a state of power and prosperity. It seems probable that this last event may be no other than *the first resurrection* of the slain confessors, which is represented in a future chapter as introducing the millennial reign of Christ on earth. (Ch. xx. 4, compared with ch. xi. 11—15.)

Page 20, line 14.

“The sacred lamps, unquench'd in coldest gloom.”

It is remarkable that the ancient official seal, still used by the moderator of the Waldessian Church, represents a lamp diffusing its rays over a field of darkness, in which seven stars appear, in supposed allusion to seven churches which formerly existed in the principal Waldensian valley of Luzérne; that name itself having been originally selected (it is probable) as denoting the Apocalyptic symbol of a Church. (Rev. i. ult.)

Page 20, line 22.

“With sacred charm, your wild retreats I trod.”

Speaking of the Waldenses, one, who had more than once visited their valleys in the true spirit of Christian benevolence, observes, in an interesting volume which has just appeared: “Viewed in connection with religion, their soil must be regarded as almost sacred; their rocks and caves, their temples and their dwellings, are beheld with unusual emotions; and the children of *such* ancestors seem peculiarly entitled to our esteem. On such spots, however delightful the scenery, the principal charm consists in the association of all that presents itself to the eye, with historical recollections; consecrated as the territory has been, in an almost unparalleled degree, by the patience of the confessor, and the agony of the martyr.”—SIMS'S INTRODUCTION TO PEYRAN'S HISTORICAL DEFENCE OF THE WALDENSES.—1826.”

It appears from a work of the Bohemian bishop, Amos Commenius, published in 1644, that the faithful followers of Huss, who called themselves “United Brethren,” requested and obtained episcopacy from the exiled Waldenses, in the year 1467. See the above volume, p. 501—505.

Page 21, line 12.

“*Dante, Petrarca ! since ye dar’d record.*”

Dante, in his Purgatory, (Canto xxxii.) Petrarch, in his Epistles, (Ep. xvi.) stigmatise papal Rome as the Babylonish harlot.

Page 22, line 5.

“*Just here, methought, the wonderous visions clos’d.*”

“The former part of the Prophecy proceeds, as we have seen, in a regular and successive series from the Apostle’s days to the consummation of all things. Nothing can be added, but it must fall somewhere within the compass of this period: it must be in some measure a resumption of the same subjects; and this latter part may most properly be considered as an enlargement and illustration of the former. It was said that *the beast should make war against the witnesses, and overcome them*; but who or what *the beast* is, we may reasonably conjecture indeed, but the apostle himself will more clearly explain. The transactions of the seventh trumpet are all summed up in a few verses; but we shall see the particulars branched out into as many chapters. In short, this latter part is designed as a supplement to the former, to complete what was deficient, and to illustrate what was obscure: and, as the former described more the destinies of the Roman empire, so this latter relates more to the fates of the Christian Church.”—Bp. NEWTON.

We had been taught that “in the days of the voice of the seventh angel the mystery of God should be finished.” (ch. x. 7.) “We are prepared to expect under this trumpet the description of that conflict and victory, by which the Christian Church will be placed in security from her enemies: and, in order to exhibit this in all its parts, the Holy Spirit begins the representation from the earliest times. To enable us to understand things future, past events are first represented under the same kind of allegory.”—WOODHOUSE.

Page 22, line 11.

“ A huge red dragon, eager to devour.”

There seems to be here a complex allusion, both to the persecution of the male Israelitish infants by Pharoah, (Exod. i. 16.) who is called a “ dragon ;” (Ps. lxxiv. 13. Ezek. xxix. 3.) and, also, more directly, to the infernal machination of Herod against the life of the holy child Jesus. (Matt. ii. 16.) When new Pharaohs and Herods, in the Roman emperors, afterwards endeavoured to destroy the members of Christ’s mystical body, it was virtually “ JESUS whom they persecuted.” (Acts ix. 4, 5.)

Page 23, line 8.

“ Behold, the child is given, the son is born.”

The Church is not complete, until she can produce the *seed*, promised to the woman from the earliest times, which was ordained to “ bruise the serpent’s head.” She is now represented as labouring with this momentous birth : for the male child now born is evidently our Lord Jesus Christ, who is to “ rule all the nations with a rod of iron.” (Ps. ii. 9.)

Page 23, line 17.

“ But see, the woman to the desert fled.”

The same complex allusion is sustained, to the miraculous escape of the Israelites into the wilderness, with their subsequent preservation therein during forty years ; and also to the Virgin Mary’s flight into Egypt, “ where she had a place prepared of God” for an appointed period. (Matt. ii. 13—15.) This vision of the *woman* and her son may be justly regarded as an incidental confirmation of the miraculous conception of HIM who was promised, in the beginning, as “ the seed of the *woman* ;” (Gen. iii. 15.) predicted as the son of a *virgin* ; (Isai. vii. 14.) and designated as “ the Son of GOD,” horn of a

woman." (Gal. iv. 4.) The following lines, expressive of the two-fold type, might have been inserted in the Poem at the close of this paragraph:

So, with her rescued Moses, Israel fled
 Erst to the desert, there divinely fed:
 So fled the Virgin, with her holy child,
 From Herod's murderous ire to Egypt's wild.

Page 25, line 1.

"Lo, eagle-like, the Church still upward springs."

"As God had said to the children of Israel, (Exod. xix. 4.) 'I bare you on eagles' wings;' so the Church, under the protection of the empire, was carried as it were on eagles' wings. But the similitude is the more proper in this case, an *eagle* being the Roman ensign, and the *two wings* alluding probably to the division that was then made of the eastern and western empires."—Bp. NEWTON.

Page 25, line 12.

"Ten clustering horns, ten kingly crowns, he wore."

This beast had ten horns, and was without a name, like the fourth beast in Daniel's vision: it resembled in various respects the other three emblematic beasts which that prophet had seen; but it was the same with his fourth beast, the same empire, though not in its pagan but its papal form.

The *two-horned beast* (the Romish hierarchy) acts precisely in the same capacity with the *little horn* of Daniel; each exercising the power of the first beast before him, and each perishing in one common destruction with him. (Compare Dan. vii.)

Page 26, line 28.

"Bade the crush'd empire wake to life again."

"The head of the beast, which was wounded to death, represented the entire subversion of the imperial authority, when

Rome became a dukedom to the exarchate of Ravenna. Five of the heads were superseded before the Apostle's time; at the time above-mentioned, the sixth would receive a deadly wound. (ch xvii. 9—14.) It was healed, however, by the revival of the imperial name and dignity in the person of Charlemagne, who was proclaimed Augustus, A. D. 800: and this head subsisted ever since in the emperors of Germany, or of the holy Roman empire, until subverted by recent revolutions. Some explain the "deadly wound" by the revolution which took place when Christian emperors succeeded to Pagan; and the healing of this wound, by the subsequent establishment of another idolatrous and persecuting power, though bearing the Christian name. The two interpretations agree in the grand outline."—SCOTT.

Page 28, line 22.

"Number'd in Greek, LATEINOS is the same."

It is remarkable that Irenæus, who had conversed with Polycarp, (the friend of John, and "the angel of the Church of Smyrna,") should have proposed the most satisfactory solution of this prophetic enigma that has yet been given. "LATEINOS habet DCLXVI numerum; et valdè verisimile est, quoniam novissimum regnum hoc habet vocabulum: Latini enim sunt qui nunc regnant: sed non in hoc nos gloriabimur." (Iren. lib. i. cap. 30.) "In that Church," as Dr. H. More well remarks, "they Latinize every thing." "In no other word, descriptive of the papal Roman empire, can such a fatal concurrence of circumstances be found."—FABER.

Page 28, line 25.

"The sum, six hundred, six times ten, and six."

"From what point of time the commencement of the 1260 years is to be dated, is not so easy to determine. It should seem that they are to be computed from the full establishment of

the power of the Pope, and no less is implied in the expression, "given into his hand." (Dan. vii. 25.) Now the power of the pope, as a *horn*, or temporal prince, was established in the eighth century; and 1260 years from that time will lead us down to about the year of Christ 2000, or about the 6000th year of the world: and there is an old tradition, both among Jews and Christians, that at the end of 6000 years, the Messiah shall come, and the world be renewed, the reign of the wicked one cease, and the reign of the saints on earth begin. But when the end shall come, then we shall know better whence to date the beginning."—Bp. NEWTON, Dissert. xiv.

Now it is very remarkable that, if we suppose the visions of the Apocalypse to have been seen by John about the year 89 or 90,* and from this period compute 666 years; we arrive at the year 755 or 756, the very era (as Bp. Newton has shown) from which "the popes, being now become temporal princes, did no longer date their epistles and bulls by the years of the emperor's reign, but by the years of their own advancement to the papal chair."† And, again, if from the mysterious number 666 we compute 1335 years, the *total* period specified by Daniel (ch. xii. 12.) as antecedent to the era of blessedness, we arrive at the year 2001, the first year of what has been expected, (as Bp. Newton observes,) "according to a very early tradition both of Jews and Christians," as the millennial sabbatism of the world.‡ Obvious as this remark may appear, the writer does not remember having seen it stated.

* There seems to be no material objection to this date of the visions, as their date must at last rest on conjecture: Domitian, by whom (according to Irenæus) the apostle was banished, began his reign in A. D. 81, and died A. D. 96.

† This conjecture may be found in Grotius, Calmet, Lowman, and Guyse. It may be deemed a somewhat curious circumstance that *pagan* Rome should have been founded about the same number of years *before*, as *papal* Rome was established *after*, the Christian era.

‡ Bp. Newton, in fixing the commencement of the 1260 years in A. D. 727, with a view to their termination A. D. 2000, seems to have forgotten those additional periods of 30 and 45 years, as specified by Daniel, which evidently must be taken into the account. (Dissert. xxvi.)

Thus we obtain two conjectural reasons, (both curious, and *the latter peculiarly deserving attention*) for the selection of the enigmatical number 666, in addition to the ancient solution by which its figures are deciphered into the name LATEINOS. We may suppose it either to mark the number of years, which would intervene between the epoch of the visions, and the establishment of the secular papal authority; or more simply, and more probably, to mark the date from which we are to compute the great prophetic period of ecclesiastical apostasy and adversity, comprehending in its *total* extent 1335 years. According to the latter hypothesis, the 1260 years, the principal portion of this period, must be supposed to terminate in A. D. 1926; (a century beyond the present year,) or 60 years later than the more commonly proposed year 1866: the second period, that of 1290 years, will then extend to the year 1956; and the third, or that of 1335 years, to the year 2001. Whatever may be thought of this hypothesis, it comes recommended to our consideration by scriptural data and perfect simplicity; while the existing signs of Providence, in the writer's humble apprehension, countenance the *latter*, in preference to the earlier, termination of the afflictive periods preparatory to the millennial triumph of Christianity.

It is remarkable that Gregory I. at the close of the sixth century, in a famous dispute with the aspiring bishop of Constantinople, impeaches his assumption of the title "Universal Bishop," as a symptom of *approaching* Antichrist. "Quisquis se universalem sacerdotem vocat, vel vocari desiderat, in elatione suâ *Antichristum præcurrit*:—in hâc ejus superbiâ, quid aliud nisi *propinqua jam Antichristi esse tempora* designatur?" GREG. Epist. xxx. et xxxiv.

If we can allow a semblance of prophetic sagacity to this announcement of Gregory, it countenances the opinion that we are to date the established reign of the Beast from the above era. Those who incline, with the writer, to adopt this hypothesis, must relinquish the more popular era A. D. 606, as the

commencement of the 1260 or the 1335 years; and, instead of computing these years from the *rise*, must compute them from the *establishment*, of the papal power.

In addition to the above remarks, illustrative of the mysterious number 666, it has been suggested that the number 6 may possibly be here introduced, with a triple reiteration, as the symbol of *imperfection*, in opposition to 7, so often signaled in this Prophecy as the scriptural emblem of sabbatic *completion*.

Page 33, line 10.

“Two hundred miles the length of either tract.”

It is remarkable, as Mede has observed, that the state of the Roman Church, extending from Rome to the Po, measures 200 miles, or 1600 furlongs. Palestine is also the same in length; and some identify this vintage with the slaughter at Armageddon. (See Isai. lxiii. 1—6.)

Page 33, line 18.

“I saw a sea of crystal mix'd with fire.”

“The sea of glass” seems to be an allusion to the Red Sea, which stood like a crystal wall, while the Israelites walked over it. The fall of Babylon answers to the ruin of Pharaoh’s host: the song and the harps, to the song of Moses, and the harps of Miriam and her train. (Exod. xv.) The waves flashing flame may be symbolically expressive of the vengeance which now begins to be poured out.

Page 34, line 16.

“Pour on the earth your cups of seven-fold woe!”

Amidst the difficulties which attend this part of the prophecy, the writer has inclined to adopt the hypothesis of Mede, though

rejected by Bp. Newton, Scott, and Woodhouse; viz. the discharge of the former six vials under the sixth trumpet, and the introduction of the seventh vial with the seventh trumpet, as constituting it emphatically the *last woe*. It is generally known that Fleming, at the opening of the last century, conjectured that the fourth vial would be discharged on the French empire about the year 1794, when the revolutionary war had newly commenced. The sixth vial on the Euphrates seems to coincide with the close of the sixth trumpet which had let loose the Euphratean horsemen. Yet others, with President Edwards, will interpret the drought of the Euphrates, in a prophecy concerning the destruction of the new or mystic Babylon, to signify the drying up the resources and supplies of the Romish Church. Or, to adopt the more comprehensive view of Woodhouse; "Antichrist, in *both* his horns or branches, (one of which is now seated on the *Euphrates*, and the other is scripturally known by the name of that *Babylon* which was formerly seated there,) must probably be removed, before the eastern nations with their kings can flow into the Church of Christ."—The seventh vial is accompanied by the emphatic acclamation, "It is done;" as it had been announced that, under the seventh trumpet, "the mystery of God should be finished." (ch. x. 7.) The same acclamation is repeated, apparently by the same seventh angel, when the establishment of the New Jerusalem is announced. (ch. xxi. 9, 10.) There is a striking resemblance between the awful accompaniments of the seventh trumpet,—the voices, the hail, and the earthquake, (ch. xi. 15—19.)—and those of the seventh vial.—In the mention of "the kings of the east," may there not be an allusion to the predictions of "the kings of Sheba and Seba bringing gifts;" (Ps. lxxii. 10. Isai. lx. 3, 6.) and also to the eastern Magi, whose "way was prepared" at the time of the Redeemer's first coming?

Page 36, line 18.

“ *Whether, Mahommed fall’n, the royal band.*”

“ About the time of the fall of the Othman empire and the western Antichrist, the Jews will turn to the Lord, and be restored to their own land. Innumerable are the prophecies concerning this event. It is, I conceive, to these great events, the fall of Antichrist, the restoration of the Jews, and the beginning of the glorious millennium, that the three different dates in Daniel, of 1260, 1290, and 1335 years are to be referred.”—BP. NEWTON.

Page 37, line 15.

“ *Swift, silent, like a thief, I come ! beware !*”

The abrupt parenthetic warning, “ Behold, I come as a thief,” forcibly intimates the rapidity and unexpectedness of Christ’s judicial and triumphant advent to destroy Antichrist in every form, whether papal, Mahomedan, or infidel. This great crisis appears to fall near the close of the 1260 years, or perhaps during the intervals of the 30 and 45 years added by Daniel as preparatory to the period of consummation and beatitude. (Dan. xii.) The death and resurrection of the witnesses may be yet in reserve for this part of the Prophecy. (Ch. xi. 7.) The chronology makes a pause after the effusion of the seventh vial ; nor does it resume its progress until the eleventh verse of chapter xix. what intervenes being merely an illustrative enlargement on the calamities of the seventh vial. The seventeenth chapter is omitted in the Poem, as having been substantially anticipated in the thirteenth.

Page 38, line 8.

“ *Fall’n is that city, profligate and proud !*”

A deviation from the *narrative* into the *lyric* measure of poetry seemed appropriate on the introduction of this tri-

umphal ode. As the song of Moses, on the destruction of Pharaoh, had been alluded to in ch. xv. so here the sublime prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah, on the desolation of the ancient and literal Babylon, (Isai. ch. xiii. and xiv. Jer. ch. l. and li.) are applied to that of the modern and mystical, intermingled with allusions to Ezekiel's prediction of the fall of Tyre. (ch. xxvi. xxvii. xxviii.)

Page 40, line 11.

“ *The BODIES, and the SOULS, of MEN !*”

The climax in this passage is striking, and the satire severe ; the prophet rises from inanimate things to animated, and at last arrives at human bodies and immortal souls. We are reminded of the ancient satirist's “ *Romæ omnia venalia,*” as applicable, in an infinitely more awful import, to the papal than the pagan capital. Can we avoid recollecting the purgatory, the penances, the commutations, the indulgences, made *saleable* by that “ *Mother of abominations*” who, in a recent papal decree, has been styled, with a strange and blasphemous absurdity, “ *the pride of the Lamb ?*”

Page 40, line 22.

“ *Joy anew, ye sainted legions !*”

The blissful consciousness of the saints, during the *intermediate state*, is implied in this passage, as it is in several others of this book.—See ch. vi. 9—11. ch. vii. 9—ult. ch. xiv. 13.

Page 42, line 22.

“ *Heaven opening shows a steed of snow-white hue.*”

“ We are now arrived at that signal and expected point of the prophecy, to which the preceding parts principally tend,

and in which they have their completion: the grand and decisive combat between the Christian and Antichristian powers. Here the seven seals, seven trumpets, seven vials, and all their accompanying warnings, unite. Heaven opens, and *the same white horse* appears, whom we saw proceeding on his course of victory, in the early part of the vision; whose rider "went forth conquering, and to conquer." (ch. vi. i.) He has been pursuing his destined course, though not always in sight: he now re-appears in more splendid array."—
WOODHOUSE.

Page 45, line 3.

"Resurgent, lo, the spirits of the dead."

The subject of "the first resurrection," like every unfulfilled intimation of prophecy, is involved in deep obscurity. Much may be urged from the Scriptures in favour of that *literal* interpretation, which has been ably advocated by Mede and Bishop Newton, and for which they have cited several remarkable passages from the earlier Christian fathers. It is attended, however, by objections, which have induced the majority of modern interpreters to prefer the *figurative* sense: on this side of the argument, the inquirer may consult with advantage, President Edwards, (Hist. of Redemption) together with the annotations of Vitranga, Whitby, Guyse, Doddridge, Lowman, or Scott. On no subject of scriptural inquiry, can soberness, modesty, and candour, be more wise and graceful.

Page 45, line 6.

"Live with their Lord those thousand years, and reign."

There is something peculiarly plausible in the expectation of a sabbatic millennium, succeeding to the six thousand years of the labouring creation; yet (as the *prophetic* year has in all other

instances a very different extent from the *literal*) many may be inclined, with Guyse, to understand the millennial reign of Christ on earth, as merely an *indefinite* period of "many generations." (Isai. lx. 15, &c.) In the corresponding description of the seventh trumpet, it is said that Christ "shall reign for ever and ever." (xi. 15.)

Page 45, line 7.

"*Not so the rest: they rise to life no more.*"

"There is mention made in this prophecy of two sorts of dead persons; those who were slain for the testimony of Jesus, (xx. 4.) and those who were slain by the sword of Him who sate on the white horse. (xix. ult.) The latter are here called *the rest of the dead*, as also in the close of the preceding chapter. This interpretation suits the style of the book, and is to me perfectly satisfactory."—SCOTT.

Page 48, line 14.

"*A new creation rising;—past the first.*"

"Many, I know, both ancients and moderns, make the millennium synchronise with the new heaven and earth; and some latitude of interpretation may well be allowed in these mysterious points of futurity; but a different order of things, and interpretation of the words, appear to me the most natural, and most agreeable to the context."—BP. NEWTON.

The first heaven and earth passed away, *after* the thousand years, at the general judgment; (ch. xx. 11. and xxi. 1.) but why should the *new* be destroyed, when there shall be no more sin? Gog and Magog are deceived by Satan *after* the thousand years; but they are not inhabitants of the new heaven and earth. The new Jerusalem is indeed represented as "coming down from God out of heaven;" but this may simply relate to its visionary portrait or model, as descending thence to

the apostle, just as the mystic *sheet* descended to Peter : (Acts x. 11.) or it may imply no more than that it is *a city which "is from heaven, whose builder and maker is God."* "Or if" as Guyse observes, "the description be supposed to have any relation to the millennium, it can be only to what will then be fulfilled *in part*, as a lively figure of what will be *much more gloriously* completed in the heavenly state."

"The New Jerusalem, the true Church of Christ, subsists as well during the millennial kingdom, as after it. At the commencement of that kingdom, it was said, "The bride hath made herself ready:" at the conclusion, the nations go up against "the beloved city;" and here it is represented as the metropolis of the new creation. The New Jerusalem shall be the habitation of the saints, both of the first, and of the general resurrection. The church of Christ shall be glorious upon earth during the millennium, and shall be more glorious still in the new earth after the millennium to all eternity."—

BP. NEWTON.

In conformity with a sentiment expressed in a preceding page, that the most *comprehensive* is generally the most *probable* interpretation of Prophecy, we shall not deviate far from the truth, if we suppose that *millennial* imagery is here employed in illustration of the celestial and eternal economy; and that, in this respect, the prophet's eye "doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," while he gives, to "things unknown, a local habitation and a name." Such a view of the last and most interesting portion of Prophecy harmonises in a beautiful analogy with the general character and gradual improvement of the Divine dispensations. The church of God is exhibited as advancing through the successive stages of the Patriarchal, Levitical, Prophetical, Evangelical, and Millennial economies to the state of her celestial consummation. "The light of the *moon* shall be as the light of the *sun*, and the light of the sun shall be *sevenfold*, as the light of seven days, in the day when the LORD bindeth up the breach

of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." (Isai. xxx. 26.)

In the attempt to explore a subject equally mysterious and interesting, if we may be excused for indulging a detailed, and perhaps a too imaginative, comparison between the features of the two leading dispensations of God to his Church; (1 Cor. x. 1—11.) we may suppose the simplicity of the Patriarchal state to correspond with the primitive age of Christianity; the protracted captivity of Israel in Egypt, with the yet more protracted depression of the Christian witnesses during the reign of papal apostacy; (Rev. xi. 8.) the deliverance of Israel at the Red Sea, and their guidance through the wilderness, with the protestant Reformation in its first triumph and its retarded progress; the destruction of the hostile nations, introductory to the quiet possession of Canaan, with the destruction of Antichrist, introductory to the millennial reign of the Church.—Or may the plagues of Egypt, introducing the deliverance of Israel at the close of 430 years, (Exod. xii. 41.) be supposed to correspond more accurately with the vials of wrath discharged on the mystical Egypt, and introducing the deliverance of the Christian Church at the close of Daniel's 1290 (thrice 430) years? The sojourn of Israel in the wilderness must, in this case, be regarded as an obscure prefiguration of that millennial state, during which "the tabernacle of God is with men;" and the destruction of the hostile nations, immediately preceding the repose of Israel in the promised land, must find its correspondence in the final destruction of those hostile nations which "compass the camp of the saints," just before the introduction of the celestial Canaan: Joshua being the prescribed representative of Jesus, the armed conqueror on the white horse. (Rev. xx. 8, 9. comp, Heb. iv. 8, 9.)

In a different view of the subject, the obscurity of the Mosaic Law, succeeded by the superior illumination of the prophets, may perhaps be conjectured to prefigure the

more clouded scenes of Christianity, as even yet to be succeeded by that age of ecclesiastical glory which the prophets so brightly anticipated ; and the interval silence and degeneracy, which intervened between the close of Prophecy, and the opening of the Gospel as the new creation, or the heavenly Jerusalem, (Isai. lxxv. 17. lxxvi. 22. Heb. xii. 22.) ushered in by the judicial destruction of Jerusalem,—may be allowed to remind us of the dark interim, the final apostacy, interposed between the close of the thousand years, and the opening of the new heavens and the new earth, or of the new Jerusalem ushered in by the destruction of the former creation, and by the final judgment. (Rev. xx. 7—ult. xxi. 1.)—Something mysteriously similar to the outline of this interrupted progression is discoverable in the successive characters of those seven apocalyptic churches, which have been supposed by some to present a prefigurative portraiture of the Christian Church in its destined vicissitudes. Omitting the particulars of the resemblance, it may suffice to remind the intelligent reader that, after the several stages of decline from Ephesian devotedness to Sardian deadness, the prosperity of Philadelphia is succeeded, and the scene of those churches closed, by the gloomy contrast of Laodicea. (See Rev. ii. and iii. *with Marg. Ref.*)

It is reasonable to expect a general analogy and correspondence between the features of Providence, as developed in its conduct of the *ancient*, and in that of the *Christian* “Israel of God :” and the pervading adoption of Israelitish imagery in the apocalyptic visions suggests or countenances such an expectation. In comparing the two grand portions of Providence, as exhibited in the vicissitudes of the Church, from the beginning to the end of time ; and as described, the former portion in the style of sacred history, the latter in that of prophetic visions ; we must be content to *know in part*, and *see through a glass darkly* : there may be a basis of reality, though much obscured by the clouds of mystery. How large a proportion of the inspired pages must we cease to study

with that interest which they so well merit and reward ; if, where we cannot obtain the perfect view, we despise the indistinct glimpses, of Divine truth ; and, in exploring “the manifold wisdom of God in the Church,” can be satisfied with nothing less than the precision and perspicuity of demonstration ! Whatever may be thought of the above conjectural comparison, which the writer has ventured to suggest, rather as curious than important ; it is in no degree connected with the interpretations of Prophecy proposed in the preceding pages.

Page 48, line 20.

“*That holy city, New Jerusalem!*”

The *Bride*, the *holy city*, the *New Jerusalem*, is presented as a bright contrast to the *Harlot*, the *corrupt city*, *Babylon* : and it appears that the same angel, who had exhibited the former, now exhibits the latter to the prophet’s view. (Comp. ch. xvii. 1, and ch. xxi. 9.) This exhibition of the New Jerusalem as succeeding to the destruction of the persecuting Babylon, seems to contain a retrospective allusion to the ancient history of the cities which bore these names. Jerusalem, having been taken by Nebuchadnezzar, “sate solitary as a widow,” (Lam. i. 1.) during seventy years, while Babylon reigned as a queen, “the lady of kingdoms.” (Isai. xlvii. 5.) But when Cyrus conquered Babylon, that city became in its turn desolate : and, while Babylon thus declined, *the New Jerusalem* arose under the auspices of Cyrus and Artaxerxes, by the efforts of Ezra and Nehemiah. In apparent allusion to these events as the groundwork of the allegory, the fall of the mystical Babylon, or the apostate Church, is first described ; (ch. xiv. to xix. inclus.) and, after this, the prophet proceeds to pourtray the prosperity of the Christian Church, adopting Jerusalem for its emblem, as another apostle had before done. (Gal. iv. 26. Heb. xii. 22.)

It may be farther observed that the restored Jerusalem was displaced by the arrival of its antitype, the Christian Church ; “the latter house” disappeared with its “greater glory,” when the Lord had suddenly come to his temple : and the New Jerusalem on earth, the millennial Church with all its glory, (ch. xx.) is represented as giving place, at the sudden and final advent of the Lord, to the New Jerusalem above ; the preparatory emblem retiring before its nobler and consummate reality. (ch. xxi. xxii.)

Page 52, line 14.

“JOHN’S own embodied vision!—”

“Let the reader picture to his conception an evening sun, behind the towering cliffs of *Patmos*, gilding the battlements of the *Monastery of the Apocalypse* with its parting rays ; the consecrated island, surrounded by inexpressible brightness, seeming to float upon an abyss of fire, and reminding us of that *sea of glass mingled with fire*, which the inspired Apostle beheld. (Rev. xv. 2.)”—DR. E. D. CLARKE’S Travels.

Page 52, line 26.

“*Loveliest at last : I see the dawning signs.*”

It is almost superfluous to mention that “the dawning signs,” to which the writer refers, are to be found in those enlarged exertions and successes in the diffusion of Christianity over the most neglected parts of the earth, which so happily signalize the present age, above every other since that of the Apostles, as the era of Christian Missions.

FINIS.



